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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

RICHARD D. WOOD.

VOLUME III.

"NO LIFE IS PLEASING TO GOD
THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO MAN."

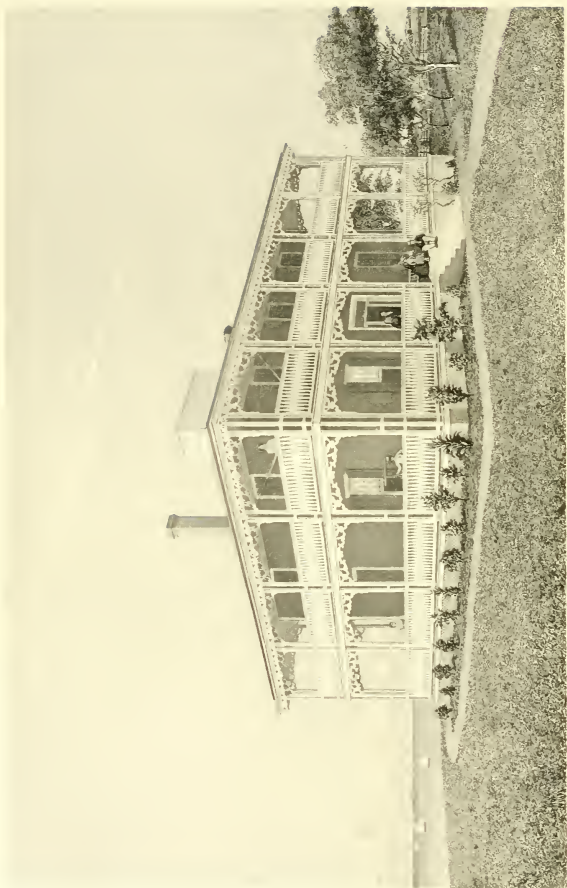
PRIVATE EDITION.

1881



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No. 42.



RICHARD D. WOOD.

AN interval of eighteen months has now elapsed since the completion of the second volume of your father's memoirs. As it is your wish, my dear children, that I should continue them, there seems a fitness in my beginning to do so on this the fortieth anniversary of our happy marriage-day. Then we stood together looking gaily and hopefully forward into the undefined and dimly-understood future, a share of whose good and pleasant things we trusted would be ours. Now I stand alone, feeling that my life lies behind me, and that a large part of the pleasures that remain to me must henceforth be those of memory. It is therefore with sober sadness and an increased consciousness of my inability for the task that I attempt to carry to its close this imperfect sketch of my dear husband's earthly career.

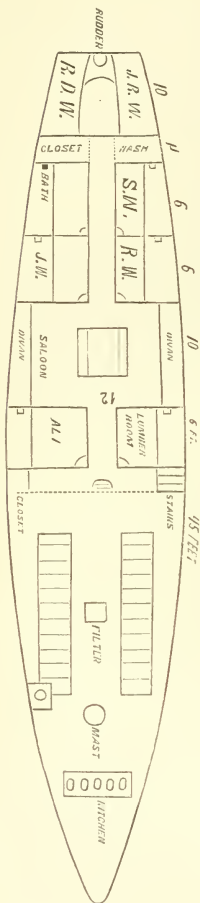
The journal which your father kept whilst on the Nile was less copious than he had intended, from the omission to provide the requisite blank books and paper. It is necessary for the traveller on the Nile to remember even the minutest thing he may desire during the voyage. Civilization is left behind, and to obtain what we are accustomed to consider the necessaries of life is literally an impossibility. I propose, therefore, to some extent to draw from my own journal, to which my husband often contributed, as well as from the notes in his pocket memorandum-book.

The last date which closes volume second of this memoir is December 31st, 1864.

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Accustomed to and liking a good deal of space, we had, perhaps unwisely, selected the largest Dahabieh on the Nile, the only one with rooms for eight persons. The usual number is for four or six. This required more men and increased expense, with little additional comfort; the two extra rooms outside our saloon, of ten by twelve feet, being used one as a lumber-room and the other for the dragoman, usually not provided with this luxury. They generally either sleep in the saloon or throw themselves on the deck with the crew.

The opposite cut gives an idea of our rooms and the general arrangement of the boat. Some seven feet above and over our sleeping and eating apartments was a promenade deck, covered with an awning and furnished with divans, where we walked, reclined, read, or worked at will. Or, if more agreeable, we descended to our saloon and sat on cushioned divans placed along the sides, having a close succession of lattice windows, from which we could perfectly view the passing scenes on either side of the river. In this miniature drawing-, dining-, or sitting-room, as we pleased to call it, for it was all in one, we passed the latter part of our evening with our allotted four sperm

candles, which, from care of the tinder-box we were living in, were never taken into our rooms. Ali put them on the table when they were needed, and took them off after we had retired to rest, relieving us from responsibility.

Jan. 1st. Evening on the Nile; clear, pleasant weather; mercury 56°—65°. We are at anchor about seven or eight miles above Cairo. At three P.M., a light wind having sprung up, the reis of our Dahabieh unfurled our huge lateen sail, and we were for some time poled along by eight men. We are now stationary, and glad to be so, as it enables us to observe the scenery. The banks are flat, but upon them stand palaces and pyramids. We passed the island of Rhoda, almost surrounded by stone wharves, which protect its banks from floods and currents. We regret not having a nearer view of the Nilometer, which stands on the extreme end of it.

This our first day in our floating home promises fairly for our future comfort. We slept well in our tiny apartments, and our well-prepared meals were nicely served in our miniature saloon, on whose divans we reclined and read until it became warm enough to sit on deck.*

Jan. 2d. Making very little progress this morning. The men tracking gave us an opportunity for a walk. Gathered seed from the rushes on the banks of the Nile,—descended doubtless from those in which Moses was hidden. Ali pointed out to us the road by which the children of Israel were led from this their land of bondage. Passed the large village of Toora; also extensive stone-quarries, where two steamers of the Pasha's were being laden with stones brought down the deep descent on the shoulders and heads of men. To save labor seems no object here. Passed a Coptic convent on the east bank. Made but little progress to-day.

* My husband began reading to us to-day the Chapter for the first of this month from "The Mind of Jesus," a little work which was the companion of our late Carrie's hours of devotion during the last year of her life.

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ÆT. 65. *Jan. 3d.* Commenced tracking about seven A.M. After breakfast we all went on shore for a long tramp. On the east side of the river were some hills of no great height; shores mostly flat. Saw, as usual, camels, donkeys, and children. A few cows passed to-day, but looking very poor; also several buffaloes. A pleasant incident of our ramble was our walking beside a middle-aged, benevolent-looking Egyptian in a turban and flying blue cotton dress. After some unsuccessful attempts at questions, he repeated several times, with effort, pointing to himself, "Chre-te-an." Finally, we comprehended his meaning, and I held out my hand to him. He seemed anxious to make himself understood, endeavored to teach us the names of things around us, and to help us to find the best paths. We felt sorry we could not converse with him. Before we parted I folded my hands in the attitude of prayer, and, looking upward, said, "Christ! Christ!" On which he nodded his head, and, baring his wrist, showed us a cross burnt into it. It was with reluctance that we parted with our Coptic friend. Soon after, a summons came from our Dahabieh. Our reis had run foul of one of the Pasha's boats, and they had threatened to detain him for injuries done them. This he escaped, and we crept on a short distance and moored for the night.

Jan. 4th. Our boat was last night fastened on the east bank, the Arabian side of the river. The nights are cool, and, sleeping with my small glass window open and Venetian blind closed, thick covering is necessary,—mercury ranging from 50° to 56° . Early morning and evening require thick clothing, but when the sun gets up, he does it with power. Flies here, as elsewhere, love the sunlight and buzz around us; but we have not found them the annoyance which we were given to suppose, whilst of fleas and other plagues we were threatened with we have as yet had no experience.

Began moving as usual this morning at seven, poling and tracking at a snail's pace until noon, when we stopped at the village of Kafr-el-Diât to repair the damage done to

our boat by the collision of yesterday. This occupying several hours, we went on shore among swarms of women and children. Entering one of their mud hovels, I found no furniture but a mud divan. A mill of patriarchal form stood on the floor, where sat a woman, just as Mungo Park describes, grinding corn for the evening meal.

Our repairs being completed, at four o'clock our Dahabieh was unmoored; our force of ten or eleven men, each in his rope harness fastened to a main rope, applying their strength for this purpose, the men accompanying their efforts by a familiar air to the words, "Ayez Mommet" (Mahomet), "Ayez Mommet, ayez," meaning "our dear Mahomet." We glided along thus at the rate of a mile or so an hour until seven P.M., when we again lay to on the western shore, having made not more than thirty-six miles from Cairo. Saw to-day sugar-cane growing luxuriantly.

Jan. 5th. The early part of the day found us poling and tracking as heretofore. About five this evening a favorable breeze sprang up, which is now bearing us on at the rate of two or three miles an hour. Such a sunrise as that of this morning is rarely seen. Its reflection extended deep down into the river, a cylinder of molten gold,—a sight of dazzling glory not to be forgotten, from which the eye turned quivering. The false pyramid has been in sight most of the day. There is no solitude on this river. So many boats of traffic. More than thirty were in view at one time this morning. We passed one Dahabieh with the tri-colored flag,—a French party who had only been to Thebes and were returning to Cairo. A good many questions and replies passed between our dragoman and theirs in Arabic, a tongue we do not understand.

In going up and down the stream these boats present a very different appearance. The upward bound, with their graceful sails whenever practicable fully set, are always things of beauty. On the return voyage these sails are thrown in the stern, the masts stowed away as servants no

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1865. longer needed, the planks of the forward part of the deck
ET. 65. are taken up to make seats for the men, who row the now dismantled and forlorn-looking boat as rapidly or as slowly as may suit the interest of those with whom the contract for the voyage has been made.

Have passed a number of villages to-day, built of mud and overshadowed by palms, the tree of this country, varied by a few sycamores and mimosa. Beautiful everywhere, they are seen to the best advantage standing alone with the deep sky for a background.

Have been reading Miss Martineau and Curtis to-day. The latter is most inflated in style, conveying but little real information, in which the former abounds. Her constant wish to depreciate Christianity and to unsettle the received Bible chronology is painfully apparent. She professes, however, great respect for all sincere forms of religion, in which we sympathize; and though we would like to enlighten them, we cannot but look with interest upon our crew, all Moslems, seeing them, as we do many times daily, with their faces turned to the east, prostrating themselves, and praying to their prophet.

I asked Ali this morning what was my prospect of getting to the top of a pyramid, not at all doubting that he would make it appear quite a practicable thing, and that, after hearing all he had to say in its favor, I might judge for myself of the propriety of doing what I desire and yet dread. But no, he was no such courtier; he shook his head and said, decisively, "You cannot do it." Neither, in his opinion, could Mr. Wood. I am afraid, however, that Mr. Wood will try.

Passed Beni-souef, a large town, about four A.M., and now, at three P.M., are still gliding onward, despite the current, at the rate of three miles an hour,—a great relief to the crew, who have been improving their time in washing out their few shreds of clothing, the most important article being the turban, twice as long as themselves. This is the

warmest day we have had; the mercury in our shaded cabin is now 73°. The Arabian mountains, in many points, come close to the river.

Jan. 7th. All last night making great progress; passed Minyeh at three A.M. Only twenty-three hours from Bensouef, a distance of eighty-four miles. Mercury this morning at seven, 58°; the sun shines brightly. Wind now, at ten A.M., has died away, and the men are at work poling, with their accustomed swinish grunts.

Have passed several large steam-works for making and refining sugar, one establishment having as many as seven high chimneys. Saw the openings of the tombs of Beni-Hassan, famous for their graphic paintings and their age; among the oldest in Egypt.

Yesterday having been the Mohammedan Sabbath, the men were more than usually engaged in prayer, five stated periods for this purpose being observed; the first at Maghoib, sunset, when their day begins; second at Eshe, when the last streak of day vanishes; third at Subh, or dawn; fourth at Duhr, or morn; and fifth at five in the afternoon. I do not believe that any of the men observe all these prayers, but most of them do some one or other of them. In lieu of a praying-carpet—*segadch*—they spread some garment to kneel upon, and always face and bow to the east.

I very much hope we may have an opportunity of stopping at Assiout, which is looked upon by the Copts as a second Holy Land. They formerly aimed at coming there to die and be buried. Tradition says that it was here the Holy Family took up their abode, and that it was from this town in Egypt that God called his Son.

Jan. 8th. We commenced this morning to read "Evidences of Christianity," by Bishop McIlvaine; Randolph the reader.

Last night, having no wind, the boat was moored at a little village until seven A.M. Took a nice walk before break-

1865. fast. The birds were so numerous as to make us feel as if we
 had never seen birds before. I saw about fifty of them fly
 into what appeared a mere heap of corn-stalks, piled as we
 do for fodder. On approaching, we found these stalks were
 slightly laced together, having a small opening, and within,
 on a mat spread upon the ground, crouched a man,—apparently
 one of several who had availed themselves of this
 humble shelter for the night.

The wind, with occasional tacking, is now taking us on-
 ward with a speed better suited to those who have us in
 charge and whose interest it is to make a short trip than to
 ours, whose wish is to linger awhile on this old *Bahr Neel*.

Saw several cranes to-day; also one entirely nude lad
 on board a boat that passed us. It is the first time I have
 seen either. My husband says he has repeatedly seen both.

Dreary, barren hills, from thirty to seventy feet high, on
 the Arabian side of the river, have been in sight all day,
 and with little to interest on the other. Fine sunset this
 evening. There were very few clouds, and not so much bril-
 liancy in the beginning as usual, but after the first glow had
 passed away, the horizon was suffused with the deepest
 orange, which melted into a delicate shade of pink-lilac, ex-
 tending some distance, distinctly marked, and most exqui-
 site; finally it merged into an intense blue. All these vary-
 ing colors were reflected in the river, which itself was of a
 deeper blue than before seen. The Nile is a turbid stream,
 almost as much so as our Mississippi. It needs careful
 filtration to fit it for use. A large, porous earthen jar for
 that purpose is a fixture in front of our saloon-door.

Jan. 9th. About five this evening we passed Assiout, where
 the men usually bake bread. To my regret, we did not stop.
 It is twenty-five miles from Manfaloot. Is the largest town
 in Upper Egypt, and has a population of twenty thousand.

Jan. 10th. Bright as ever, but the coldest day we have
 had. Mercury 51° — 61° . Passed several villages on the
 west or Libyan side. On the Arabian, a succession of chalky

hills to the water's edge, with occasionally a verdant spot. I saw one patch of tobacco in flower, and a little wheat. Some beautiful groves of "sont," or *Acacia Nilotica*, on the western shore. Making rapid progress, so much motion has made us feel quite seasick. Saw the first flock of pelicans, and four eagles were at one time sailing over us.

Jan. 11th, Souhadj, 9.25 P.M. The dogs are barking furiously, an invariable accompaniment of all Egyptian towns and villages. This is a considerable place. Its mud tenements are larger, and have some attempts at the luxury of windows,—but windows innocent of glass. We have been moored here all day, to give our men the opportunity to buy wheat and grind it, and make and bake bread for their own use, all of which they are to do in the space of ten or fifteen hours. We find here some barracks with troops and police. Near us is the Toora branch of a canal said to have been constructed by Joseph. It commences some forty miles south of this place, and runs almost parallel with the river for many miles.

Ali going to replenish our stock of provisions, Randolph went with him to Ekhmin, on the east side. He returned with two snowy white ibis which he had shot and intends to prepare for stuffing.

Jan. 12th. Soon after breakfast this morning we took a walk through the mud town of Souhadj. We visited the public oven, where our men had just finished baking their bread, and where, from a basket of unusually nice wheat, R. asked for a few grains to plant at Millville. Returning, we stopped to look in upon a school,—*muk-tub*,—where twenty-three children squatted on a floor. A teacher was in the midst, who was leading them in some oral exercise, probably the Koran; for to read it and then commit it to memory, so that they can never forget it, is the Alpha and Omega of education with the poorer class of Moslems.

In talking to Ali to-day, was surprised by his admission of the superiority of Christianity over Mohammedanism,

1865. and his belief that one was to increase and the other decrease. "Jesus Christ," he said, "was the greater prophet of the two, in that He had no earthly father, as had their prophet, but came from the breath of God, and because His religion was not forced upon men at the point of the sword to believe or die, as was that of Mahomet, which certainly was not the right way." He told us, too, that "they do not believe it was Jesus whom the Jews crucified. God would not permit that, and translated Him to heaven, causing some evil person to appear in His likeness and suffer death, while He ascended to heaven, where He still remains until He shall again appear on earth."

Left Souhadj at nine A.M. A few miles brought us to Ekhhim, a town of some thousand inhabitants. Many shadoofs, worked by men almost nude, a few rags twisted round them. In one case a wisp of grass formed the only covering. Some without even this apology for clothing were forcing camels into a boat to cross the river. These animals will not swim. Here we saw seven rafts fifty or more feet long, composed of water-jars from Kenneh, lashed together and floating down the river; men engaged in emptying by means of cloths the water which they had absorbed. Ekhhim is on the east side of the river; Girgeh, which we passed about four P.M., on the western. It has several mosques and minarets so near the river as to prove that here as in other places it has greatly encroached upon the town. Here for the first time we heard the Muezzin call to prayer. Sailing rapidly all day, but at this moment, nine P.M., we have just struck the ground. The men, with their unearthly grunts, are endeavoring with the long-poles, which they use so frantically, to float us again. Finished Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt."

Jan. 13th. Lying still or tracking all the morning. Stopped at Farshoot. Evening, the wind sprung up, and we are going slowly. Have just been out to see the man who carries the post from Thebes to Cairo. These men

ring a bell as they walk, receiving and distributing letters at the different towns. They are frequently relieved, and go day and night during the space of a week between these two distant places. In this primitive way all the letters we have been writing, if we fail to meet our American friends, must be sent. The scene I have just witnessed reminds me of the gathering of the clan in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," where the fiery cross is passed from hand to hand in the same manner.

Jan. 14th. Mercury at seven A.M., 50° . At noon rose to 75° . Sailing along delightfully, though we have not made more than fifteen miles to-day. We passed several fields of the castor-oil plant, and groves of doum palms loaded with fruit; also some fine wheat-fields. At Kenneh, Reis Hassan and the helmsman Suleiman discovered with evident pleasure some acquaintance among the crews of more than twenty boats moored there, and as it was nearly sundown, and they had been working hard, they were disposed to stop; but Ali, bursting into a storm of remonstrances, overpowered them and made them row to the other side of the river, where, unable to proceed, we now lie. Passed the site of the old temple of Dendera.

Jan. 15th. Mercury 52° — 67° . A breeze having sprung up about nine last evening, we sailed for half an hour at a rate very satisfactory to Ali, when a bump that made the vessel heave and quiver settled her firmly in the mud. An hour of hard work was needed to float us off. This morning, as the wind and tide were both against us, our dragoman suggested a ramble on shore, and all except Stuart walked to a grove of tamarisk-trees, more than a mile distant, where Julia and I seated ourselves on a low branch of one of the trees; here we were joined by Ali, who took us through the Coptic town of Negadeh, where we found both a Latin and a Coptic convent. Being Sunday, the population seemed to be all abroad; I have never before seen such a swarm of dirty idlers. Nearly a hundred chil-

1865. dren followed us, and when we returned to the friendly
 ÆT. 65. shade of our tamarisk-grove, they stood or squatted about us, crying, "Backsheesh, howaji! backsheesh, Christian!" as if they enjoyed the fun rather than expected to gain anything. One mischief incarnate, whom we called "the Imp," a handsome, roguish fellow of about twelve, amused our party greatly by his antics; imitating animals, throwing himself into attitudes, tormenting the others, snatching things from them, and then, fleet as the wind, rushing down the slope with his one garment over his head into the river, whence in a few minutes he would return with renewed pranks. I wanted Ali to catch him, that we might question him, but he eluded him, and I suppose I shall never see again those glittering eyes and teeth. I kept him in view some time, feeling that I should so much like to tame and train this young semi-savage.

Koos, the native village of Achmet Saida, was on the opposite side of the river. Three P.M.: our long walk delayed our reading this morning, which was St. Luke, twenty-second chapter, followed by the fourth lecture of Bishop McIlvaine on the "Evidences of Christianity." A very interesting lecture.

We are now slowly tracking along. Having for some time been again aground, a large party of men waded around us and with ropes and poles pushed, pulled, and grunted till the feat was accomplished. Poor fellows! and poor, ignorant, degraded, dirty people of this sunken land! Reading to-day Ezekiel xxx., where the judgments of the Lord against this land are so circumstantially recorded.

Eight P.M. A most glorious sunset behind a grove of stately palms that were distinctly reflected in the ruby-tinted waters. Among the many novel things that here meet and surround us, making life seem almost a dream from fairy-land, there is nothing we more truly enjoy than the groves of these stately trees in their various ages and stages, from the young shoot just forcing itself through the light soil

to the crowned monarchs who wear their palms so gracefully. 1865

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Finally moored, I hope, for the night.

Jan. 16th. Mercury 52° to 67°. Have had a very busy day, and one of much excitement; it was our wash-day. Our man Kalifa squatted on his haunches does it in a way that pleases me. Not that it is really well done, only it is a great deal better than I supposed it would be. Ironing, if you wish such a luxury as that on the Nile, must be done by yourselves; and this, as we do wish it,—as well as the starching, of which the Arabs are also profoundly ignorant,—is always done, through some difficulties, by Julia and myself. These things, with the darning and mending, were the business of the day; the excitement was, looking for our arrival at Thebes, where we caught the steamer with our friends on board, pushing off on her return to Cairo. Sent our letters. For some distance have been in sight of the tomb discovered by Belzoni; it is on the west bank, among the tombs of the kings. A portion of a ruin on the opposite side soon came in view, producing some exhilaration of spirits.

Thebes. Several English boats, one Prussian, and one American, lay here. On landing, we were met by Mr. Edwin Smith, of Connecticut, more recently residing in New York, now occupied here as a hieroglyphist; he went with us to our consul, Mustapha Aga. Here, for the first time, chibouques were offered to Julia and me, followed by tiny cups of coffee, handed by two nice-looking sons of our entertainer on a silver waiter. We also received two packets of letters from home,—one on a good old-fashioned sheet of foolscap from Walter, giving most welcome details. Moored at sunset under a bank fifty feet high, in the rear of the Dahabieh "Bruin." After tea, missing the "guide mon," and knowing what a boy he is in climbing, as well as how social are his propensities, we suspected him of having gone to make a visit. This proved to be the case, as he returned

1865. with a grand escort of men and lanterns. Ali had gone
Et. 65. after him,—a breath of wind inducing him to wish to sail. No sooner had we done so, than he came into the saloon to remonstrate on the impropriety of an *old gentleman's* indulging in such fancies as climbing steeps and rambling over unknown ground in the dark. "What might happen?" he asked. "He might fall down, or get into some dreadful deep place, and then nobody would feel so good, and it would make no matter to have seen your friends!"

Half-past ten. Moored for the night, we hope. It is two months to-day since we sailed from New York. Sixteen days ago we left Cairo, and fifteen, almost to the hour, from our unfurling our sail at the port of Boolak. Such a run to Thebes is not often made, and has not been done by any other boat this year.

Jan. 17th. Within a few miles of Esne, which is thirty-two miles south of Thebes. We have been getting along leisurely all day; sometimes sailing, sometimes tracking, and varying it by sometimes standing still; now we are going rapidly. Saw this morning our English friends of last night a little in our rear; now we have lost sight of them. Passed a returning Dahabieh; the men, as they passed, sang in chorus and gave us a salute, which we returned. Have within the last few days seen a good deal of the castor-oil bean, much cultivated here.

Jan. 18th. Days follow, or rather seem to chase each other in such rapid succession that we are surprised to find ourselves within forty-eight hours of our destination, whilst none of us feel prepared to leave this easy, pleasant mode of life, gliding along in a temperature so delightful, amid novel scenes, with the creaking of the shadoofs now almost constantly in our ears,—some with two, some with three, and occasionally four lifts, and twice as many lifters. These creatures have no clothing save a mere rag about the loins; some with merely a bunch of grass, and others entirely nude,—not an agreeable spectacle even at a distance; but

they are so degraded that we scarcely look upon them as human beings. The temperature for several days past has been 74°. 1865
Dec 55

A noisy and uncomfortable night; aground three times. Men worked hard, and at last almost rebelled on being ordered at one A.M. to go into the water and heave off the boat. This pushing on at night, with danger to the boat and great discomfort to us, is a just cause of complaint against Ali. With so good a bargain as he has made, it is selfish in the extreme. Moored at last from four to six A.M. at Esne. After breakfast, walked through rough paths for half an hour, and returned to boat to attend to some domestic matters. Our accommodations are so limited that it is surprising how many good things—bread included—Hajji Hassanein treats us to. Yesterday I gave him a lesson in making "kohl-slaugh," which succeeded very creditably. Tomatoes *à la Américaine* we have every day. Whilst rambling on the shore near Farshoot, on the very day we had consumed the last of those we had brought with us, I fortunately espied some green ones, which I plucked and used as a sign to indicate what I wished, and we finally obtained a small supply from the garden of a Frenchman in the employ of the Pasha.

Reading Miss Martineau's account of her visit to Sinai; she does not recognize the divine call of Moses to his great work, treating it as a scheme of his own for the disenthralment of his countrymen and for the purpose of leading them back to the worship of the God of Abraham, which knowledge he had himself arrived at through his connection with the priestly class in Egypt, who knew and believed in a supreme Deity, the "Unutterable One," of whom they never spoke but among themselves, presenting to the worship of the people the attributes merely of this great God and objects that represented them.

About two o'clock, passed on the west bank, some fourteen miles from Esne, and a short distance from El-Kaman,

1865. an ancient quay of hewn stone, and some hours later, on the opposite shore, the Roman ruin of El-Kab. In this vicinity were, side by side, patches of tobacco and the castor-bean, whilst on the side of the bank sloping to the river were quantities of lupins. The vetch also abounded, cultivated for cattle; it bears a pretty papilionaceous flower. Wheat, always beautiful, added to the variety.

Æt. 65.

A pretty fair run to-day. Stopped for the night about 7.30.

Jan. 19th. Rose at 6.30. Days lengthen very perceptibly. Brilliant sunrise at ten minutes before seven; no wind. Swept back by the current and moored while the men ate their breakfast. Set out for a walk, and soon had a number of sable attendants, who gathered round us with the old demand, to which we replied, "*Imshce! imshce!*"—begone! begone!—without much effect. Returned home for our family devotion,—our morning reading having been delayed for our walk on shore, which is very desirable to us, and must be taken when we can get it.

Called from breakfast to view the propylon at Edfoo, which is about a mile from the river. Our progress was so slow that we were not opposite to it until 10.30. Warmer weather to-day than we have before had; mercury on the steps leading to the upper deck 85°; at 4.30, 76°. Some of the men have been washing turbans and other clothing to-day. Most of them live or have their families at Assouan or its neighborhood, and want to look fine on going home.

This afternoon passed, on the east bank, the ruins of an old Roman town, now called Silwah; mountains first on the Arabian and then on the Libyan side, of the same barren, chalky appearance.

About six this evening, not having wind enough to keep our pennant flying, our Dahabieh was moored in a pleasant spot. Standing near our reis, and wishing to signify our approval of this, I said to him, "*Tieb, tieb,*"—good, good. To which he replied, "*Iauh, tieb,*"—yes, good. And on my

saying "*Kayrakh*,"—thank you,—he repeated again, "*Tieb tieb*." He then stepped ashore and met R. D. W., saying to him, as he looked at the boat, "*Tieb, tieb*."

I think now that the patient dragoman-ridden reis has been made to understand that our view of the case is the same as his own, and that we are tired of night-sailing.

Jan. 20th, Silsilis. Scarcely had I put away this journal last evening, when up went the stake that confined us to the bank, and off went the boat. It did not proceed far, however, for the reis asserted himself and put to again, taking in sail and otherwise showing his intention to remain. About ten o'clock I went to the window, and feeling a little breeze, said so to R., who replied, "Don't speak of it; Ali will hear, and we shall be off again." Scarcely had he spoken before we felt the boat in motion, touching bottom as she went. In twenty minutes we struck. Then our poor men, with their ropes and iron-topped poles, worked till one in the morning ere we got off. Their patience on these occasions is marvellous. When I awoke at six we were pushing off, and are now opposite Silsilis, which signifies "chain," a name said to be derived from the usage prevailing in ancient times of stretching a chain across the river to impede the navigation. It is narrow and deep here; our guide-book says only one thousand and ninety five feet wide.

At noon saw a troop of two hundred camels, the property of Arabs living in the desert between this and the Red Sea, come down to the river to drink; two or three men with them. Mercury at 3.30, in our saloon, 79°; comfort myself with the remembrance that nobody dies of being too warm, whilst a great many do of being too cold.

Hurried dinner, to view the ruins of the temple of Kom Umboo, built in the time of Ptolemy Philometor. Thirteen columns buried in the sand, with but little more than the massive capitals visible. Much interested in this first specimen of what we shall soon see so much of. The carvings are more numerous and more distinct than I had antici-

1865. pated. There were many huge fallen stones. Husband
 ÆT. 65. measured one twenty feet long, five wide, and four high.

Jan. 21st. Awakened this morning about three o'clock by the unmooring of our boat, which got off with a good wind; but in less than half an hour she grounded upon a sand-bank, where, despite the most energetic efforts and such wrenching of the rudder as we thought would tear it in pieces, we remained until 7.15, when, with a slight wind, the men began their weary task of tracking. We are now passing close to the western bank, covered with vigorous wheat about two feet high, growing in tufts some twelve or fifteen inches apart, having the appearance of rushes. Several young savages, all half and one quite naked, approach our windows, and, for the first time since we have sailed, two men came offering for sale a small quantity of *labban* milk. Yesterday we had none at all, the man whose business it is to seek for it very early in the morning having failed to obtain any. We have just breakfasted; our milk was warm and very good. Our boatmen, squatting on the damp margin of the river, add to their simple meal a species of poor salad that grows scantily among the wheat. Husband and children set off for a ramble and to get a view of the country. They returned bringing me some golden sand of the desert and a delicate bush of thorn mimosa, twenty inches high, with twenty-six branches closely studded with thorns. It makes a good hedge.

Twenty minutes to one o'clock. Stuart has just come in, and reports the mercury, not in the sun but subject to its influence, $84\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. From balmy October we have come into delicious June weather. Our men, most of them nearing home, have been decking themselves in dazzling white turbans, vests, and loose pantaloons, which they have either made or washed within the last few days, to be ready for sweethearts or wives; and so conscious are they of their changed appearance that, if our glance rests upon them for a moment, they grin and look sheepish and pleased, dis-

playing rows of ivory that cannot be outdone in whiteness by any Arab washing or English bleaching. Mahmoud, with a skin as black as night, but a face all radiant, having first dexterously thrown his grand white trowsers on the shore, has sprung into the water, with his dark-blue loose outer garment gathered up to his waist, and is receiving the greetings of numerous friends, who seem to regard him admiringly as a returned lion of whom they have reason to be proud. Osman, a noble-looking fellow, left us last night. Mahomet, our waiter, has a wife at Assouan, whom he left a year since, on the day after their marriage. When we spoke to him of her, he looked like a frightened child. Ali has just come in to ask us to look at three dromedaries, with men upon them, riding very fast.

We are now reported to be within five miles of Assouan, and, as we are going steadily, two hours may take us there.

How many comforts and how few discomforts we have had, contrary to our anticipations! Good bread—the greatest blessing in the way of food—and comfortable beds, the two first requirements of life, we have enjoyed. The flies and mosquitoes, which I fancied would have been a perpetual torment, have not proved so. Of the latter I have heard but one, and we have not lowered our bars. The flies are no worse than at home in the country. Fleas we have neither felt nor seen, nor have we been troubled with any other vermin. No sickness of any kind has caused an anxiety, and my well-stored medicine-chest has had no requisition made upon it.

The sense of security, too, is much greater than I supposed. Instead of fearing our wild-looking crew,—to whom, when I first came on board, I thought we should be so easy a prey,—I have come to regard them as protectors and friends. Of the river and liability to accident, I think only of its gentle rippings, now sounding like soft music, and giving us perpetual delight as we glide onward,—not in idleness, for with our books and work we have always had abundant

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1865. and varied occupation. How I wish it could have lasted
 } two weeks longer, as we originally expected! The benefit
 Æt. 65. to my dear R. would then have been more thoroughly
 tested. The time has been too short. His cough has not
 materially improved.

Assouan or *Asswan*,—the ancient Syene,—seven P.M. Arrived here at 3.15. Exactly three weeks since we left Cairo, and twenty days since we unfurled our sail and glided so gracefully away from the port of Boolak. Our beautiful sail! Alas! we shall see it no more. It now lies, a crumpled mass, in the stern of the boat, cast aside as a good old servant no longer needed. Such is the world! I looked my last at it very sadly as the men took it down. To watch it has been a true pleasure, and in losing it I fear the best part of our voyage is over. Perhaps I may be mistaken. To go tumbling down the river with the broadside of the boat presented to the current may be less disagreeable than I fancy.

Walked through the unattractive mud town containing some four thousand inhabitants. The same old story of nakedness and dirt. Found nothing worth purchasing but some trifling articles of pottery. A new building now in progress for a bazaar will mark quite an era in the architecture of the town. It is built of coarse brick of a dark color, and has six columns of brick two feet in diameter, perfectly round, and smooth as if cast in a mould.

We found three Dahabiehs at the landing—one Prussian and two English. One of the latter was that of the Gurney Barclay party, composed of young men, two of whom, Robert Barclay, of London, a direct descendant of the Apologist, and Mr. Peckover, of Cambridge, his cousin, spent part of the evening with us very agreeably. They were twenty-six days, exclusive of stoppages, getting here. Thermometer this day has ranged from 55° to 80° .

Jan. 22d, Assouan. Sabbath-day. Rose at four A.M., hoping to see the Southern Cross. Failed from not having

gone to a sufficiently elevated spot, and must "try again!" 1865,
 After breakfast and early reading, went on shore, where we
 met Messrs. Peckover, Barclay, and Fales, and accompa-
 nied them to their boat, "Zuleika," to see their collection of
 birds and insects. We afterwards rowed over to Elephantine,
 an island of but little interest. Two broken square columns
 were shown us, supposed to be the remains of an old gate-
 way of the time of Alexander of Macedon. We observed
 some hieroglyphics on them, and the débris of the rest was
 strewed around. A hideous colossal statue we also saw: it
 was in a sitting posture, and we each in turn seated our-
 selves in its lap, surrounded by gazing savages offering to
 sell us their necklaces, rings, etc.

On descending through masses of broken pottery to the
 river's brink to summon our boat, R. D. W., placing a hand
 on each side of his mouth, shouted, "Boat ahoy! boat
 ahoy!" at the top of his voice. The little urchins who were
 near us endeavored to imitate him, and bawled forth, "Boat
 a——," and could get no further; but they soon conquered
 the new sound, and in great glee sent forth a shout that
 came back to us in numberless echoes, without, however,
 making our people hear. But our neighbors, the Barclays,
 did, and sent us their boat.

Thus delayed, we did not get home to our reading until
 eleven o'clock; and now, after our New Testament and the
 sixth chapter of Bishop McIlvaine's "Evidences of Chris-
 tianity," husband and sons have gone for another walk to
 some quarries where there is a statue ninety feet in length,
 partially hewn from the rock without being separated from
 it, and much covered with sand. A corresponding one at
 Karnac is supposed to have been taken from here. Mer-
 cury at three P.M., 76°; at seven P.M., 73°.

Whilst we were dining, the "Alice," with the English
 flag and pennant with three other fancy flags and many
 guns to announce it, arrived with Lord Marsh and party.

Jan. 23d, Assouan, Nubia. The Russian boat we left

1865. at Thebes has just come, and the river looks quite gay with
 its Dahabiehs of various nations, and the wild people crowd-
 ing round to offer their Abyssinian and Nubian wares.

ÆT. 65.

Among those who came to greet our arrival were two women, the only pretty ones we have seen. One was attired in a rich pink silk robe flowing to her feet; a long white veil fell down her back, while her head, neck, ears, and arms exhibited an abundance of glittering, tinkling ornaments. Her companion, dressed less fantastically, was in blue. Anywhere but beside the woman who accompanied her she would have been considered a most striking figure. Julia and I went to look at them; but R. sent us back, telling me that they were Ghawazee, persons of evil notoriety.

Jan. 23d, Island of Philæ, Nubia. Sitting on a mass of large square stones above the floor of the hypæthral temple, vulgarly called "Pharaoh's bed,"—for what reason I know not,—and to which I have scrambled over broken pottery, Roman remains, and the débris of mud huts which desecrate the spot, I pause to note this date in my journal, whilst the rest of the party proceed; conscious that in time to come the memory of this historic temple, which I shall never see again, will be among my most cherished recollections.

Coming back to Assouan, rode for several miles through the desert, gaining a good idea of what a desert is, and of what desert life may be. How bleak and arid it looked, with its mountains of huge stones heaped together! Sand everywhere, though not so deep as I expected to find it.

Jan. 24th. Notwithstanding all efforts to hurry us from Assouan, we were only at Kom Umboo, a distance of twenty-four miles, at eight this morning, and now at ten A.M. a strong wind is blowing from the north, producing a great rocking in the boat, one side of which is presented to the current, and the other to the wind. The men have ceased to row; the effort is too great for "lazy fellows," as Ali calls them; even he cannot compel them to ceaseless

labor. Lazy or not, they woke us at three this morning by their noise and hard tugging. At four we went on deck to see the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross. It lay due south, I should say 10° above the horizon. The westernmost star is rather smaller than the other three, and a little * above a direct line from the eastern one, standing thus: * * It was a great delight to see these beautiful stars. *

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We are now moored to the bank, and taking in stone to steady our boat. The bank is covered for some distance with a fine crop of lupins in bloom, from two to four or more feet high, from which now and then creep women and children of wretched appearance, glorying nevertheless in locks dripping with castor-oil. Stuart, walking with his father, has brought us many agates.

Last evening we were introduced to the Sheik of the Cataract, an office hereditary in his family. He did not know his age; this is the case with most of the common people. The right to take a boat over the cataract rests with him, and he makes the best bargain he can with travellers.

Jan. 25th. A few miles north of Silsilis. Our boat was unmoored at one A.M. We went before breakfast to view the quarries of Silsilis, and a ruin and grotto on the west bank. The quarries are vast; the walls perpendicular and perfectly smooth. They have been said to look as if all the buildings of the world, from the Tower of Babel to the present time, had been taken from them. Visited on the opposite shore a grotto containing mutilated statues, bas-reliefs, and hieroglyphics,—our dragoman utterly ignorant of all connected with these remains.

Have just passed about a thousand men on the western side of the river, employed in digging the bottom of the old canal and renewing and repairing its banks. This work is done each year. Husband suggested that it would be better to make a wall at once; but Ali thinks "that would

1865. deprive the poor people of their yearly work;" as if this
ET. 65. whole land does not cry aloud for improvements that
would occupy the whole population for generations to
come.

A race this afternoon between our boat's crew and that of the "Zuleika." The men strained every nerve; as they had twelve oars, they did not like to be beaten by ten. Ours, however, is the larger boat, and her hold is filled with stones, so that our rivals soon shot ahead of us. Our men have had a hard day's work, and must still keep rowing till we reach Edfoo, twenty-two miles from our starting-point of this morning.

After lunch we saw the "Zuleika," with its pennant bearing the device of the "Pyramids," approaching us with its party of five young men, who invited Randolph to join them in pigeon-shooting. He did so, and brought home six. Soon after our boats drew so close to each other that we shook hands from our upper decks. Speaking to Mr. Peckover of the Southern Cross, he told me that it was first mentioned in poetry by Dante, before Vasco de Gama had sailed around the world. It was not known how he gained a knowledge of it until it was ascertained that he heard of it from the monks of the Upper Nile; probably not far from this spot, for on the mainland opposite Philæ stands a low, flat-roofed house,—a Catholic convent.

Jan. 26th. Mercury 52°. Have just returned from visiting the great temple at Edfoo. There was no disappointment here. I can truly say that I had not expected one-half of the reality. I do not understand, and cannot attempt a description of, what we have seen. The sand and débris, which until the last few years almost filled the temple, have since been cleaned out, at the request of a Frenchman, by Said Pasha. We ascended to the top up a well-worn stairway; the view very fine.

In one long passage curious fishing scenes, chariots, triads, are numerous. One scene, representing Athor

with her arm thrown around the neck of a male figure who is embracing her, is as perfect as any, and as interesting.

The wind still strong from the north prevents much progress, and the men, who have been pulling hard, are now resting opposite the large sugar-refinery of Alim Pasha.

6.30 P.M. El-Kab, the ancient Eilythyas, eight miles only from Edfoo. Have moored almost under a noble sycamore-tree,—our men having toiled for more than eight hours with this small result. Have had to-day a new experience with our men; they like to be doctored! Mr. Wood, seeing one of them with a cut ankle, sent for some sticking-plaster, and while applying it two or three others came around him with wrists and fingers to be benefited by the "Howaji," who kindly and laughingly poulticed and plastered them all. As they pulled earnestly to bring us in this evening, they sang so merrily and with so much rhythm that I inquired what they were saying. The translation was only this: "We'll walk on, and we'll sit on, and call them all together," with variations.

Jan. 27th. Eleven A.M. Hardly out of sight of El-Kab. A strong north wind still prevailing. Breakfasted this morning at 6.30. Julia and I donkeyed it for three miles through the desert to the temple and grotto of El-Kab in a most amusing style. These creatures, unaccustomed to side-saddles with ladies upon them, were somewhat restive at first; so two men and one boy were detailed to wait on each of us. Kalifa, with his arm around me, did his best to keep me on; another man held the rope fastened round the animal's neck, by which he kept him steady and drew him forward; whilst a juvenile behind with stick in hand gave him an occasional touch, or made himself otherwise useful.

Visited the temple; found it much in ruins; tablet with figures and some inscriptions. The tomb near the wall of the ancient Eilythyas, which we visited on our return, is much richer. It is that so glowingly described by travel-

1865. lers and guide-books. Many domestic scenes are depicted,
 —ploughing, sewing, reaping, caring for cattle, etc. The vin-
 tage is wonderfully portrayed in all its details; also a festal
 entertainment,—a servant filling the glasses of the guests.
 The old wall of burnt bricks enclosed the ancient Eilythyas
 just above the bank of the river.

Returned to the boat about 9.30, and for more than
 eleven hours have made but that many miles.

Jan. 28th. Mercury 59° to 74° . In sight of Esne,
 where we moored about 2.30 A.M. Visited the excavated
 portico of the temple; descended to the ground-floor by
 a rough mud stairway, evidently modern,—probably placed
 there by order of Mehemet Ali, who cleared the dust and
 rubbish from this fine ruin, as well as from that of Dendera.
 This temple, which dates from the time of the early Cæsars,
 is but partially excavated. The magnificent portico stands
 about twenty feet above the present surface of the earth, and
 extends some forty or fifty below it. It is, by rough meas-
 urement, one hundred and sixteen feet long and nearly sixty
 wide. Twenty-four columns support the roof, each twelve
 feet in diameter, the capitals, as we find, everywhere differ-
 ent. The columns and walls are closely covered with most
 tantalizing and interesting figures,—some carved in the stone
 and others in relief; the right wall, as you enter, almost
 covered with panels, each bearing a triad. The whole
 sculpture shows how the ram-headed Chnorphis, or Kneph,
 presided over and was revered by the ancient inhabitants
 of Latopolis, the name of this place in Greek and Roman
 times. Our books say that there is a zodiac on the ceiling:
 if so, either from its height or being blackened by smoke,
 we could not see it. On the river are masses of stone, pre-
 sumed to be the ruins of a temple or quay. There is also
 a Nilometer, an upright column of stone, to gauge the river's
 rise.

Walked through the bazaar; but as the Ramadan has
 just commenced, when good Mussulmans eat at four in the

morning and not again till sunset, they are even weaker and less energetic than usual, and we found very few there. 1865.
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On our return through the streets of this—as usual—dirty, mud-built town, we looked into a granary where heaps of wheat and beans lay for sale to accommodate the boat-crews, who grind their meal and bake their bread here, which process we witnessed in a place devoted to it. The "Zuleika" stopped here yesterday. We of course expected to do the same, as Ali told me, before the contract was made with him, that the men must have two days for this purpose. Now, with the craft that has marked him throughout, he says he will not permit it. We are thus defrauded of one day.

While returning to our boat, we met a man who in color and dress resembled Ali, except that his dress was smarter. He wore a pointed hood on his jacket,—*Cacoola*. They embraced, and kissed each other three times on the cheek. We found he was the medical man in the employ of the Pasha, whose business it is to go up and down the river from Assouan to Cairo and keep him informed of the general health of the country, and especially as to epidemics; also, to give attention, when asked for, to the poor.

The northwest wind that for the last four days has been blowing a gale has now subsided, and we have been running quietly, enjoying the balmy air.

Erment. 6.30 P.M. Drawing up to this place for the night. A vague tradition claims it as the birthplace of Moses. We hear locusts and frogs this evening. It is the first time that we have heard them; though I presume that no more now than formerly are they strangers in the land they once so fearfully scourged for the sins of that Pharaoh who would not let Israel go.

- Four weeks of our boat-life are completed. The new moon showed her bright crescent as we lay that first evening at the Mussulman port, and now again its thread of silver light is reflected in the river, whilst Venus shines in

1865. all her beauty. No clouds for the setting sun to gild, but
 ÆT. 65. sky, air, and water were full of his parting splendor.

Jan. 29th. My husband says, "Leaving wife and Stuart to guard the boat, I walked with Julia and Randolph to the remains of the temple of Erment, a distance of two miles from the river. Four of the columns are in good preservation; three of them are covered with figures. Among the most worthy of notice are the cartouches of Cleopatra and Cæsarion on the top, just under the capital. The other column stands alone, with but few figures upon it; but part of the entablature remains on it, in which the birds have made their homes. The pylon that remains, which is but a small part of the original, is covered with figures, and on the north side, which has but lately been uncovered, they are in as perfect condition as when cut. Many of the figures form triads, and there is a long procession bearing offerings. The rubbish of the old city is very great, and is now used by the villagers as manure. Passed an establishment of Ismail Pasha, the Viceroy, where steam is used for irrigating the land."

Jan. 29th, Thebes. Mercury 75°, four P.M. Arrived here at 11.20. Found the "Zuleika" and another English party, the Dahabieh "L'Esperança," one Russian, and one French. In about two hours the steamer came up. Our friends Rev. Mr. Armitage and Mr. Baldwin soon found their way to us, and brought us good news of our successes at home. My husband says, if it was not Sunday *he should clap!*

Mr. Edwin Smith to tea. Calls himself a merchant of antiquities. He shocked us by saying "that the Egyptians had taught as pure a religion as Moses." Glad he went with us to service and heard the sermon of Mr. Armitage. On our return found Mustapha Aga awaiting us. He is English, American, and Russian consular agent. Such positions are very desirable, saving a man from the despotism of his own government.

Jan. 30th. Mercury 55°—79°. With our guide, Sedan,

visited this morning the remains of the temple of Luxor. (1865.
They are extensive, but shockingly desecrated by the filth
—
of the debased swarms of humanity who live among the
Ru. 86.
ruins, which are crowded with their mud hovels.

On the top of one part of the temple is the house now occupied by Lady Duff Gordon, who, for her health, spends a great deal of time here. Visited the Copt Diderouze, who *manufactures antiquities*. Went to the house of one of the vendors, who showed us several specimens at fabulous prices.

Went this afternoon with my husband to visit a very sick young man from New York,—Mr. Crocker,—in a boat from which flies our own dear flag. The Rev. Mr. Lacey, of San Francisco, is his companion. We found there Lady Duff Gordon, evidently a woman of character and intelligence. She told us that she had many friends among the Arabs, mentioning among them the Shereef Aleem Yusef, the reader of the mosque. There is no order of priesthood among the Mohammedans, and these Aleems unite the offices of lawyer and religious teacher. She seems to be the protectress of the poor, visiting them even in times of severe epidemics.

I am sorry I cannot remember the Arabic proverb she repeated, which describes a high-souled, chivalric man. It means, "He is the brother of girls,"—*i. e.*, that he has a pure, warm heart to love women as sisters, and a brave, strong arm to defend them. Lady D. G. told us that slavery is here so modified that it is not considered a degradation, and the slaves consider the poor Fellahin their decided inferiors.

Jan. 31st, *Thebes*. Mercury 59°—79°. A busy and fatiguing day. After breakfast, crossed to the Libyan suburb and mounted our donkeys; Suleiman by my side, on whose shoulder I found it very convenient to lean. A girl of fourteen ran behind, to drive the donkey and render occasional assistance. She was loaded with ornaments, which I per-

1865. chased before we parted. I asked her name; she replied,
 Et. 65. "Mare-am," and when I said, "Miriam," it proved to be right. Miriam is properly still the child of the desert! Randolph's donkey-boy Gendee was the hero of the party. He is four years old, and this is the fifth time he has run with his father, our guide, to the tomb of the kings; the father occasionally taking him up to rest upon his own donkey. He is a pretty child, and ambitious of doing even more than his duty, giving poor donkey many a needless thrust.

First visited the tomb discovered by Belzoni. A perfect and life-size figure of a cow on the wall of one of the smaller chambers interested us. So did the numerous boat scenes, exhibiting just the same mode of propelling, by tracking, etc., as exists at the present day. A great deal that is curious and valuable has been taken from the tombs by Lepsius, Champollion, and others, who should have known better. We lunched at the mouth of No. 18. Its mouth is so closed that it must be entered lying down, which we had neither time nor enthusiasm enough to do.

We next visited the tomb discovered by Bruce,—smaller than Belzoni's, and less difficult to enter. In the chambers on either side of the entrance a variety of domestic subjects are represented, in vivid colors, as is the case in most of these tombs, which the lapse of unnumbered ages has not materially dimmed. Spears, coats of mail, furniture, vases, baskets, musical instruments, and flowers, with abundance of gods, goddesses, and mystic characters, are represented, with homelier scenes from the kitchen, such as kneading bread, etc. There are occasional examples of the grotesque; one of which was a monkey with a pig in a boat.

I was too much fatigued to examine No. 2, and returned to the boat to dine at five o'clock. Soon after, Mr. Walker, our neighbor of the Dahabieh "*L'Esperança*," called to see us, and was followed by Mr. Lacey, of San Francisco, Mr. Keith, of Baltimore, and Messrs. Baldwin and Armitage, who took tea with us. Mr. and Mrs. Spence, with whom we

crossed the Atlantic, and the son of Mustapha Aga, came in during the evening. No lack of company!

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February 1st, Thebes. Called to see Mr. Crocker, of New York, our sick neighbor. Mr. Smith showed me his collection of antiques, some scarabæi as old as the time of Abraham,—one detailing the marriage of Amenoph and Thi,—valued at twenty-five pounds. Mr. Smith has written the Lord's Prayer in hieroglyphic characters in my book, adding his own name and Thebes.

An unexpected visit this evening from Mustapha Aga, who brought me some trifles, which he said were "very *an-cient*, very *an-cient* indeed, and must be set in gold, as they were taken from a mummy." Visits also from Rev. Mr. Armitage, who brought his beautiful album of dried flowers to show us, and from Rev. Dr. Sheldon, who came in saying, jocosely, "he wished to thank Mrs. Wood for sewing on his coat-button so nicely, and that when Columbus had found the New World it was very easy for others to go to it," etc. I could not imagine what he meant, but said that I was very glad indeed the button suited, and hoped that he would let me sew on another to-morrow. "Oh, no, no," he said; "there was no occasion; in doing it once it was all done; that the ladies on his own boat, having heard me offer to do anything in this line for him, were now awake to their duty; but he meant to thank me for all of these favors he might receive from them."

He was very entertaining all the evening. If, as was suggested, he had joined our party, we should have had an intelligent and facetious companion, but the home-like life of our boat would have been less. He has been for thirty-five years rector of St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.

Feb. 2d. Awakened this morning by a strong gale from the northwest, which gave a good deal of motion to the boat. After breakfast, on donkeys much better than usual and better accoutred, we trotted off quite gaily—I having only

1865. Dreeze, a donkey-boy, to run by my side—to see the “*beautiful Karnac!*” the “*glorious Karnac!*” As these boys, possessed of but few English words, make the most of their small capital, they rang as many changes as they could upon them, culminating at length in, “Karnac glorious! Glorious like a steamboat!” It is indeed glorious, and almost as much a mystery to us as the steamboat this season beginning to run upon their river is to them.

Prepared as we have been by Edfoo, Esne, and Luxor, we are filled with amazement at the vastness and extent of these ruins. A month might be spent in examining them.

Passed a pleasant hour this evening on the “Carolina,” the Dahabieh of Rev. Mr. Lacey.

Feb. 3d. All the family went with a guide to explore Karnac, I on a donkey called Hallema, with donkey-boy named Dreeze by my side. A strong wind, west-by-south, was blowing a gale when we left, and it almost amounted to a simoon before our return. “Approaching by the northern pylon, and on the hill near it, we took a survey of the whole structure. It has five entrances. It is very difficult to make symmetry of it as one building. It must, I suppose, have a general idea of oneness; but, built by various kings, there exists a great want of harmony. From its western entrance objects present themselves with greatest regularity.”

The dimensions of the grand hall of assembly are three hundred and twenty-nine by one hundred and seventy feet, and eighty-five feet high. The whole number of massive columns is one hundred and thirty-four. On each side of the central aisle are six columns, twelve feet in diameter; the capitals of these all different, and more beautiful than the mass. We find strong evidences that, whatever other agents have aided in this great work of destruction, the earthquake has been here, and caused the starting from their places of some of the immense circular blocks of these columns, thrusting, it may be, one block of the six or eight

of which each column consists, many inches beyond the perpendicular line of its neighbors. We enter this hall through a stately pylon, with a colossal figure in black granite of Rameses II. on either side of it. We pass out of it into other courts and halls, extending six hundred or more feet, picking our way over fallen columns, obelisks, and figures of strange interest, many of them things a king might be glad to transport, but whose real place *is here* for the world to wonder at. The entire area covered by these ruins is about a mile and a half, and to pick one's way over and among them is no easy task. As is the custom, our lunch was brought with us. After sitting in an adytum,—a sort of holy of holies,—we climbed to its top, finding there a roofed-in recess, with a huge stone filling one side of it, that, had it been placed there for a divan, could not better have served that purpose. There we spread our shawls, rested, and were refreshed. Breaking one of our water-bottles, Randolph hurled it to a distance, when an eager scramble took place among the nineteen Arab boys who, as usual, were hanging around us. We were greatly amused before we left the ruins this evening, by having some small fragments of it offered to us for sale, as *antiques*, for half a piastre.

Immense amounts of agate-stones are to be found among the rubbish on the north side of these ruins. They are supposed to have been brought by the Persians to be used in their slings when they made the attack on Thebes, which, I believe, was taken by them in the reign of Cambyses.

Lord Hopeton, of Hopeton House, Scotland, came up with two boats whilst we were dining. They are now making a great show with scores of gay lamps hung about their Dahabiehs—Lord March, who came down an hour since in the "Alice," adding to the brilliancy. Achmet Saidi, Lord Hopeton's dragoman, has been to see us. He says their boats stopped not only at night, but three hours each day, during meals. The beautiful green birds we so

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1865. much admire at Karnac, he tells us, are called Paradise
 ÆT. 65. birds. He brought me one from Lady Hopeton; but I fear
 we cannot preserve it.

Feb. 4th. Crossed to the Libyan side, and mounted for Medeenet Háboo, one of the grand ruins, formerly a palace temple. Some domestic scenes on the walls still remain. In one of the largest apartments huge Osiride figures have been hewn down by the early Christians, who also coated the wall with plaster, and put up within the grand rows of columns small unsculptured ones, to enclose their own place of worship. Many interesting historical scenes are on the walls of this temple.

Visited the great Colossi, sometimes called The Pair. They are much mutilated, especially the Memnon. They stand in height some sixty feet, in a field of luxuriant vetch, which at this time of the year looks like a garden. The bases of both covered with hieroglyphics. I bought here from one of the numerous tribe of antiquity-vendors what looks like a huge seal of baked clay. It is supposed these may have been carried to funerals by friends and deposited in the tombs as offerings of regard or affection, as so many as twenty have sometimes been found on the shelves of one tomb, with inscriptions referring to its inmate. Mine refers to the death of a wife of a priest of Ammon, with comments. So says Mr. Smith.

Visited the tombs of the queens, where legions of bats flitted around us, and we had the opportunity given us of purchasing a pair of well-preserved human legs from the knees downward, unquestionably antique.

A very rough ride among these barren, stony hills, with tombs all around us, brought us to the small Ptolemaic temple of Dayr-el-Medeeneh, said to have been the abode of early Christians. We distinctly saw the judgment scene given in Murray, page 350.

Our guide now began to inquire, "How much more sun?"—this being Ramadan, a fast for thirty days, from

sunrise to sunset. The poor creatures keep it faithfully; but, though they will not confess how hungry and thirsty they must be, it is evidenced by their frequent queries "*when the sun will go down.*" Our guide of to-day is the father of Gendee, our bright little donkey-boy of four years old. He again to-day ran behind our son Randolph, and followed our party so affectionately wherever we went that my husband told his father that he would like to take him to America. "How much give for him? How much give for Gendee?" was the quick, eager reply. And this his only son! Probably ten pounds would have bought him; possibly five pounds. Mr. Wood would not test it, as I proposed; and I think he was right, as they understand us so imperfectly that, had we chaffered with him in jest, we might not have been able afterwards to make him understand that we did not make merchandise of men.

The "Erin" Dahabieh left at Assouan came up this evening. The Irish lord on board her having quarrelled at the Cataract with Lord March, it moored the other side of the inlet. Still later came another, the "Cleopatra," with the Prince and Princess de Noer; so that we, who for a short time had but one American boat for company, now find ourselves in the midst of grand folks.

Feb. 5th. Went this morning early to the Coptic church. Probably sixty persons present. Women were behind a lattice. The officiating priest in a dark recess, with two or three small candles. The communion was administered by him here in such an obscure way that I can hardly say we saw it, but believe it was a piece of bread, dipped into a goblet of wine, put into the mouth of each. Whilst this was going on, another priest handed to all, women as well as men, a small loaf, two or three inches in diameter, with some Coptic letters inscribed. I presume it was the Gloria Patri as Priest Antonio, the son of the bishop, who joined us after the service, and who speaks a little English, told us that it was "God the Father and God the Son."

1865. The people accepted, with apparent satisfaction, some
 ÆT. 65. small Arabic books we brought from the mission store in
 Cairo. We saw in their church, with more regret than
 surprise, three paltry engraved pictures of Virgin and Child
 and Holy Family.

Soon after breakfast, the dragoman of the Prince de
 Noer, who was attracted by our flag, came to our boat,
 announcing his name and inquiring ours. In the course of
 the day we exchanged visits very pleasantly. He was a
 dignified man of about sixty, of Schleswig-Holstein, Den-
 mark, where he had been governor. His young and beau-
 tiful wife was the daughter of Mr. D. Lee, merchant and
 banker, of New York. They were on their bridal tour;
 the young lady, I fancy, quite elate with her sounding title,
 though she inquired after old friends at home. They intend
 going to the second cataract and taking the hard desert
 route through Palestine and Syria.

Feb. 7th. An interesting visit last evening from Lady
 Duff Gordon; this morning to Karnac. In moving the
 earth for saltpetre, the men found a small antique metal
 figure, which we purchased from them for three and six-
 pence. Evening, rode under a full moon to look at Karnac
 in its most gloomy grandeur. A party of three Englishmen
 in the "Colleen Bawn" have arrived from Cairo.

Feb. 8th. One more date from this place, and then we
 shall be gone. Tiderouse Pawluse, a very good-looking
 Copt, vendor of antiquities, came to bid "the master good-
 bye;" Zeedan, our guide on this side of the Nile, ostensibly
 for the same purpose, but really to beg for powder and
 shot, a great desideratum here. I gladdened them both
 with some English pins. Then came our donkey-boys,
 and a troop besides, shouting "good-bye." We threw them
 a little backsheesh, causing much scrambling and shouting.

I omitted my intended farewell walk for the sake of
 mending the United States flag of our consul, Mustapha
 Aga, which was in a very dilapidated condition. We did

the best that could be done for it, and returned it by his servant to Mustapha, who, lowering the British flag, ran up ours and fired a cannon as a parting salute. Two of the three steamers lying here responded to our parting gun, and our countryman, Mr. Smith, lowered his flag and waved his adieu.

Had scarcely rowed a few hundred yards, when a steamer came in sight that proved to be the one with our friends on board. Dahabieh moored, and husband and children have gone to greet them and consign our letters to the Rev. Mr. Armitage. Oddly enough, a gold sleeve-button, which Julia found day before yesterday at the tomb of the Assassafeefs, proves to be the property of Mrs. Spence, of Baltimore, who lost it there a week ago, and who, valuing it very much, had offered a reward for it.

Evening. Men pulling lustily all day. About six, passed Nogad, and saw the cross upon its Latin convent. Stopped and walked through the town; a noisy crew of backsheesh-seekers gathered round us.

Our visit to Thebes has been one of unalloyed pleasure. I left it with regret, feeling that I was parting forever from the grandest of all the remains of antiquity. The first tears that I have shed since leaving home fell as our Dahabieh glided from the bank and I gazed my last upon it.

Feb. 9th. Mercury 58° — 69° . Kenneh, Egypt, east bank of the Nile. Arrived at this place, famed for its manufactory of water-jars, at 7.30 A.M. It is forty-eight miles from Thebes, and our run of less than twenty hours has been a rapid one, especially as two of our best hands, Kalifa and Mahomet-Abooradwan, were not at the oars, having gone to bake bread and have it ready on the arrival of our boat.

Left directly after breakfast for the temple of Dendera, dedicated to Athor and her little son. They figure largely on pylons, walls, columns, and capitals. It is a small temple, but in better condition than any other we have seen. Pleasant, cool morning. Had a delightful ride on a good donkey,

1865. through fields of wheat, vetch, etc. Entered the precincts
 ÆT. 65. of the temple through a ruined pylon on the east. A low mud wall, in great contrast with these massive stone ruins, runs up on either side to the portico, a distance of some two hundred feet. A descent of twenty-five or thirty feet brought us to its floor, and from this to the roof was about sixty feet,—three rows of three columns each on either side the aisle, each column having a hideous full face repeated four times on its capital. I shall call it in my mind Dendera of the full face. A peculiarity of these temples is that they are roofed. On the north and south sides of the roof of this pronaos are the signs of the zodiac.

Great swarms of bees were on the north and south outer walls, concealing almost as effectually the sculpture as in some temples the early Christians have done with plaster. The honey-combs had the appearance of wasp-nests, and little birds were robbing them of their honey. In this neighborhood, on a wall, we found a likeness which we suppose was meant for the "Witch Cleopatra," her oval being there. Many figures, seated on chairs, were also on this honey-laden wall.

Feb. 10th. Mercury 58° — 71° . North of Dendera. Ran into a sand-bank at midnight, and did not get off till eight this morning. Passed Farshoot about five P.M. The breeze this afternoon has been against us, and the sea high. Our men are again at their oars, keeping time musically with their voices, and lighted by a beautiful moon reflected in the water.

Feb. 11th. Bellianeh, west bank of the Nile. Moored at eight o'clock, having been aground five hours during the night.

"Set off this morning on donkeys with all the party, except my wife, to visit the ruins of Abydos. The outfit was the worst we have had in the country,—the donkeys small and poor, and all of them without bridles and saddles. I found my seat, a bag filled with straw, so uncomfortable that

I dismounted and walked. The children managed to hold 1865.
 on and do better. Reached the temple in two hours, cross-
 ing two canals,—already cleared and ready for the next rise
 of the river. The whole country is a perfect plain; the
 land in quality of the first order, covered with wheat, barley,
 beans, etc., growing as thickly as in the richest bottom-
 swamps of America; the stalks must be from five to six feet
 high. In the pastures we saw buffaloes of great size; the
 cows, if fat, would weigh one thousand pounds; also camels
 larger than we have seen them before.

"The ruins of the temple have been uncovered recently;
 the work is still going on. Descended twenty feet to the
 first chamber; found it in good preservation. The first
 room contained twenty-four columns, about forty feet in
 height and five in diameter; the next room, thirty-six sim-
 ilar columns. West of these are seven smaller rooms, with
 curiously-arched ceilings covered with sculpture. We also
 visited a temple to the north, much destroyed; some of the
 paintings well preserved, especially one of a very fat ox
 going to the slaughter. This temple must have been very
 beautiful,—large blocks of sculptured granite and alabaster
 lying about. Our return was much expedited by Ran-
 dolph's dismounting and following our donkeys, keeping
 them in such a trot as left their drivers far in the rear."

Left Bellianeh at 2.30. Ran very nicely till nine o'clock,
 when we ran aground. Passed Girgeh about 5.30. The
 river has encroached upon the town, carrying part of it
 away. The front wall of the finest mosque has gone.
 Broken pillars lie on the bank, while the interior of the
 building is exposed quivering upon the brink of this
 changing river, which has fallen three feet since we as-
 cended it. North of Thebes the ruins of a sakia, a few
 feet from the east bank, were pointed out to us, which only
 twelve years since was on a bank of the west side.

Feb. 12th. Two P.M. A strong northwest wind prevents

1865. our progress. Great haziness, almost amounting to fog.
 ÆT. 65. Mercury now at 70° ; at eight A.M. it was 50° .

Last evening aground from 9 to 10.30, and again an hour at midnight. A little wagtail sparrow of the very abundant common sort was caught to-day in a trap set on the "Philæ's" deck.

Sioot or Assyoot, Feb. 14th. Lay all night at this place. After breakfast, mounted donkeys and visited the tombs at the back of the village, about half a mile distant, among the mountains. Found them much defaced, but still showing hieroglyphics. These tombs are numerous. They are infested by bats of a very large size,—their wings, when extended, probably twelve inches across.

"My wife, who has retired fatigued, requests me to say something in her journal. Without the use she makes of the needle and sadiron, we should all be rough and ragged; and I advise any who may travel up the Nile hereafter, if they have a good wife, to bring her with them.

"Our progress down-stream to-day has been a steady one, except an occasional getting aground. Sometimes an animated discussion among the sailors, generally good-tempered; but about noon we were aroused by learning that the reis had struck one of his men, who had retaliated. There probably would have been a fight but for the prompt interference of the dragoman, who dashed in among them, koorbash in hand, striking one over the head, another over the shoulder, thrusting one to the right, throwing another to the left, giving quick, loud orders, and speedily bringing to an end this threatened outbreak.

"The shores on both sides have been full of interest during the day. We ran for a long time at the foot of the Arabian hills which come down to the river. Their varied shapes—sometimes abrupt masses of vertical rock, very often with large caves cut into them by the water; then looking like stacks of hay, from the loose sand blown from

the desert over their precipices; again with square openings far up the hillside, showing that tombs once were there—engaged our attention in passing.

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"On the western side, constant cultivation, with long ranges of palm-trees and groves of sount, whose perfume reached the boat. The shadoofs and sakias numerous. As proof of the low state of the river, we passed a large steam pumping apparatus, into which the lowest opening for the water was four feet above the surface of the stream.

"Saw flocks of birds, among them the zic-zac. Finished the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' which I have read with much interest. The graphic description of volcanic storm, the classic lore of the author, and the introduction to the Christians of that time, give it a charm which few books of imagination have for me."

Feb. 16th, Beni Hassan. Mercury 58° — 73° . Found ourselves, on awaking this morning, anchored in the stream opposite this place. Its character has greatly improved since Ibrahim Pasha burnt three adjacent villages, nests of robbers, and dispersed their inhabitants. Went ashore in the little boat and took a long walk over cultivated land that twenty years ago was the bed of the river, and then up the steep, rocky bank to the excavations, more than thirty in number. Six of them quite interesting.

These are considered the oldest remains in Egypt, dating a thousand years before the time of Joseph. Considering this, they are marvels in coloring and scenic effect, and most valuable from the insight they give into the life, occupations, trades, and amusements of these old folk of time so long gone by.

Passed to-day several manufactories for sugar, and one or more steam-engines for raising water, in lieu of the old sakia, whose music, and the poetry of whose old wheels, I fear, will soon be traditions.

About five P.M. passed Minyeh, making a better appear-

1865. ^{Et. 65.} ance from the river than any town we have seen on its banks. Here is a large yellow palace belonging to the present Viceroy, Ismail Pasha. A large sugar-factory ditto. Most things about here are his. He is said to have the largest income of any individual at the present time.

The after-glow superb, mountains of fire in the sky, mountains of fire deep down in the waters. No contretemps, except that we stuck for a few moments this evening. Have had a great run.

Feb. 17th, near Beni-souf. West bank of the Nile. Mercury 62° — 85° . At the rate we have been running through the night, and are still doing, our Nile-life will soon be over, put away among the pleasant things that have been and will be no more. We have this morning rejoiced in the sight of two United States flags on this old river, both on Dahabiehs upward bound. From one of them a jolly-boat put off and came to us with two gentlemen. The Rev. Mr. Ellenwood, of Rochester, New York, told us that they had been twenty days coming thus far. They gave us political news from home. The other boat was a small Dahabieh belonging to the American missionaries in Cairo, in which they go floating up and down on their errands of love and mercy, sparing no toil or privation that they may win souls to Christ! How glorious to be thus devoted to our Master's service!—laborers in His vineyard, where the labor least of all promises any return of worldly fame or worldly gain!

Nine P.M. Wind fair and sail set all day, so that we have made great progress. Passed Beni-souef before dinner: some good houses; governor's palace in the midst of a grove of santon-trees; not so well-looking a place as Minyeh,—the river evidently making rapid encroachments upon it. Met here a steam-vessel of the Pasha towing six iron boats up the river, probably to bring down cotton. Wind now ahead; but the men are pulling furiously in the hope of making Mitrahenny before morning.

Feb. 18th. A hazy, cloudy morning; damp and chilly

before breakfast, but now, eleven P.M., the sun is out, giving as it always does, warmth and brightness. The wind in the night having been ahead, the anticipated progress was not made. The river is alive with boats,—we have just counted sixty; they are small boats of traffic. About 12.30 moored at the village of Bedreshayn, and, procuring donkeys, proceeded to visit the site of ancient Memphis. Our donkeys walked with us nearly two miles through a country of extreme richness of soil, all of which had been carried up in baskets. On either side were groves of palms, beneath whose stately crowns the richest and greenest wheat was growing. Many hoopoes—a bird I much admire—were flying about, and for the first time I heard the notes of a *singing* bird.

Memphis is believed to have been built by Menes, the first king of Egypt, and to have extended over an area three miles in width, much of the space having been occupied by gardens and villas. The number and extent of the mounds exhibit the rich store of remains which the antiquarian will no doubt, at some not far-distant time, disinter.

The whole range of pyramids is now in sight, Dashoor, Sakkara, and Abooseer, and in the far distance the greater ones of Gheezeh. The large masses of débris lying all round a lake which at this season is low, but filled up when the Nile rises, show that a large city once stood here. I notice among the mounds of earth large quantities of broken pottery, one of the strongest proofs of the former population of these spots.

Feb. 19th. Moored at "Quarter-Acre" Island, between the village of Gheezeh and the island of Rhoda, this morning about eight. We remain here to-day, as it is Sunday: to-morrow the Pyramids!

Our dragoman has returned from Cairo, bringing us papers and letters from home up to January 5th. We have not felt anxious; yet to be assured of their welfare is very pleasant. We feel thankful for this and all the mercies so

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1865. bountifully showered upon us since we parted from our
 loved ones.
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Three P.M. The wind is now blowing a gale from the southwest, which reminds me to say that about four this morning we were awakened by a noise overhead. I opened my window and felt upon my hand the fast-dropping rain of Egypt. This, with a light shower in Alexandria, is the only rain we have had since we have been in Africa.

After dinner, accompanied by our dragoman, we were rowed in the jolly-boat to the island of Rhoda to see the Nilometer; saw the mark of the highest rise. The overflow of the river is of such importance to the whole region that the advance is declared daily in Cairo.

Nine P.M. Finishing our arrangements for vacating to-morrow our pleasant floating home. Seven weeks ago, on the afternoon of January 1st, the beautiful sail of Dahabieh "Philæ" was unfurled to the breeze, and she glided gracefully from the port of Boolak.

Julia, since the 10th of January, has noted the state of the thermometer with great punctuality, and finds now, on summing it up, that the average has been at eight A.M. 52° ; at two P.M. 75° ; at nine P.M. 63° .

And here our life on the Nile, which I began with many fears, comes to an end, calling for renewed thankfulness for mercies received. We have been preserved from accidents, and have been unvisited by indisposition of any kind, whilst in one boat's company which preceded us only a few days, and bearing our own beloved flag, two deaths have occurred. Whilst, also, it is asserted that a voyage up the Nile, with the close contact and constant companionship which are unavoidable, is among the severest tests of friendship, we all feel, as your father has just kindly said, that we love each other more for the time thus passed, and that our little circle of parents and children has been drawn together more closely than under almost any other circumstances it could have been.

Feb. 20th. Such a ride as we have had! Crossing early in the morning to the village of Ghezeh, we found excellent donkeys awaiting us. We trotted off finely, but soon encountered great gales of wind that kept us fully occupied in holding ourselves on our donkeys, and our clothes upon ourselves. Husband's hat soon took wind and flew away, but was happily recovered. My comb flew away, and was not found; also my collar. Then, again and again, went off hats and turbans. Indeed, I little thought when we set out of approaching the sedate and heavy-looking pyramids in such a light and harum-scarum manner, or that having arrived there, owing to the strong wind and hazy atmosphere, not one of us could go up. Stuart nearly ascended, but allowed the guides, who, I presume, did not understand him, to bring him down without quite reaching the summit.

There are five pyramids and the ruins of several others. Around their bases is a vast quantity of débris and of gold-colored sand, quite a desert spot; but creeping close upon it is the bright green grass, in which we found interspersed a quantity of sweet and beautiful flowers,—small blue iris, etc.

The Sphynx, with its ugly face, is more perfect than we expected.

Cairo, Shepherd's Hotel. Find our friends, Messrs. Armitage, Baldwin, Dr. Sheldon, and the Spences, here. Long letters from home.

Feb. 21st, Heliopolis, a few miles east of Cairo. Visited the venerable obelisk, the remaining one of the pair that stood before the Temple of the Sun, where Potiphara, priest of On, the father of Joseph's wife, Asenath, some ages ago did minister. It stands in the midst of a garden, the sole landmark to designate this spot once so hallowed, one of the great centres of religious influence and culture. This note is dated beneath the shade of the old sycamore-tree where tradition says the Holy Family rested in their flight into Egypt, the tree having in consequence been endowed with some principle of life that has preserved it to this time.

1865. Made visits this morning to both American and English
 ÆT. 65. missionaries, being very much interested in the account given us by Miss Dales, of Philadelphia, of the recent marriage of one of her pupils with an Indian prince whose father was one of the chief rulers of some part of the Punjaub. Deprived of power by the English, this son retains his title, with immense wealth. Having, through the influence of missionaries in the East, become an earnest Christian, he ardently desired an educated wife who would be truly such, and at the same time an Oriental. Having long made this a subject of prayer, he was, by the apparent accident of a servant's illness, detained in Cairo. Whilst there, from his interest in missions he visited this school, saw and fell in love with one of the scholars, who is now his wife, with the title of Princess Maharance Bamba.

Feb. 22d, Cairo. Washington's birthday. The last steamers from the land of his and our birth must have brought good national news, as telegrams to-day have been flying fast. The last is that cotton in England is down to fifteen pence per pound.

Feb. 24th, Suez, Red Sea. Here we are on the spot where it is believed that Moses led the children of the promise across the sea dry-shod. The sea is said to be nine miles wide from the Wady Bacadal, or Valley of Wonders, on the Egyptian side, to the wells of Ayn Mousa, on the Arabian shore.

It seemed strange to be wandering about and gathering shells, with so little excitement of feeling, in the very place where the great lawgiver once stood,—when, notwithstanding the evidence he already had that what God promised he would perform, his heart must have palpitated and his foot trembled as he took the first steps in his onward march, from which there was no return.

We are surrounded by specimens of various races. Arabs, Bengalee, English, Maltese, are all represented in the ser-

vants, while the travellers are from America, England, 1865.
France, Germany, and from various parts of India. Act. 65

"The town of Suez is much larger than we expected. Walked along the extension of the railroad to a little village on the sea, where the water is twenty-seven feet deep, and where a dock is building large enough for the Indian steamers to discharge freight and land passengers. As yet there is no opening of the great canal into the Red Sea, but about ten miles inland it is said to be navigable for small boats. The grand canal is much wider than is necessary for all the traffic that can come through it, being one hundred and eighty feet in width and twenty-six feet in depth, with but few locks. The cost is estimated at more than forty million pounds sterling. There is much doubt of its stability, owing to the sliding in of the banks and want of strength in the walls at places where it passes through the lakes. One of the greatest difficulties is in keeping the mouth on the Mediterranean open."

Feb. 27th, Alexandria. A very interesting visit to the Deaconesses' Hospital, a branch of Pastor Fliedner's. A letter from Mrs. Leider introduced us to Sister Matilda, the superior, an interesting woman of about thirty-five, who, with six other sisters, has the charge of the establishment. Sister Matilda is about to be transferred to Jerusalem. We found here about forty patients, mostly sailors.

Feb. 28th. This place is alive with fun and frolic. The actors, no doubt, enjoy it, though to me it seems supremely silly. This morning occupied in rearranging trunks, of which I am so weary.

March 1st, Steamship Egitto. Ash-Wednesday. Julia and I went with son R. to the English church in Alexandria this morning. After church, went to Coen's Syrian Bazaar,

1865. and found the person who yesterday was full of courteous
 ÆT. 65. desire to make sales, and willingness to abate his prices, saying "that to-day he had but one word; would not change. Take his things, very well; no take them, good-bye. All the same; no difference to him."

Returned to Hôtel Abbât in time for lunch, and then concluded to go on board our vessel, thinking we should have the start of the other passengers; but they had been as keen as ourselves, and were almost all assembled. The dear deaconess is just coming on board. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, is sitting opposite to me at the table, dipping into the same inkstand, whilst into the windows peer several of the third-class passengers,—or no class at all,—who crowd such limited portions of the deck as are reserved for them. The boat looks clean, and our rooms are very comfortable.

Ahmad Ramadan, the young man we have employed, seems very desirous of serving us well. His charge for the party is five pounds and ten shillings a day for fifteen days, if we go no farther than Jerusalem. If we go farther, another contract must be made. He has secured good, large side-saddles,—a most important thing for us.

March 3d. No memorandums for yesterday. A very miserable day for all of us. We never suffered more from seasickness. The sea was not rough, but the vessel, from want of proper ballast, rolled incessantly. We sailed from Alexandria about six yesterday morning, and were landed in a small boat at Jaffa this morning at ten. We are now in the Greek convent of the old town of Ramleh. Bishop Whipple, Rev. Ed. Lacey, and other countrymen of ours here also. Owing to a large party of pilgrims having left Jaffa yesterday, the difficulty of obtaining horses was very great, the good bishop with the rest being obliged to mount donkeys, which they did, I think, more willingly, remembering who had thus ridden before them.

It has been a most interesting ride. Cactus-hedges eight

feet high, groves of orange- and lemon-trees, and the rich, tender grass studded with flowers of every shade and color. I feel much better than I expected to do after my ride of ten or twelve miles on a high horse, with a swart Nubian—Ferradje—by my side. Our accommodations are cleaner and better than we had hoped for. As I make my preparations for retiring, I listen to the prolonged call to prayer from the muezzin of the mosque adjacent to this convent.

Jerusalem, Damascus Hotel. Arrived at this city of cities on the evening of the 4th inst. about 5.30. We left Ramleh at 7.30 A.M., having lodged comfortably in the Greek convent. The ride over the hills was a most remarkable one. The first portion was a plain, which soon became hilly, and then mountainous, stony, and with cultivated terraces. It was wild in the extreme. There were rocky passes over which my horse bore me as up a stairway. Trees, mostly olive, were abundant; and the flowers, in number, variety, and beauty, reminded one of garden-plots.

The day after we arrived, being the first Sunday in Lent, hearing that there were to be a great many services by the different sects in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we determined to go. Saw a vast assemblage of Latin, Greek, Coptic, and Armenian pilgrims, and other devotees. Visited the reputed tomb of King David. It is exhibited with reluctance by the Mussulmans, who guard it carefully.

After the pageant at the church of the Holy Sepulchre we went to the English church. Communion solemnly administered by Bishop Gobat and the rector—a great privilege to commune in Jerusalem.

March 6th. Rode with a large party through the Damascus gate and round the city walls. Saw the tomb of Absalom on the road to Gethsemane, which we were surprised to find is “a garden enclosed.” Went to the top of the Mount of Olives. The last footprint of the Saviour on earth is shown in a small building near a little mosque.

1865. Then to Bethany, to the deep cave called the tomb of Lazarus, the site of the house of Martha and Mary, passing the steep hill on which is shown the spot where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and the point where St. Stephen knelt to ask, "Father, forgive them." We re-entered the city by the gate bearing his name.

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Afternoon. Julia and I went to the Hospital of the Deaconesses. Saw Sister Matilda, our friend of Alexandria; Sister Charlotte, the superior, and others.

March 7th. Visited the mosque of Omar under the escort of our vice-consul, Lazarus Murad. It occupies the site on Mount Moriah where Solomon's Temple once stood. The enclosure comprises twelve acres. Near the mosque stands David's court of prayer, the columns said to have been from the old temple. The mosque is very gorgeous, especially the painted glass windows. In the vaults below are huge stones, no doubt remains of the old temple.

March 8th. Husband and son Randolph leaving us to-day to visit the Dead Sea, we accompanied them as far as Bethlehem. Left by the Jaffa gate, where sit the poor lepers,—to whom I always take care to give *room* as well as pence,—and were soon on the plains of Rephaim. Passed flourishing olive-orchards, and saw what our guide called the Wells of David. Entered the church of the Nativity, chiefly in possession of the Greeks; the Latin altar being on one side and much smaller. Descended to the place where Jesus is said to have been born, and also to that where he is said afterward to have been laid. Saw also the spot where the wise men stood with their offerings; the cave where the Holy Innocents are buried, and the adjoining study of St. Jerome. Returning, we alighted at Rachel's tomb. From the interior loud sounds of wailing issued, which proved to be from six or eight old Jews, who soon came out and gave us permission to enter this last resting-place of the beloved wife of Jacob. A solitary lamp was burning there, but I am sorry to say that, like every place

under the care of Jews and Moslems, a most discreditable absence of cleanliness prevailed.

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Not far from the church and convent of the Nativity is a neat house, the residence of the English missionary, where the English Church service is performed.

Longing looks were the last I cast upon Bethlehem, as we stood on the hillside. It appeared far more picturesque in the distance than when in its narrow, dirty streets. In detail I do not care to remember it, but its general aspect I hope always to retain.

March 9th. From the deeply-arched window in which I am writing, Hôtel Damascus, I have before me the Mount of Olives, the Mount of the Ascension, the Mosque of Omar, and numerous other memorable objects. The walk of to-day can never be forgotten. Julia and I, accompanied by Miss Lucy, went early this morning to visit some of the mission-schools for Jewish men and women; after which, under the care of Mr. Murad, we took a round that makes us feel as if we have indeed seen and know Jerusalem.

Leaving by the Jaffa gate, we first visited the Russian convent and other buildings; no nuns, but men of a religious order; a large hospital for the sick; extensive accommodations for pilgrims,—one exquisitely adorned church for the clergy, and one much larger for the people, not yet finished within; the exterior very imposing. We then went among the tombs, this being the day of the week on which the Turkish women come to wail over the graves of their departed friends for the first year; for the first month they go daily,—sometimes accompanied by a blind priest, to make prayers and chant for them. We next walked through the valley of Gihon by its upper and lower pools; thence to the valley of Hinnom to the Aceldama, or potters' field. The bodies of those who are friendless are still thrown down a huge cavern, in which we observed some bones yet unconsumed by the lime. Next, we sat by the deep, deep Well of Job or Nehemiah; then to the terraced gardens of

1865. King Solomon, to the Virgins' Pool, where women were washing, to the tree where the Prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder, and to the lower pool of Siloam, with its enclosure of grass before it. I did not descend to it, but went round by a picturesque village hanging among the rocks—some of the houses really built in them—and ascended to the upper pool. Here, going down its long flight of well-worn stone steps, we sat down and lunched, and drank from "Siloam's softly-flowing brook fast by the oracle of God."

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Having mused on the Hill of Evil Counsel while gazing on Mount Moriah, the Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Offense, our road lay through the valley of Jehoshaphat, looking down upon the narrow, dry bed of the brook of Kedron, so thickly dotted over with the stones marking the burial-places of the believing Israelites that we could scarcely stand without stepping upon them. We next climbed among the rocks to the tombs of Zacharias and Jehoshaphat, and thence to the tomb of the Virgin. Lingered at Gethsemane; gazed at the beautiful, closed gate, at the column projecting horizontally from the temple wall, on which Mohammed is to sit and judge the world, etc. Entered the city by the gate of St. Stephen; visited the church of the Flagellation, and through the Via Dolorosa to the Jesuit School of the Sisters of Zion, where five hundred children are under instruction and care.

March 10th. Visited Mrs. Gobat, the wife of Bishop Gobat, and the school taught by her daughter; also the House of Industry, where proselytes from Judaism are taught trades.

Evening. Husband returned from his visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, which was accomplished very satisfactorily. He took us to witness the touching scene of the Jews wailing. About a hundred were there, reading their sacred books, and from time to time putting off their shoes and approaching the walls of the temple, which they kissed with tears and sad lamentations.

March 11th. This morning went outside the gates for a ramble, my husband desiring to satisfy himself with regard to the aqueducts by which Solomon conducted water from his pools to the ancient city. 1865.
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This afternoon took a hot, long walk to the top of Mount Scopus, where we had a most glorious view. The ascent was steep, stony, and difficult; I enjoyed, nevertheless, the sight of the numerous parties of Moslem women and children in gala attire scattered around, forming little picnics.

The view from the summit was a recompense, however, for all fatigue. Before us, twenty-five miles distant, but looking not more than three, lay the still, deep blue Dead Sea, the river Jordan winding along and emptying into it; beyond, the bare, barren mountains of Moab, Mount Pisgah, the point whence Elisha ascended to heaven, etc.

March 13th, Greek convent of Ramleh. To my great regret, we left Jerusalem to-day. Our ride here I found very fatiguing; to the rest of the party it was mere play. This is rather a hospice for the entertainment of pilgrims than a convent, for there are neither monks nor nuns. We met numerous pilgrims this morning.

March 14th, Jaffa. Left Ramleh at four A.M., and, finding that the steamer had not arrived, went to make some calls. Murad, the vice-consul, proposed a walk in his orange-grove; and there we beheld a sight that we never expect to see again: oranges in every stage, from the bursting blossom, filling the air with its perfume, to the luscious, golden fruit, ready to drop into the hand and to the ground, strewn with fruit already fallen, all of which we were desired to help ourselves to without stint. One orange measured fifteen inches in circumference. Passed through the crowded bazaar, and saw the changers of money; visited the house of Simon the tanner, now used as a light-house.

March 15th. Left Jaffa toward evening, bidding good-bye with much regret to Randolph, who waits for the Alexandria steamer; going there to get the baggage we have

1865. unfortunately left at that place, and to meet us with it at
ÆT. 65. Naples. We found the "Caditana" full of merchandise,
chiefly cotton and butter, very dirty, and totally unfit for
decent passengers.

March 16th. On board the "Caditana" at anchor at Haiffa, in view of the Carmelite convent on Mount Carmel; walked to the foot of the mountain and read, whilst husband and children went up to the convent, where they were regaled by the monks with coffee and lemonade, and invited to dine at the primitive hour of half-past eleven.

5.30 P.M. Anchored opposite St. Jean d'Acre. Richard, full of enterprise and activity, has gone off again in the jolly-boat to visit it.

March 17th, Beirût. Landed here about nine o'clock, after an uncomfortable night. Afternoon, visited the schools for native children, taught by native Christians.

March 18th, Damascus. Left Beirût, at four A.M., in an old French diligence, with six horses, three abreast, and two leaders, for a pull over Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon to this city of four thousand years.

We found the road beautifully graded and ascending very gently; substantial walls built to prevent washing, and, wherever it was precipitous, parapets of stone, about two feet high. The mountain was covered with terraces, profusely planted with the fig and apricot,—the latter now in blossom,—a wall of four or five feet in height frequently supporting a level plat of some ten or more feet in width. A few hours brought us in sight of snow, into which we soon ascended.

After breakfasting at a khan at Istura, the half-way house, we soon crossed the Laertes, a fine stream making for the sea at or near Tyre, and began the ascent of Anti-Lebanon. Here wildness reigned, cultivation scarcely attempted. From the mountain came rushing and leaping pretty streamlets, that finally formed the Abana, a narrow, rapid stream, beside which we rode for some time before entering the city,

where we were glad to find Dimitri Cara awaiting us, at whose house we are now, with every reason to be well satisfied with its comforts and much gratified with its truly Oriental appearance and arrangements.

March 20th, Damascus. With our guide, Aboo Ibrahim, went this morning to visit the houses of two wealthy Jews. Dirty in the extreme.

Afternoon, visited the bazaars. Bought eleven drachms of attar of roses for thirty-eight shillings. Walked in search of flower-gardens. Found only those filled with fruit-trees, in which, by the flowing Barada, or Abana, sat young girls in groups, smoking the narghile. Other groups of young men and families were amusing themselves.

"After coffee I went, with Dimitri as guide, through the gates of the old city; then to the place of the conversion of St. Paul; then to the gate by which he was let down; afterwards to the place of the artisans working in silver and gold and mosaic; to the mosque formerly the church of St. John of Damascus; to the tombs of Saladin, father and son, and by the big sycamore."

March 21st. Intended to leave Damascus to-day, but were prevented by want of a conveyance. Made a visit this afternoon to the United States consul, Mashaka, a dignified man of sixty-six years of age, an earnest, instructed Christian. His house was burned at the time of the massacre. His life was saved by Abd-el-Kader, though he, with several of his children, were wounded. He has not yet recovered from his injuries.

March 22d. After breakfast walked through the streets, where we beheld a varied throng, the wild Bedouin, the fierce Turk, the wily Greek, all in their picturesque costumes, mingling with Jews and Franks, rendering our walk an interesting study.

In the afternoon, to the citadel and to the bazaars. We

1865. were glad in the latter to be joined by a lad named Michael,
Æt. 65. who had been educated in Bishop Gobat's school in Jerusalem.

March 23d. Visited this morning the residence of Mr. Rogers, English vice-consul, and were politely shown over his old and richly-ornamented house. It is in good order and neat,—in fact, the only thoroughly nice house we have seen. The ceilings are lofty, adorned in a sort of Moorish arabesque work of mosaic and gold. Two Bibles and two Prayer-Books lay on the table in the grand saloon, which was furnished with satin divans. From the promenade on the house-top saw Mount Hermon, and discovered that there was a harem below us. Expressing a wish to see it, I was invited to visit the ladies of Mahomet Effendi,—three wives and two daughters, attended by two black slaves. We could not, of course, communicate with them, except by signs. They were neither young, graceful, nor pretty, and went pattering about on their high clogs over the marble floors in a romping manner quite unbecoming their years. The clothing of one of them was actually ragged. One was employed doing some coarse needle-work. They took Stuart's and Julia's hats and put them on, and seemed much to deplore our not staying to smoke with them.

“Mr. Peel, an Englishman, who had been several days in the city, invited us to go with him to see the horses of the Pasha. When we got to the office the permit had not come, but we were invited into the private apartments. The house is the most highly decorated in the place, and famed for its central courts embellished with orange and other trees, with fountains of ever-flowing water, with lofty ceilings covered with arabesques and walls studded with mosaics. The divans were covered with embossed cloth, and the floors spread with Persian carpets that invited to repose.

“The permit having come, we visited the barracks, saw the soldiers, of whom there are said to be about ten thou-

sand in and about the city, and inspected the horses. They 1865.
 were fine animals, and, like most of those we have seen in 11 65.
 Syria, capable of much endurance. Went afterwards with
 Mr. Peel to see 'Lady Digby,' as the people of Damascus
 call her, the English wife of the Arab sheik whose tribe rove
 around and claim authority over the region of Palmyra, to
 which she sometimes rides to show herself as his helpmate.
 After conversing on various topics, but chiefly upon the
 condition of Greece,—a subject on which she seemed well
 informed,—she took us to see her horses, of which she
 appeared very fond, caressing and talking to them.

"I have rarely seen such a fine-looking woman of her age,
 —about fifty. Her large gray eyes were restless, and there
 was an expression of wildness that bespoke a slight disorder
 of the brain. The stain upon her lower eyelid detracted
 from her fine face. After having been the wife of Lord
 Ellenborough, to have had four husbands between him and
 her present one, the sheik, marks a character that I trust
 few of England's daughters will envy. Her career, in some
 respects, has been like that of Lady Hester Stanhope, who
 died a few miles from this place, but falls far below it
 in purity of life, commanding courage, and indomitable
 will."

March 24th. "Bid adieu to Damascus this morning before
 daylight. I had felt a wish to see the ruins of Baalbec;
 but the labor of the ride and the exposure overcame the
 desire. Palmyra and Bagdad would have held out further
 temptations, and I concluded that there is wisdom in re-
 straining our desires, as the eye and the heart crave more
 by indulgence. All, therefore, is vanity pertaining to a world
 that is fast passing away."

March 26th. Arrived at Beirût two days ago with a badly-
 inflamed eye; am obliged to my husband for continuing this
 journal. Went to service this morning in the chapel con-
 nected with the school.

1865. *March 27th.* This morning visited a very interesting school
ÆT. 65. for girls, and in the afternoon the Deaconesses' Institution.

March 28th. Your father says: "Julia, Stuart, and myself went to Dog River on horseback; a fine ride along the beach. There was a surf rolling in higher than is usual at Cape May. We crossed a spur of the Lebanon, which extends to the sea, and over an old Roman road very much broken up. Two streams, which flow just above the city, are crossed on substantial stone-arched bridges, but worn and broken so as to be impassable for wheels. I presume the whole is the remains of a Roman road, extending along the entire eastern end of the Mediterranean, made when the great empire swayed the world.

"On the face of the rock, in crossing the mountain, is a bas-relief of a man in armor, with some writing in a language now unknown.

"We crossed the Dog River over an arched bridge newly repaired, followed the stream almost to its mouth, then dismounted at a khan and disposed of our lunch in a spot near a beautiful cascade."

On your father's birthday he writes:

"BEIRUT, March 29th, 1865.

"My DEAR BROTHER,—My last was to Edward from Damascus, at which place we were some time detained. A French company have made an excellent turnpike from this place to that city, and run upon it one diligence each way daily. The number of travellers at this season in Syria is large, and, since the turnpike, many of the pilgrims who formerly went in caravans to Mecca take that route. We had two men and their wives in the diligence who were going to that holy place; and, upon our stating that we supposed the Moslem faith excluded women from Paradise, they said there was a little corner reserved for such as went to Mecca, and, as these were favorite wives, they were giv-

ing them this journey to make them secure. I had no previous idea of the numbers of these pilgrims. It is said that eighty thousand go every year to Mecca, and nearly half of that number to Jerusalem. From what I saw and heard, the faith of the Christian is almost as decided as that of the Mohammedan as regards the benefit of their respective journeys. The pilgrimage of the Moslem stands on higher ground than that of the Christian. The Koran recommends, if it does not require, it of all true believers, whilst if there is anything in the New Testament that enjoins a journey to Jerusalem, I have not read it aright. The system of pilgrimages originated in superstition and fanaticism, and is encouraged by the hierarchies for their own profit and power. Protestantism should raise its voice against it almost as strongly as it does against papal infallibility.

"Two days give time enough to see the lions of Damascus. Among its freshest are Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated Moorish chief, and Lady Digby, once the wife of Lord Ellenborough, one of England's distinguished nobles, now married to an Arab sheik. She lives in a nice establishment adjoining the city, occasionally visiting her husband at his desert home near Palmyra. She is of noble carriage and appearance,—intellectually, I presume, superior to any woman who wears a crown. In company with two Englishmen, I spent an hour with her. She seemed pleased with the visit, and showed us her house and horses, her gazelles and gardens.

"I did not see Abd-el-Kader; he is much respected by Christians and those of his own faith. He saved the lives of many of the former at the great massacre of 1860, when more than five thousand were slain in cold blood by their savage neighbors. That outrage lost Damascus ten thousand of its best people, who are now settled in this place. They are chiefly silk-manufacturers. It is to them and the safety that Beirût gives to the Christian that it owes its present great prosperity.

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1865. "At a cemetery about a mile from the city is an immense
Æt. 65. tomb, which encloses the bodies that fell in the massacre,
and near it the remains of an old road, said to be the spot
where St. Paul was converted. I was also shown the wall
where he was let down, the house of Ananias, and the street
called Straight, connected with his story. The last prob-
ably is a fact, as it runs straight nearly through the city.
The other places are as improbable as most of those shown
by the credulous, not to say fraudulent, monks.

"While the ancient cities of Syria and the adjoining coun-
tries have been swept away, Damascus continues to exist,
and will probably long do so, for nature has given it a rich
soil, and the Barada (formerly the Abana), rushing from
the mountains, pours its fructifying waters through the
streets, and passes into the surrounding country to give life
to the countless fruit-trees of its gardens. What I supposed
an exaggeration in the description of the magnificent houses
of this old city, I found to be realities. The courts paved
with marble, with jets and overflowing fountains of water
surrounded by gay flowers, the lofty ceilings with arabesque
paintings, and the large saloons covered with rich carpets
and lined with divans, give it a character truly unique.
The mountain comes almost to the city. Ascending it,
there is a spot which overlooks the plain and the town.
It is said that Mohammed, approaching it, turned back and
exclaimed that 'he wanted but one Paradise, and would
not look upon this.' It is certainly a magnificent pros-
pect. It is an unexplained fact that the mountain is covered
with villages, and cultivated—where culture is possible—at
great expenditure of labor, while the adjacent valley, rich
in soil and well watered, is neglected, or used for pasture,
when it might be made to yield crops equal to those of
Egypt.

"The despotic Sultan, the plundering Bedouin, the hatred
of the Druse and the Maronite, drive culture and civilization
from a region that should flow with milk and honey. The

hope now is that the seed sowing by the Protestant missionary may yield a harvest that will cover the land.

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"I had a visit from Dr. Barclay, of Virginia, who has been a long time in Palestine. He said he supposed there were a number of Dr. Woods in Philadelphia, but thought I must know the one who had written the 'Dispensatory' and other medical works. When I told him of our relationship, I fancied I stood somewhat higher in his estimation. He said the 'Dispensatory' had been of great service to him, and was in constant use by his son, who is considered the chief physician of the city, and is making a fortune by his practice. The elder Dr. Barclay attended the University lectures. His son graduated at the Jefferson. They are strong Presbyterians."

March 31st. On board the French steamer "L'Amérique" off Beirût, a splendid vessel, superior in her accommodations to anything we have seen.

April 1st, Tripoli. At anchor off this place. My husband, children, and most of the passengers gone ashore. The population of Tripoli is about twenty thousand.

"We landed at the port of Tripoli, on a quay roughly made of large, rough stones, and a number of large columns, no doubt belonging to some ancient building of great size. We found the American vice-consul, Antonio Yanin, at his pleasant house. He spoke no language but his native one, except a little Italian, and this enabled us to inquire for Mr. Samuel Jessup, an American missionary. He sent for him at once; but before he arrived he handed us coffee and orange-sherbet. Mr. Jessup soon came, and, looking at us, said he 'was a stranger to us.' I told him that, after parting with his brother yesterday at Beirût, I did not feel him so, and then made myself known to him and introduced him to the party. He then most cordially in-

1865. introduced us all to the consul, and we had a patriotic con-
versation,—on the consul's part, expressive of his strongest
sympathy with Americans. He told us the appointment
had been in his family for twenty years; showed us his
fruit-gardens, and sent for permission from the governor to
visit the large old castle, said to have been built by Ray-
mond, Count of Toulouse, during the crusades. We walked
through it and to the top, whence the view was magnificent,
embracing Lebanon covered with snow, and extending over
the plain and the sea many miles.

“With the consul and his janizary, we walked through the
bazaars, and crossed the river Kadisha twice. It is a rap-
idly-flowing stream, and continues through the dry season.
Returned to the house of the consul, and were introduced
to his sister-in-law, a fine-looking woman, who particularly
pressed Julia to remain and make her a visit. On leaving,
the consul presented me with *his own cane, cut from the
cedars of Lebanon*, which he had used for many years in
walking over the mountains.

“We were much gratified by the visit and pleased with the
consul, Yanin, of whom Mr. Jessup spoke with the highest
respect as a Protestant and a truly Christian man, having
through many difficulties left his native faith, that of the
Greek Church. He is about forty-five years old.”

April 2d. This morning found us off Latakieh. Walked
through the bazaars; saw the old triumphal arch of Sep-
timius Severus, and several very ancient columns much
defaced by time; the streets very narrow, with trottoirs,
and said to be of Roman construction. Latakieh, known
in ancient times as Laodicea, is not the site of the church
named in Revelation as one of the seven.

April 4th, Alexandretta. Left Latakieh at noon on the
2d, and reached this place about six in the evening.
The wind has been so high and the waves so boisterous
that we have suffered much from the uneasy rolling of the

vessel, congratulating ourselves meanwhile that we are in a safe harbor. Our French captain most attentive and untiring in his efforts to make the time pass as agreeably as possible while compelled to remain here. This morning the weather is calm again, and the business of bringing on board the cargo of seven hundred bales of cotton and several bags of nut-galls is advancing rapidly. This is a poor little place of some thirty or forty houses, and is only important as being the port of Aleppo on the north, as is Latakiah on the south. Saw two large flocks of birds yesterday, which we were told were flamingoes. Their color was decidedly pink.

Eight p.m. Under way. Cotton all on board, and crowds of Arab passengers, who almost fill the decks. They leave us to-morrow, at Mersina.

April 5th. Arrived early this morning at Mersina. Most of the day occupied in taking in cotton; also many boxes, so arranged as to admit air into them. They were filled with leeches,—quite an article of traffic from this place to Marseilles. Five p.m. we were off again, passing in the distance a collection of columns, the ruins of Pompeiopolis.

The mountains of Taurus, with their snow-crowned summits, have been all day in view, reminding us that we have passed from Syria into Asia Minor.

The time passed in Syria will ever be memorable to us; and, as by some of us it will certainly never be seen again, we must cherish and keep green the recollections of Jerusalem, Damascus, Beirût,—the Holy City, the Pearl of the East, the centre of missionary labor and of educational influences,—for so in my mind I designate them. I love them all, and rejoice that I have been privileged to visit and know them, however imperfectly.

April 6th. A lovely, calm day. Ship moving rapidly onward, always keeping land in sight. The deck is almost covered with Turkish passengers. We shuddered as many of these savage-looking people came on board heavily

1865. armed in real bandit style, and saw how important is the
ÆT. 66. rule of the vessel, that arms should be immediately taken
from them, pistols discharged in the air, and all deposited
by the captain in some safe place until they leave the boat,
below whose deck they are not allowed to go.

April 7th, Island of Rhodes. Husband and children have gone on shore to visit the town. Fearing to delay them by want of power to walk as fast as they, I have remained on board. I am writing on deck, and behind me a coarse-looking Turkish woman and her children are standing watching me, as if amazed at seeing a woman using her pen.

Five P.M. Our party have returned. Their time allowed them but little opportunity to see much more than the ruins of the great explosion of 1826, said to have been caused by powder secreted by the Knights when they departed in 1522; often sought for, but without success.

Evening. We have had a sunset of most extraordinary grandeur. As we gazed upon it, the island of Patmos, and the church of St. John crowning one of its summits, at the same time in view. It made us think of the Apocalypse.

April 8th. On board the packet boat "Le Caire," bound for Constantinople. Arrived at Smyrna at eight o'clock. The town beautifully situated on the hillsides. The quarters of the Christians, Jews, and Turks, and the ruined castle on the hill-top, seen distinctly.

April 9th. Sabbath on board the "Caire" in the Straits of Dardanelles. Strong head-wind and opposing current render it very rough. Stopped last evening at the island of Mitylene. This morning have been running between green shores, sometimes hilly. But few houses, save round the numerous strong Turkish forts. Took on board an addition to our already large number of rough, ferocious-looking deck-passengers. Our vessel is smaller than the "Amérique," but our accommodations are sumptuous.

April 11th, Constantinople. Arrived at noon yesterday in this grand city of the Sultan, wondering to find ourselves

here, and regretting that the sailing of the packet boat requires us to leave to-morrow,—too short a time to see a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, whose minarets by hundreds tower to the sky. The view in entering was wonderful. After a sail up a slightly-crescent-formed bay, with houses and a few forts on either side, we were in a circular basin, filled with vessels of various nations, from the fierce-looking man-of-war and ships of every size and description down to the sharp-pointed, graceful little caïques that flit about the waters incessantly, as if intent upon running each other down, yet never doing it. These boats are used for transporting merchandise and passengers from vessel to vessel and to the landings.

We are at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, kept by Misseri, well known to English readers through Kinglake's charming little book on the East, "Eothen." He and his wife speak English, and make us most comfortable both in bed and board.

On arriving yesterday we went at once to the grand bazaars. We have seen nothing equal to them; they far exceed those of Cairo. They are all paved and roofed over, and lighted from above, though rather insufficiently for the buyer. They are literally filled with articles rich and rare,—gold-work, strings of pearls, etc.

I was carried to the bazaars and back in a sedan-chair by two strong men, who charged eighty piastres,—about four dollars. I did not find the motion at all pleasant.

Set out, under the charge of Dimitri, our dragoman, in an open carriage,—one of the few in the place,—to the kiosk, or smoking-palace of the Sultan, a building of but one story, with a superb suite of not large but elegant rooms, with fine grates filled with coal in addition to the braziers of polished brass in the middle of the room. The plate-glass windows were of such large dimensions that we were deceived, and were very near walking through them to the marble terrace without. Here we saw plainly,

1865. towering up in the distance, Mount Olympus, covered with
Æt. 66. snow. The water-view is superb from this spot, and is
the principal inducement for placing here this expensive
structure.

We next visited, in the same grounds, another pleasure-palace, built in imitation of one in Bagdad. The outside is covered with blue china tiles, the inside with tiles and pearl mosaic. Here, too, was a collection of old armor. From thence to another sumptuous building. In the library was a large stand of books, mostly French. The cases were filled with MSS. and many volumes very old; the custodian said there were six thousand. Then to the throne-room. On a square raised platform stands a massive gilt chair, with a canopy of cloth of gold, thickly studded with precious stones. Here the Sultan Abdul-Aziz receives foreign ambassadors. Formerly they only communicated with him through a grated window.

St. Sophia was our next lion, and a very great one it is. We ascended by a series of inclined planes, paved with large, flat stones, over which a small carriage might be driven, a passage lighted by small windows in the outer wall, to a corridor running round the central part of the building, rather more than midway between the floor and dome. There, from the balustrade, we looked down upon the worshippers engaged in their noonday prayers; among them a few women. Built by the Emperor Constantine, it had been profusely covered with crosses, which have been nearly all chiselled off, the outlines still remaining, as is also the case with a head of our Saviour on one of the smaller domes. The effigies of saints and angels upon the ceilings have undergone the same fate. The floors, stairs, walls, columns, all of stone; the ceilings chiefly covered with rich mosaic. The stones that fall from the mosaics—about the sixteenth of an inch square—are picked up by the attendants, who drive a small trade in their sale. The floor is covered with Persian carpets. An elevated and screened

apartment, in gilded work, is occupied by the Sultan when he comes here to pray. He alternates on each Friday among the numerous mosques, having always a place of royal seclusion provided. The whole building is massive and rich, and has not the appearance of having been erected so long ago as the times of Constantine and Theodosius.

We visited the old church of St. Irene, built by Constantine, and now known as the Armory, being filled with arms, ancient and modern, but chiefly the latter. Two figures were in complete mail. There were also representations of the old janizaries. In that portion of the building once dedicated to Christian worship, in the remote end near the roof, is a large black cross, built into the wall. This has been permitted to remain. Beneath it, and springing from the floor, is a spring of the coolest water we have for some time drunk. In the yard are two large tombs, one with a cross on each side; the larger one probably nine feet high.

The mosque of Solyman the Magnificent is very splendid. The painted glass reminded us of the mosque of Omar. We afterwards visited his mausoleum. His tomb is the central one in a spacious apartment of the building erected for this purpose. On one side of him repose two of his sons, whose tombs are about the size of his own, each adorned with a similar high white turban and plume, and encircled by a rich cashmere shawl. On the other side are the comparatively small and simple monuments of his three daughters. These tombs are all oblong, with pointed tops or roofs.

The newer structure, where rest the remains of Abdul-Mejid, brother of the present Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, is much more massive and costly. It is covered with black silk-velvet, heavily wrought with silver. Beneath the plume that surmounts his turban is a star of the richest diamonds. The cashmeres on his tomb, and on those of his wife and children, are superb. The room is large and octangular. One large door of entrance, and seven windows of the same

1865. size, are heavily curtained with dark-green silk, embroidered
ET. 66. in silver. Between each of these a large pearl rest holds
the Koran, in vellum, richly gilt, and lying on a green velvet cushion. A superb glass chandelier, of unusual size, hangs from the ceiling. In this building several persons seem to reside luxuriously for the purpose of taking care of its prized contents.

One of the sights that interested us most was what they call the thousand and one columns. This Stuart thinks "a very rambling way of talking," as there are really but four hundred and twenty-four. Their height I did not estimate, but it is great. I might say their depth; for, after descending twenty steps, we look more down than up to the capitals of the columns, one point of an arch resting on each of them. This was formerly a huge cistern, from which the houses built over it, as well as many others, were supplied with water. It is now dry, and is used by the reelers and winders of silk, the gay and beautiful hanks and rolls of which we saw in such quantities in the largest bazaar we have visited.

Husband and daughter spent this evening very agreeably at the house of our minister, Mr. E. Joy Morris, with a small party of invited guests.

April 12th. Cold, rainy morning. Much gratified by a call from Mrs. Washburn, who is a daughter of Rev. Dr. Hamlin and his first lovely wife. The weather has disappointed us of our purposed sail up the Bosphorus. This afternoon we came on board the "Danube" of the Messageries line. As it did not leave until nearly eight P.M., we had time to enjoy the beautiful harbor we were leaving, to gaze on the enclosure of the Serai, where are situated so many of the buildings we yesterday visited, on Scutari, with the Bosphorus coming in between it and Pera, and on Stamboul, making up altogether the great city of Constantinople.

Ran through the Sea of Marmora during the night.

Gallipoli was soon in sight this morning. Entered the Dardanelles, and were shown the spot across which Xerxes threw his bridge of boats when going to invade Greece, and the mound on which he sat to watch the work. The reputed spot of the tomb of Hecuba is near.

April 14th, Athens. Arrived 8 30 at the very fine harbor of Piræus. Two large English men-of-war lying there, and numerous smaller vessels,—the Greek flag, blue and white with a cross, floating over most of them. A very nice man, on behalf of the Hôtel de Grand Bretagne, at once took charge of us, putting us with our luggage into a clean boat, and thence into a clean carriage, that brought us in less than an hour to this place.

Olive-trees planted by the roadside, as also many plean-
ders; some hedges of aloes; many men in the Albanian costume.

Engaged a dragoman and went to work in earnest,—visiting first the temple of Jupiter Olympius, where fifteen beautiful Corinthian columns of white marble from the quarries of Pentelicus still remain of the original one hundred and twenty-four.

Very near these columns are the ruins of the triumphal arch of Adrian. From these we went to the lantern of Diogenes, or monument of Lysicrates: it is small, and has been light and beautiful, but the space formerly open between the delicate columns is now solidly built up with brick, in order to preserve it. Visited the large amphitheatre called the theatre of Dionysius, but recently disinterred; the tiers of stone chairs for spectators still there; also many white marble chairs, some of them cut from a single block arranged in a close semicircle below the benches and near the actors, with the names of the nobles and dignitaries who occupied them still carved upon them.

Not far from this theatre is another, called after its builder, Herodes Atticus, whose headless statue occupies a niche corresponding to one from which the statue of his wife has

1865. been removed. The story told us was, that at the time of
the battle of Marathon much money was buried, and this
ÆT. 66. Atticus, having some time after discovered a large sum,
wrote to the emperor to know what he should do with it.
To the remarkable answer of "Keep it yourself," Atticus
returned the still more extraordinary one, that it was more
than he wanted. Receiving the reply of "Throw it away,
then," he built this spacious place as a benefaction to his
townsmen and to perpetuate his name.

At the Acropolis, as at the theatre, we found a keeper,
who unlocked the door for us to ascend the rocky hill,
cut in ancient times in grooves to prevent slipping, then
by a large flight of steps of white marble we came near the
level of the temple of Minerva. Continuing by a grassy
and flowery ascent, a few steps through its ruined propylon
brought us under its chaste portico of double rows of Doric
columns. Masses of broken statuary, heads without bodies,
and bodies without heads, with fragments of many things,
lie here, all now well guarded. On the entablature around
this temple are still a few bas-reliefs; many have been
removed by Lord Elgin, others by less excusable vandals,
for his spoils went to the British Museum. The view from
the temple of Minerva is very fine; near it is a sharp con-
ical hill, with a little chapel on its summit, known as Lyca-
bette. Behind it, and extending for some distance, is the
famous Hymettus, and in the same range Mount Pentelicus,
from whence the fine white marble for these buildings was
obtained. Beneath lies the city clearly to be seen.

On one side of the temple of Minerva is an exquisite ruin
—the temple of the Caryatides, so called from six female
figures, on whose heads rests the frieze or architrave of this
little gem. On the other side is another graceful ruin—the
temple of Victory, built to commemorate that of Marathon.

We ascended Mars' Hill, and stood where the great apos-
tle stood, looking, as no doubt he did, toward their great
temple, when he remonstrated so fearlessly with the men of

Athens and preached to them the true God. The ascent to the hill is not a long one; it is more a mound than a hill, but it is steep and stony; many could have stood around it and beneath him. There never was any temple here, and it must now be very much as it then was. 1845.
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A.T. 66.

We visited the temple of Theseus, the best-preserved ruin here; drove through the new city, and admired the ladies in their picturesque Greek caps.

This evening my husband called on Rev. Dr. Hill, of New York, who, with his excellent wife, has been here for thirty-five years as our missionary. They have seen modern Athens grow house by house around them, are looked upon as the patriarchs of the place, and at their schools a large portion of all classes have been educated. He left with them a roll of American papers, which our minister at Constantinople sent to us by his cavasse in a boat as we lay in the stream awaiting the sailing of the steamer. They had furnished us with most acceptable reading, as they brought news of successes at home.

April 15th, Athens. Charming weather; cool morning, growing into an almost sultry midday. Breakfasted at 6.30, enjoying the spicy, luscious honey from Mount Hymettus. At seven we again stepped into a fine open barouche and drove off on an excursion to the ruined temple of Ceres, disinterred within the last three years at the village of Eleusis. It is thought this temple may have been levelled by an earthquake; huge blocks of marble reminding us of those in Solomon's ancient temple. Not one column is standing, but beautiful fluted ones, mostly Doric, some small Ionic, and a few very rich and rare Corinthian, said to be found nowhere else, are lying in confused masses over an extended area. Many houses must still be removed and much rubbish cleared away before the full extent of this great wreck can be known. Possibly what we now see is not much more than the vestibule of this once grand temple.

1865. We passed the spot where a few dark stones still mark
the site of the small temple of Victory erected to commemorate the battle of Salamis. When we ascended the heights of Eleusis, the Straits of Salamis, and the whole scene where that battle so humiliating to Persian pride was fought, lay spread out as a map before us.

ÆT. 66.

We enjoyed seeing the shepherds apparently asleep, but no doubt keeping one open eye upon their large flocks, that they might not trespass on the wheat or barley around them. Some stony, barren fields recalled those of Judea; but most of our drive was through land cultivated in figs, olives, and vineyards. Rapid streams of water from the mountains coursing in channels made by the roadside, the soil from which, being banked up to nearly the height of an ordinary fence, was densely covered with wild flowers of every hue. Red poppies, yellow marigolds, white feverfew, daisies, and others, made the most gorgeous of fencing. Oleanders also grew familiarly with other common things by the roadside. Walked through the botanical garden hedged by luxurious myrtles and acuba japonicas. Spent the evening at Dr. Hill's, when he kindly presented Stuart with his likeness and a Greek Testament as souvenirs.

April 16th, Piræus, Easter. We are very sorry to leave Athens so soon, and especially on this day. But, as boats come at uncertain intervals and do not wait our will, there is no alternative for us, as onward and tarry not must be our watchwords until we again meet our dear son Randolph, about whom we feel increasingly anxious.

In the Greek steamer "Patris" we ran in three hours across the Gulf of Ægina. Then, in rickety old conveyances, and with an armed and mounted escort, we were driven across the Isthmus of Corinth to the small modern town now bearing that name,—the ancient one in ruins not far distant. We re-embarked in the "Levantine." The wind dead ahead, made a very rough sea and a great deal of rolling. Land in sight all around us, keeping nearest to the

southern side. Its hill-sides are clothed in bright green; many villages down to the water's edge. On the north is Mount Helicon, its summit slightly sprinkled with snow, whilst the top of its sister Parnassus is completely shrouded in it. Stopping at eight p.m. at the isle of Patras, we went hastily to bed, to secure the small sleeping-room that had been assigned to us.

April 17th. At five this morning we were at the island of Zante; it has a population of forty-two thousand; its exports of oil and currants amounting to two hundred thousand pounds per annum. As we were to remain for two hours, we embraced the opportunity for going on shore,—seeing some churches, the market, and walking through one of the principal streets, clean and well paved, with diamond-formed blocks of flat stone, and, unlike the inferior streets, having sidewalks, over which the second story of the houses projected. It is built for some distance up the side of a steep hill, and presents a semicircular front to the sea. Many flower-merchants were already abroad with their Easter flowers, one of whom, struck, I suppose, by our dress and appearance, with inborn courtesy, called our guide and sent us a beautiful nosegay of roses, violets, orange-flowers, etc.

We then ran along the coast of Cephalonia, stopping for a short time in the magnificent harbor of Argostoli, its chief town, taking in a large amount of wine of the country. We much admire the many fine natural harbors we run into. This is completely landlocked: mountains terraced and cultivated; a castle on one summit; a fort that speaks of the time of English occupancy also there. Passed the island of Ithaca; then through the open sea to Corfu, where we anchored during the night.

April 18th, Island of Corfu. Hired a boat and came ashore early this morning, taking our breakfast at a hotel kept by Mrs. Carter, an Englishwoman,—so pleasant a change from our filthy boat that we shall leave with reluctance to take an Italian steamer, the "Terrena," expected in a few hours,

1865.
A.T. 66.

1865. that will stop first at Bari,—just where we wish to go.
 Æt. 66. Enjoyed a morning drive, seeing many strange costumes.

April 19th, Brindisi. After a rolling night, anchored for a short time at this place, where the P. and O. Company have the intention of stopping ere long instead of at Marseilles.

April 20th, Bari. Arrived yesterday afternoon, and were obliged to put up with the miserable accommodations of the Hôtel Progrès until six this morning, when we took the cars for Foggia, where we must remain until nine tomorrow evening to await the diligence for Naples.

April 23d, Naples. Arrived here yesterday, five P.M., after a continuous ride of twenty hours in the coupé of a diligence drawn by eight horses, the first four abreast, the others in pairs, with postillions, over the Apennines from Foggia, a place we shall not hold in pleasant remembrance. Found our son Randolph well and comfortable at the Hôtel des Crochelles.

We remained at Naples until April 29th, very busily occupied among its many wonders. Perhaps we enjoyed nothing more than our drive first to Pompeii, our visit there, and then the drive on to Sorrento, which was *very charming indeed*, quite up among the mountains. The glorious sea, too, never long out of sight; whilst the hills, almost to their summits, were closely dotted with villa-like mansions.

We went to the Hôtel Sirena, kept by one of the brothers Gargiulo; dined there, and they sent us to a most romantically situated old country-house, called Bellevue, to lodge. As it stood high on the mountain, from the balconies that run around the house we looked down into the gardens filled with oranges; before us the sea, and Vesuvius smoking. Of this visit your father says, "Whilst my wife was shopping at Sorrento, Stuart and myself strolled through the town and up an orange-grove to the Albergo Rispoli, and had a long talk with the landlord, who spoke good

English. He showed us a parlor with two adjoining chambers at two francs a day. The position on the bay, with Vesuvius and surrounding towns, including Naples, in view, made it almost a temptation to remain, and if circumstances again take us to Sorrento, the Hotel Rispoli will not be forgotten.

"Leaving the Bellevue early next morning, had a pleasant drive to Portici, where all of us, except my wife, started for Vesuvius; Randolph on foot,—the rest of the party on very poor mules. We rode about two miles over a paved way and a stony road, and then came to the lava that had rolled from the volcano during the eruptions of 1858 and 1861. Travelling over it was extremely rough; its appearance of the most desolate character. The color of the hardened mass was from that of a dull slate to almost a jet-black, curled into rolls and fancy shapes, sometimes like ringlets, but more generally so contorted that you might fancy it an ocean of huge struggling serpents in death-agonies turning to stone; showing how the mass of semi-liquid had been urged forward by a strong propelling force, guided only by the obstacles it encountered. An hour took us to a large building put up by the government as an observatory, known as the Hermitage; another hour to the foot of the cone which forms the crater. There, dismissing the mules, we began on foot to make the ascent, which is very steep, without a path, over a mass of lava and stones, which very often yielded to the tread, so that the step was not surely and safely made. I soon began to feel the want of breath; it became absolutely necessary to stop and sit down long enough to recover. By this means, making about twelve resting places, I reached the top, and found the children there, they having made the ascent with less exhaustion. After sitting a short time and drinking some wine of the mountain, we stepped forward to the verge of the crater. Julia looked terrified, and, after an explosion, was so much overcome that I thought it best for her brother,

1865.
Æt. 66.

1865. who had been there before, to go down the mountain with
her, leaving a scene that deeply impressed me.
Æt. 66.

“Large quantities of steam ascended almost constantly. The explosions occurred every few minutes. They threw up stones occasionally several hundred feet high. As there was little wind, the stones fell back into the crater, and the steam and gas rose into the air so far as to cause no danger to the beholders.

“The crater is about three-quarters of a mile in circumference. Its floor looked like the cinder of a large blast-furnace just as it comes from the gate and has run ten to twenty feet. It was full of cracks and orifices, and steam issuing from them. The sides of the crater are almost perpendicular, and the layers of all thicknesses, mostly, I think, of hardened lava. They, like the floor, are full of orifices, steam issuing from them. The little cone or crater through which the eruption finds vent is near the centre of the large one, and about thirty feet above the general level of the floor. The whole thing resembles an immense furnace, and if, like one, it could have a vent at the bottom, there would be none of these vast eruptions from the mountain-top. I walked with my son Stuart and the guide almost entirely around it, and was much interested and gratified, and well recompensed for the most laborious effort I perhaps have ever made.”

April 29th. Left Naples at ten A.M.; being the sole occupants of the very good cars in which we rode. Our ride gave us views of much fine cultivation; the country seems a continuous garden, especially before entering the Papal dominions, where the soil is not so good. Arrived at Rome 5.30 P.M., having had for some time a view of the ruined arches of the old Roman aqueducts. Found a good carriage and fine horses waiting to conduct us to the Hôtel di Roma, where we had sumptuous quarters.

The following letter gives a very brief sketch of our stay there:

"ROME, MAY 1865. 1865

1865

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Thy pleasant letter of January 31st I found on arriving here. Notwithstanding I had heard before of the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee, I was much interested with thy graphic account, and speculations in relation to the future movement of the armies. It cleared up certain matters that were in the dark with me. As the information I had was through English sources, it was muddled, either through ignorance or perhaps intention. Sherman has won himself a name which history will place among those of highest rank as a commander.

"His skill in keeping the enemy ignorant of his movements, deceiving him as to his route, supplying his own army as he advanced without cruelty to the inhabitants, and finally succeeding in capturing Savannah, proves his sagacity and prudence. The public will have some difficulty in deciding whether Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan shall be its greatest favorite.

"The glorious news of victory and the certain prospect of peace, with all its happy promises, has been shrouded in gloom by the death of our loved President. We have just learned that the fool and madman who assassinated him has been killed. The ways of Providence are inscrutable and unquestionable, and to be submitted to without a murmur, but it seemed that such a man as Lincoln was to be the one to heal the breaches of our country. I have great confidence in his successor, and trust the Omniscient has fitted him for the task.

"We have been hard at work. To see Rome in two weeks does not admit of any idle moments. We have spent three days at the Vatican, two on and in St. Peter's. Palaces, galleries of paintings and statues, are so numerous, and follow in such succession, that I fear we shall have them in our minds as a mass that it will be difficult to individualize. I have been delighted to find everything clean and in so good condition. The governing powers feel, no doubt, that

1865. the interest of the city is greatly promoted by preserving
 with care what still remains of ancient Rome.
 .ET. 66.

"We saw Dr. Valery several times. He recollects thy visits with great pleasure. He told me he had translated one of thy volumes on 'The Practice,' and intended to finish the other at his earliest leisure. He showed me all thy works in his library. The Professorship in the University occupies much of his time. I should think him at the head of the profession in Rome.

"To the inquiry after my health, I hardly know what to say. The cough is about as when I left home. When on the sea it almost ceases, but returns on landing. I have been trying to determine if the headache is stomachic. Sometimes I think it entirely so, because it lessens under strict regimen, but then it comes again in such a form that I excuse the stomach. I presume I may conclude that taken as a whole it is one of the warnings that the end is near, and that at sixty-six there is no reason to suppose chronic diseases cease. It is comfortable that my strength remains. While I get tired much sooner than twenty years ago with the same amount of effort, I find I am able to undergo the ordinary fatigue of travel as well as others. It *was hard work* to reach the top of Vesuvius on foot; but I found no difficulty in putting my head into the ball of the dome of St. Peter's.

"*May 13th, Florence.* We arrived here yesterday, and were fortunate in finding where we might for a night or two lay our heads, Antonio saying he had not received a letter I had written to him from Rome.

"There is to be a centennial celebration of the birth of Dante, and the uncovering of a statue of him, and all the world is coming here. Thirty-five thousand are said to have arrived up to last evening, and the grand fête does not come off for two days. If we remain we shall see it, but less of the town. I certainly do not wish Dante in the place he

wrote of, but if he had been born a few weeks later it would have been a convenience to us. 1865.

"Before leaving Rome I contracted with Rogers for two busts of Lincoln, to be executed in the best manner. One of them I intend for the Academy of Fine Arts, the other for an addition to thy collection."

May 17th, Bologna. Left Florence, with many regrets, at nine this morning. The station is fit for kings to depart from or to repose in. We thought it one hundred and twenty feet long and wide in proportion. A large bust of Victor Emmanuel in the centre, surrounded by a dense mass of fragrant flowers. Floors marble, cushioned seats, and festoons of the gay Italian flag, red, white, and green, from every niche and corner.

The day has been warm. The route was through a richly-cultivated country; familiar oaks and groves of chestnuts, with here and there a linden and ailanthus. Passing over the Apennines, we saw some of their distant summits yet striped with snow, and ran through twenty or more tunnels.

Arrived at this place before five; we drove some distance, to the Hôtel San Marco, where we found a nice-looking dinner-table and other neat accommodations awaiting us.

May 18th, Milan. As we drew near this town we saw a good deal of land under cultivation for rice. In some places flooded; in others the young crops had made some progress. Many crops of hay cut; some being taken in, others cocked to turn the rain that we rode through this afternoon. The first time we have really been in a rain since leaving home; for, although it sprinkled a little when we were in Cairo, and in Jerusalem, and again in Constantinople, this is really the only familiar sort of a rainy day we have had for six months,—and we enjoy it.

Quite an excitement this evening from Stuart's having set fire to his sister's bed, by taking the candle underneath it to look for a piece of money he had dropped. Happily,

1865. after but a few unsuccessful efforts to extinguish it, Julia
ET. 66. came to tell us of it. We found the bed smoking and quite on fire among the tow that was placed around the springs. His father and Brightschmid—our courier—turned it over at once and deluged it, when the porter and maid carried it off, as well as the wet carpet, and without any alarm in the house; the serious consequences which would have been caused by the delay of a few minutes were thus averted.

May 20th, Arona, Lake Maggiore. Rain continues. It made driving and sight-seeing at Milan less pleasant, but we still enjoyed its wonderful cathedral, galleries, and works of art, of world-wide renown, most heartily. We left it at eleven this morning, crossed the Po, and changed cars at Novara, and arrived here at 3.30, to remain until midnight,—the time the diligence leaves in which we have engaged the coupé to take us over the famous Simplon Pass. It is to be a continuous ride of twenty-two hours, with three stop-pages only for meals.

On arriving we soon procured two small carriages, and drove to see the famous statue of St. Charles Borromeo. It stands on very high ground that rapidly descends all around it. As the pedestal is forty feet high, and the statue sixty-three, it is very imposing.

Dined at table-d'hôte. The only other guests English, as is almost invariably the case, they everywhere maintaining their character as a nation of travellers. Having tasted at the station some light sweet wine, much like, only much better than, the best of cider, we sought for and found it again under the name of Asti.

May 21st, Ornavasso. Something of an adventure is to be added to our former experiences of travel. We left Arona a little after midnight, and finding the coupé very commodious, with large spring-seat, and five good windows forming quite a pretty bow, from which, when the day dawned, we could see and enjoy the grand wild nature among which we were passing, we were quite in spirits, and some of us

almost ashamed of the hesitation felt about embarking on this long, fatiguing ride.

Our horses were strong and very large, just the creatures for our ponderous vehicle—sometimes four, sometimes five, the front ones three abreast, and changed every hour, until about five A.M., when we came to a sudden stop before a swollen stream. The horses were taken out, the diligence wheeled round very dexterously by man-power, the horses again attached, and we off, too sleepy to ask what it meant or where we were going, until we again stopped, and Brightschmid invited us to alight at Albergo d'Italie, with the encouraging intelligence that, under similar circumstances of prolonged rains and swollen streams, he had once been detained here for a fortnight.

May 22d. Much rain to-day. Left Ornavasso at five yesterday afternoon. Were drawn by ropes, we thought with some hazard, in a sort of raft over the swollen stream, that would not permit the diligence to go over it, and took that on the other side coming from Sion, the passengers in that diligence being transferred into ours. They, not we, were benefited by this change of carriage. We did not find the coupé so large, nor so good, as the one in which we left Arona. It was a great disappointment to have to make this grand pass of the Simplon on a dark rainy night, instead of by day as we had arranged to do. We supped at ten at Domo d'Ossola. The impression produced in going over the road of its awful grandeur was intensified by the almost absence of light, through which it was as much imagined as seen. And the consciousness that the least want of skill on the part of the driver, or accident of any kind, might in a moment usher us into an eternity that felt very near, had something in it very sublime.

We passed the Hospice, and some of the party saw three of the dogs of St. Bernard. At five this morning we reached the town of Simplon. One look at the white floors of its little inn proclaimed Swiss cleanliness, and a fire of

1865. economic size blazing in the chimney sufficed for us to
 stretch our limbs and warm ourselves, whilst they refreshed
 us by fine coffee, good bread and butter, eggs, and sponge-
 cake.

Thus recruited, we went on to Brieg. In the Rhone valley, the rain now having ceased, we saw many women at work in the fields, and a few cases of those horrible goitres, in which the neck looks really as if a bag of loose stones or small potatoes were carried there.

We took the railroad at Sion, and reached Vevay at half-past eight. Found excellent accommodations at the new and beautifully situated "Hôtel des Trois Couronnes."

May 23d. A lovely morning and a charming drive. Much of it through vineyards so entirely unenclosed that we see how necessary are the fines imposed and the almost severe measures taken in the event of any trespass upon them. We took the liberty of calling on the widow of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, formerly of our city, to ask if she could recommend any schools for our children or families in which they could be placed for the opportunity of acquiring the French language.

Left in the afternoon. Running through the lovely lake of Geneva, we passed many spots of interest,—the castle of Chillon, residences of Madame de Staël, Empress Josephine, Lord Byron, etc., and had our first distant glimpse of Mont Blanc. At the "Hôtel des Bergues" we find a most desirable suite of rooms prepared for us, and the best of everything we can desire.

"May 26th. Bright, mild day. Called on Mr. Paravin, banker, and got bill cashed. Have been looking anxiously among schools without coming to any decision. Yesterday afternoon drove to Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's in hope of obtaining some information from his wife, who is an Irish lady much interested in the cause of education. Saw only the niece, a very pretty girl. My wife informed me of her inter-

view this morning with Madame d'Aubigné, and of what might be its desirable results. I assented to her suggestions, and, leaving her entirely at liberty to make her own arrangements, I left Geneva in the three p.m. train, coming by Mâcon, and, travelling all night, arrived in Paris just in time to reach the station Du Nord for Calais. The Channel was smooth. Met Dr. Sheldon at the cars, and rode with him to London, stopping at Charing Cross Hotel.

"*May 29th.* Breakfast early. Called on Brown, Shipley & Co. for letters and papers from home. Then went to the Yearly Meeting, and sat beside a person who gave me the names of the Friends as they spoke. John Hodgkin brought up a subject from the Quarterly Meeting of Essex, on Friends paying tithes commuted to rent-charge, under an act of Parliament. I suppose fifty persons spoke with much earnestness; Josiah Foster, John Bright, William Ball, and a few others, I recollect. The decision was postponed for another year.

"*May 30th.* Drove with Dr. Sheldon to see Bishop Whipple, who soon returns to America. Went to Yearly Meeting. All the morning spent in a debate upon the report of a committee on the question of admitting strangers to sit in meetings for discipline, and women to sit with the men. The discussion resulted in allowing women to attend in most cases, and also to allow non members to keep their seats after meetings for worship.

"*June 1st.* Received letter from wife and replied to it. Went to meeting and heard an account by Isaac Sharp of his visit to Greenland. He was authorized to make another visit. An address was then read to Friends of North America upon the close of the war and final termination of slavery.

"*June 7th.* Found a note from John Bright on my table this morning, and at ten called upon him, taking Randolph with me. He talked of American affairs and of the polit-

1865. ical condition of the country; was very severe, particularly
 so on General Lee, and was disposed to think that after trial
 and condemnation the leading rebels should be banished.
 He spoke of his intention to provide me with a place in the
 House of Commons."

This day, Wednesday, June 7th, I was in Paris, engaged in preparing our son Stuart to leave in the evening, under the care of our courier, Brightschmid, for Geneva, having arranged for his immediate and his sister's future reception into the amiable family of the excellent Dr. D'Aubigné, still residing at the place of his birth, "Les Gravelines," a short distance from the town of Geneva, and overlooking its beautiful lake. This very important matter of placing our dear children being now satisfactorily arranged for, to-morrow Julia and I intend leaving for London without any escort, having ticketed our baggage through, and expecting my husband and son to meet us at the station.

June 14th. R. D. W. says, "Left London at ten, and had a very smooth ride over a seven-feet-gauge road, which gives a spacious car. Running up the valley of the Thames, we passed through a very flat country, with a thin natural soil, frequently seeing a chalky formation in the deep cuts. Much hay was making; a machine for scattering it to dry attracted me as most useful. At Gloucester changed cars for Cheltenham."

June 15th, Cheltenham, Queen's Hotel. Arrived at this popular watering-place, on the Great Western Railway, at four P.M. yesterday. As summer is not *the* season here, we have a choice of apartments, and no reason to complain of them except that they have the heavy dingy curtains and carpets so used in old English inns, with a sense of closeness on entering that makes you exclaim, "Phew! phew!" and rush to open the windows.

Our small drawing-room has three large windows on the northwest corner of the house. One gives us a look-out on the grand promenade, with its triple row of trees, mostly lindens, casting their deep shade over the smoothly-paved footway, which, though "nobody" is here, looks lively with pedestrians. Neat one-horse carriages abound, and another sort of vehicle also, that might be called a one-man carriage, is the most novel and peculiar feature of the place.

These are a low, little barouche, into which one person may step quite easily and find plenty of room, and be drawn at will at the rate of eighteen pence the first hour and one shilling afterward. We probably have seen twenty persons pass our windows to-day thus drawn. At the entrance to our hotel one stands for hire. At a corner of a street we encountered three waiting for customers. The men smiled, taking off their hats, thinking they had found them in us. I told them they would soon tire of me. They protested they would not; but I did not put their backs to the proof; otherwise, like the sedan-bearers in Constantinople, they would have found they had a heavy bargain.

A nice letter from Stuart, giving a lively and satisfactory account of his "new home," as he calls it.

June 16th. My husband, with our son R., having left us yesterday morning for Liverpool, says of this morning—that he took passage for Randolph on the "Edinburgh" for the 21st, and then they went to Manchester and visited some spinning-mills the following day, he returning to us on the evening of the 17th.

"*June 18th.* Wife, Julia, and myself went to the parish church called St. Mary's, an old building. After dinner I strolled about the town and through the graveyard, where I saw a tombstone with James Wood and wife on one side, William Wood on the other. The date, as I made it out, 1765."

"*June 21st.* Very warm and bright day. Wife, Julia, and

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1865. I went to Malvern and stopped at the Imperial Hotel, a large, showy brick building four years old. Lunched, took a cab and drove through the village and round the adjoining farms, through the narrow, winding roads, so truly English. It is a beautiful new place. The Malvern Hills rising thirteen hundred feet above the Severn. The effect of dry weather is seen on the grass-fields, but the crop of hay is being finely gathered. Returned by the 2.55 train to Cheltenham."

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"*June 23d.* Clear, warm day. One of the most quiet since I left home; reading and writing in our parlor has chiefly occupied it; on other days I have ridden or gone to other towns. This whole neighborhood is one of villas, many of them new and untenanted. It is a town of rest, not of labor; not a manufactory in the place, that I have seen. I should find it an extremely dull place to spend more time in, though it is one of the prettiest in the kingdom."

In a letter written on this day to a relative, my husband says, "I came here to spend a quiet week and drink the water in the hope of benefit. I have been doing so for nine days without perceiving any. The waters are saline, sulphurous, and chalybeate; it is the first only that I have taken. Julia thinks she needs strengthening, and is taking the chalybeate. Wife, who is quite well, thinks there is no use in disturbing well enough, and drinks none.

"It is now twenty-six days since I left Geneva, coming direct to England, and in that time have seen but a few hours of rain. My memorandum of the weather, 'Clear, pleasant day,' in every instance but one. Now, this is different from what I had expected even in the month of June, the driest in the year.

"No object in passing through the farming region has pleased me more than the fine large red-and-white and gray short-horned cows. They look like oxen, and seem, so far as we have observed, the only stock cultivated. Perhaps in

other parts of the kingdom we shall find the Devons, and black cattle formerly so usual. 1865.

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"In passing through the Wolverhampton district, in the car with me was an intelligent engineer, who told me the title to the lands was in Lord Ward, and that his coal and ore rents were a thousand pounds per day. If he owns the whole of the iron district in Staffordshire, I can easily imagine the story to be true; for, as the road is at a considerable elevation for several miles, I saw nearly fifty furnaces at work, that use more than a million tons of ore and coal per annum. It is the calculation of those who study the subject that, at the present rate of consumption, that district will be exhausted in fifty years."

June 24th. Took the 9.25 train for Bristol, passing Gloucester and a fine agricultural country, having a park-like appearance on both sides the road. Stopped in Bristol, at the White Lion Hotel, on a narrow street called Broad Street; walked up to the old church of St. Mary Redcliff,—where Admiral Sir Wm. Penn is buried. The tattered remains of banners taken from the Dutch, his gloves, spurs, spear, and breast-plate, were there as memorials of him. An inscription placed by his widow concludes by stating that, "warned by ill health, he withdrew from the manner of life to which he had been devoted, to prepare for the port he saw he must soon enter, and where by gentle gales he was peacefully wafted."

"June 25th. Drove to the parish church at Clifton. Had a plain sermon from Rev. R. H. Braithwaite. Talked with him a little after service. Inquired of the landlord if there were any Quakers. He said, 'Many, and their largest meeting was in Rosemary Street.' After dinner we all went there. It is very neat and characteristic. House and congregation about the size of ours in Twelfth Street. Robert Charlton and James S. Fry preached.

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"*June 26th.* Early this morning went to a steamer on the Avon, which river we ran down, under the suspension bridge, which is of great height, large vessels passing under it. Soon ran into the Severn, here an arm of the sea, and so rough it was uncomfortable; crossed it, and, passing into and running up the Usk, landed at Newport too late to take the cars into the iron region of Tredegar.

"*June 27th.* Took the train for Ebbw-vale Iron-Works. Walked to the house of the manager, Abraham Darby. Sent him my card, and was invited in. Told him who I was, and in a general way what I wanted. He was quite civil, and gave me a letter to Mr. John James, the manager at the mills. I talked with Mr. Darby about the concern, and the making steel rails by the Bessemer process. He said their faith in it was so strong that they were about putting up works that would cost thirty thousand pounds. At present they are making small steel by Parry's process, and succeed so well that the steel is used by them for making their tools. I saw the work going on, but did not examine it. In making it they use chiefly scrap-iron, and it is advantageous on that account. In this process the iron is carbonized, while in the Bessemer it is decarbonized, in which pig-metal alone is used.

"They expect to make steel rails largely by the Bessemer process. I walked slowly from the house, passing five blast-furnaces which were at work, their gas being consumed in heating the boiler to drive the engine that made the blast.

"Mr. Darby told me that each of the furnaces made about two hundred and fifty tons per week. Keeping the letter for Mr. James in hand, I walked along, inquiring for him and asking explanations of the overseers as I passed. I saw the ore being raised from a depth of four hundred and eighty feet, and coal from three hundred to six hundred feet. Veins of ore irregular, six inches to two feet; coal veins four feet. Quantities of ore were on the bank. The people told

me it was left there for months. Many women were at work among the coal and ore and cinder, moving them about. I was told they were mostly single women, and work by the day at less wages than the men.

"I continued the walk through the works, which extend along the valley for about two miles. Went into the rolling-mills, and found them using only two high rolls, and making them only twenty-four feet long. Saw them preparing the rolls, of which they had large quantities. They use only the crocodile squeezer.

"The company make their own steam-engines and boilers, but not their locomotives. They make large quantities of coke for sale. The ore is about three-fourths primitive and one-fourth hematite, and produces about thirty-three per cent. iron. The fuel is about one-third raw coal and two-thirds coke. They use lime largely in the furnace, and bring it about nine miles by rail. They buy their hematite ore, and roast their ore in some measure.

"The two upper furnaces were made of firebrick entirely, and banded with iron. Mr. Darby told me if properly used they should last twenty years, and that they ran usually five years. They make their own firebrick. Keep a store to supply the hands, but do not require them to buy. Pay once a week. I found wages a delicate matter to talk about. A hand who said he had worked at Cambria and Allentown, in America, told me he got fivepence per ton for rolling, and, without being certain, he thought the puddlers had five shillings per ton. I suppose the common working hands do not get more than one shilling sixpence per day.

"As I did not find Mr. James to deliver the note given me for him, I opened it and read,—

"MR. JOHN JAMES,—Send some one round with this American gentleman, or rather go yourself with him a little to see what he is.

Yours,

"A. DARBY."

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1865. *June 28th.* Left Swansea at eight this morning, and ran
up to Caermarthen, going to the Ivy Bush, of some fame
as having been owned by Richard Steele, the friend of
Addison. Hired a carriage and drove around the village.
Lunched and returned to Bristol.

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June 29th. Drove this afternoon to George Müller's Orphan Houses, one of which we went over, and then had a talk with him. He is a peculiarly fine-looking man, a German. He spoke of the reception of the orphans. That they must be born in wedlock; father and mother both dead, and they entirely destitute. They must speak English. He enlarged upon the propriety, economy, and safety of keeping the girls until eighteen. Their health, training, and usefulness in the institution were the reasons advanced. Expenditures, twenty-five thousand pounds. Less than one per cent. comes from America. The deaths in the institution not a third of the general public, and not a seventh of the poorer class. There are four hundred and fifty girls.

"Left in the 5.50 train for Exeter, which ran with great speed, seventy-five miles in about two hours, passing through a beautiful country, much in grass, neatly hedged, abundantly wooded. Some sheep, but chiefly large Devon cows. Stopped at Clarence Hotel, opposite the old cathedral.

June 30th. Our visit to 'The Free Cottages' was a very pleasant part of our visit to Exeter. There are forty-one of them. A nice school-house and church are being erected. They were built a few years ago by Mr. Denham, recently deceased. He had been three times married without children, and, having made a large fortune in the tea-trade, had disposed of his property in this way during his life. It is now under the care of trustees. They are intended for the families of aged respectable tradesmen. [A gardener living in one of the cottages has the responsibility of the grounds, and if they were a nobleman's they could not be better kept, and scarcely, from beauty of position, more attractive.]

"We had intended going to Torquay, but, the rainy weather having caused us to change our route, we left Exeter at one, and had a pleasant ride through Devon, Dorset, and Wilts, to Salisbury, which we reached in about three hours, stoppages included. Eighty-eight miles of a beautiful park-like country. 1865.
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"We very soon went to the cathedral, a most interesting building, now undergoing repair and restoration.

"*July 1st.* Drove to Stonchenge, passing through an agricultural district, the hedges cutting off our view very much until we came to the Downs, when they disappeared, and we drove for miles over grounds much like the rolling prairies of Illinois. The plain is covered with a mossy kind of grass, fine pasture for sheep. We saw many large flocks of sheep, one of at least five hundred, attended by a boy and a dog. All the flocks appeared to be South-Downs, a favorite breed. Much of the old plains are being brought into cultivation. I saw good crops of wheat, barley, and oats and turnip-seed being drilled in. The soil is so thin and chalky, it requires good culture to get much from it.

"I was disappointed in Stonchenge. It is, however, unique, and an interesting question how such immense stones were brought there. I roughly measured several: they are about twenty feet long by ten broad, and three to four feet thick. There are ninety-three stones, and they have suffered but little by time. I saw from here the spire of the cathedral. The site of Old Sarum was shown to us on a rising ground: every vestige of it is gone.

"Returning from Salisbury Plains, we took the train for Southampton, a little more than an hour's ride. Then went with wife and daughter to Netley Abbey, crossing the Itchen in a steamer without a rudder.

"*July 3d.* Yesterday morning went to Winchester, attending service in the old cathedral. Returned to Southampton, and found a small Friends' meeting there, to which we went

1865. in the evening. This morning we came in the steamer to
ÆT. 66. Cowes, Isle of Wight, when a ride by rail of ten minutes brought us to Newport.

"*July 7th.* Our pleasant visit to the garden island now finished. We breakfasted early, went to steamer, and crossed to Portsmouth. Drove to the dock-yard, but, finding it too early, were taken to the armory, and through the building containing the small-arms, arranged in fantastic figures, as they are in the Tower of London. Some specimens also of ancient and foreign arms.

"Having finished the armory, we drove again to the dock-yard, were admitted and shown around the immense enclosure, where some thousands of men were at work, many of them convicts, who work in gangs of fourteen, dressed in striped clothes of coarse material. Our guide said they generally worked well. We saw the building in which hempen ropes of one thousand feet long are made.

"We were shown the Wellington and several old ships which are used as schools for training, and some for receiving sailors; also an old one for target-firing. She was covered with four-and-a-half-inch iron plates, and then used as a target. The 'Victory,' Nelson's old ship, just one hundred years old to-day, we were told, was lying off the pier, and is being used as a receiving-ship.

"I was struck by the caissons, which are used as a sort of gates to close the docks, and as bridges to pass over them from one to the other.

"Left the dock-yard, drove to the railroad station, taking passage for Brighton, and, passing over a nicely-cultivated country and through the old town of Chichester, we reached it before four o'clock, coming to the Grand Hotel, a very large establishment fronting on the sea, with a fine wide avenue, well paved and brilliantly lighted, between it and the shore. A fashionable drive and promenade.

"There is a marked peculiarity in many of the buildings here and in this neighborhood, in the use of round flint-

stone of small size in making the walls. They are of dark color, and give the houses an appearance of being built of cannon-balls. I presume it is a specialty of the chalk region. Most of this part of England seems to be of chalk. 1865.
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"*July 9th, Sunday.* Found there was a Friends' meeting, to which I went. The meeting is larger than that of Bristol as I saw it. The Friends on the front benches generally wore the orthodox garb. The great mass of the congregation were dressed as citizens usually are. A woman spoke.

"Left Brighton at eight this evening for New Haven, to take passage on steamer for Dieppe.

"*July 10th.* On the steamer 'Lyon;' had a very rough sea; passengers all sick. I had to throw myself flat on the deck to be at all quiet. Landed in about six hours. Had a long walk to railroad station, where we took cars for Rouen, arriving there about four; seeing all that we could of the old churches, and especially the cathedral and the Palace of Justice—the latter an old building with much grotesque ornament. Our time in Rouen was less than two hours. We resumed the journey, and reached Paris about ten o'clock.

"*July 14th.* Warm, almost hot. Breakfast about five. Left Paris in the Lyons train for Mâcon, changing at the latter place for Geneva, which we reached at eleven at night.

"Our ride to-day has been among the most pleasant that we have had. Starting so early in the morning, we saw the neighborhood of Paris under favorable circumstances; the country-people coming with their carts to market with their garden produce. A few hours brought us to the forest of Fontainebleau; then cultivated districts almost entirely in grain. Much wheat, but oats and barley perhaps one-half of the whole. The cultivated strips much larger than in Normandy, and occasionally large fields, but without enclosures. There were no grass-fields for fifty miles, no

1865. cattle, and scarcely any sheep. Vines did not appear in any
 quantity until we approached Dijon, where they are largely
 cultivated, the hill-sides and much of the plain covered
 with them; generally healthy and vigorous. Grass-fields
 and flocks began to appear south of Dijon, interspersed
 with the vine and the cereals.

"We travelled through the heart of Burgundy, perhaps
 the best wine region of France. See Murray's 'Hand-book'
 under this route. We saw some hemp, but in small patches;
 scarcely any flax.

"Before reaching Dijon, Julia, looking out of the east
 window, exclaimed, 'See the snow on the mountains!' It
 was very indistinct. I thought it clouds or a naked side of
 one of the Jura Alps. She thought it Mont Blanc, and,
 having a little compass, she found the course we were
 travelling, and I the position on the map of Mont Blanc,
 which convinced us that we had travelled for nearly one
 hundred miles with that mountain occasionally in view.

"*July 15th, Geneva.* Very warm weather. Soon after
 breakfast, wife and daughter went to Dr. D'Aubigné's. [As
 we passed through the grounds, and were approaching the
 house, we heard a shout of "Bonjour! bonjour!" and, look-
 ing, saw Stuart's head thrust out of an upper window. He
 ran down joyously, followed by Mons. Vernier, a young
 student who has been engaged at Eaux-Vives as teacher
 and tutor for young Lord Lorne, Mr. Frederic, son of Sir
 Charles Wood, and himself. We think him improved; and
 it is a great pleasure to find him so happy, and to receive a
 most satisfactory account of him.] Stuart soon came to
 the hotel, and went with me to do some business. He dined
 and passed the day with us, and in the evening we took
 them with their trunks to Dr. D'Aubigné's. Spent an hour
 very pleasantly [remaining to their family worship, and
 returned to the Hôtel des Bergues, leaving both our dear
 children. We parted with doctor and madame most kindly;
 he expressing the wish that we might be preserved in our

journey, and that God's best blessings might rest on the dear ones we left with them, as also on themselves, who had assumed the responsibility of their care].

"*July 17th.* Dr. D'Aubigné called, and talked chiefly on the politics and government of the Swiss Republic. He gave me his address at the Baths, Berstenberg, near Lenzburg, Argovie, to which himself and family, taking Julia and Stuart, and their governess, go to-morrow to remain some months.

"*July 19th.* Warm day. Left in the diligence before seven for Chamouni, having secured the coupé for ourselves. The drive was along the valley of the Arve, which is rapid in its general course, often dashing on in tumbling torrents. The view of Mont Blanc sometimes obstructed by Mont Mole on the left and Mont Brévent on the right, which come close together near the village of Cluses, forming bold and high Alpine precipices, often entirely bare rock. Several villages on the road, but quite small, except St. Martin and Sallanches, at which place we left the diligence and took a small carriage. The cultivation through the valley was pretty good, generally by spade or hoe. As we approached Chamouni the crops were quite large, chiefly oats, barley, rye, and potatoes; occasionally wheat, flax, hemp, and Indian corn.

"We were gratified that the driver of the diligence called our attention to the very accurate profile of a man's face at a great elevation on the mountain, which was a long time visible; also, not far from it, to a very graceful cascade, broken into foam, afterward reuniting on a ledge of rocks, and forming another fall of water, that goes gliding down until it enters the river. We reached Chamouni at six, and stopped at the Hôtel Royal de l'Union.

"*July 20th.* Drove with my wife to the source of the Arveyron, which is at the head of the glacier Bois, which glacier is a continuation of the Mer de Glace. The water pours from it immediately under an arch of ice, apparently

1865. having flowed for some distance under this arch. The
ET. 66. quantity of the water is great, making a considerable river.
The ice forming the arch is perhaps five feet thick, and looks
like rock-ice.

"*July 22d.* Left Chamouni in a carriage. At Sallenches we changed to the coupé of a diligence, which was agreeable, as was also our journey to Geneva, where we arrived at three P.M.

"*July 24th.* Came this morning to Berne, through Lausanne. The country well cultivated, and long extended views made beautiful landscapes. The whole appearance of the country struck me as very much like the prettiest scenes in Chester Valley, Pennsylvania. The great beauty of Berne is the view of the Alps from the 'Platform,' which was formerly the defence of the town, and now has a deep fosse in front of it.

"*July 27th, Interlachen.* Came to this place from Berne on the 25th. This morning, took a carriage and drove up the Lauterbrunnen Valley, and walked to the Staubbach Fall. Returning, at the opening of the valley of the Grindelwald, turned into it; drove up to the village and walked to the end of the glacier. Saw the river coming from under the ice. Lunched at the Hôtel Eiger, and returned down the valley to Interlachen in a heavy rain. Had a glimpse of the old castle of Unspunnen.

"*July 28th.* A pleasant run of an hour on Lake Brienz. Landed at the foot of Giessbach Falls, a short distance from the town of Brienz. The water is broken into foam in the first fall of the seven, and keeps that appearance until it enters the lake. The effect of illuminating it in the evening was very fine. A warning rocket was sent up, and soon the whole torrent was of a glowing red, which lasted a few minutes, then purple, then changed in various places to blue, pink, orange, and violet. The whole lasted some seven minutes, and then totally disappeared, leaving the contrast of great darkness.

"*July 31st, Berne.* Came last evening from Interlachen. This morning went to Friburg, and drove to see the railroad bridge supported by trestle-built iron piers. Then walked to the cathedral, and sat an hour with quite a large company to hear the celebrated organ. It only seemed extraordinary to me by its imitation of thunder and of the human voice in singing. [It has seven thousand eight hundred pipes,—some of them thirty-two feet long,—sixty-four stops, and was built by the late Aloys Moser, a native of the town.]

"*Aug. 1st, Basle.* Arrived about noon, and are at the Three Kings, a large hotel, with the river Rhine flowing rapidly by us. This town differs from others in many respects, particularly in having all the front windows shut, which, with the few persons in the street, gives a deserted appearance.

"*Aug. 2d.* Going to Mulhausen this morning, I inquired for Claude Royet, and gave him the introductory letter from Mr. Geyelin, the brother of Madame Royet. M. Royet took me to see a new mill just started, one of the largest in the world, and all on one floor, lighted from above, being an inexpensive house.

"In one room there were a few ring frames, but it was chiefly occupied by thirty mules of eight hundred and forty spindles each, making thirty thousand two hundred and forty spindles in all, if my information is correct. The number of the yarn being spun ran up from sixty to a hundred. The mill has no looms. The cops looked very small and nice, as the yarn is so fine. I passed through the bleaching- and dyeing-rooms,—also some printing-rooms.

"The whole town is full of cotton- and printing-factories, and seems very busy.

"*Aug. 4th, Lucerne.* Met Mrs. Clapp and son, and walked with them to see Thorwaldsen's lion in memory of the Swiss guards of Louis XVI. It is a great work of art, cut in the solid rock. Went to the Schweizerhof to see E. H. Trotter.

"*Aug. 5th.* Left in the steamer this morning to make

1865. the circuit of Lake Lucerne. The whole scenery is very
wild, and when we entered the bay of Uri, the boldness
increased. The Rhigi on one hand, Mount Pilatus on the
other. Some of the mountains over nine hundred feet high,
and covered with snow perpetually. The higher mountains
had a new coat of snow this morning and yesterday, which
added to the effect. The still uncertain weather decided us
not to attempt the Rhigi this afternoon, but, instead, to go
to Berstenberg to see our children. Through some diffi-
culties we arrived there very late in the evening, and soon
had our children in our arms, both well, and improved both
in appearance and in French.

Aug. 6th. Walked with wife and children to the bor-
ders of the Lake of Hallwyl, and looked at the castle
built in 1656, now in a state of ruin. The whole building
is surrounded by a moat filled with water, over which is a
portcullis. As the feudal rights of the lords in Switzer-
land disappeared entirely in 1848, their castles are falling
to decay.

"Spent the evening pleasantly with the family D'Aubigné;
at its close they sang a hymn, read a chapter of the Testa-
ment, the doctor prayed, and we bade them good-by.

Aug. 7th. Rose at four; breakfasted, and drove to Fahr-
wagon, where we parted with Julia and Stuart, and met and
took the diligence at five for Lucerne, much gratified by
our visit to our children.

"Took steamer for Weggis. Wife was put in a chair,
the rest of the party mounted horses, for the ascent of the
Rhigi. Our progress up the mountain-side was slow, but
the prospect soon repaid the labor. We were three hours
making the ascent. On arriving at the summit, the view
was the most magnificent I have ever seen. Many villages,
eight lakes, and mountain-tops almost without number were
in the prospect, many of them covered with snow. [The
Alpine horn reverberated among them as we stood awaiting
the setting sun, which sank in brightness, although there

was a general mistiness in the atmosphere, which probably increased the rosy tinge in which everything was enveloped.] 1865
1866.

"*Aug. 10th, Zurich.* Charming run up Lake Zurich [going its whole length to the village of Rapperschwyl, where a bridge, three-quarters of a mile long and twelve feet wide, of a very slight character, joins the two sides of the lake, and marks the boundary between the Zurich and the Obersee]. The lake on both sides is covered with population, and culture in vines, cereals, grasses, and fruits. Numerous villages of considerable size, with much appearance of industry, and in some of them of wealth. Several cotton-mills were running briskly.

"*Aug. 12th, Schaffhausen.* Falls of the Rhine. This afternoon walked to the banks of the river, passing through the iron-works just at the falls, from which their power is obtained. Then along the river by a shady walk to the railroad bridge, which I crossed and walked to the top of the hill on which Laufen Castle stands. Then down the bank by zigzags until I came to a gate, which opened for a franc, and by a path to a point on the rock, and saw the torrent pour down in its strength within a few feet of where I stood.

"It requires some nerve to stand so near such apparent madness, in its writhings and tossings and fury, which causes the stones under you to tremble. I walked to various points of sight, but thought none so imposing as this. The evening illumination was very grand."

On the day following the above entry, my husband, in a letter to our son Richard, speaking of Switzerland, says, "At this time the whole country is full of travellers. Many of them are in families, but many tourists with knapsacks are everywhere to be found. There is a sort of frenzy for mountaineering, and while there is a summit unconquered an emulation exists for being the first to mount it. The

1865. members of the London Alpine Club are among the most
 ambitious.
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"It is part of the education of an English gentleman to be skilled in handling an oar, a rifle, and an alpenstock; and if a few of them are drowned, or accidentally killed by a stray shot, or tumble a few thousand feet down a perpendicular rock, it is a few days' lament, and only a stimulus to overcome what others have failed to accomplish. I supposed that the smashing up of four or five fellows at the Matterhorn a few weeks ago would have caused a rebuke of this spirit by the leading journals of England; but, instead of that, their articles have a tendency to stimulate it. They make them heroes, and laud the pluck of their countrymen in attempting to mount where no one else will venture, and where even the chamois will not be driven.

"Clambering up Vesuvius satisfied me as to my pedestrian powers, and horse- and muleback-riding to Montanvert and the Rhigi decided me to mount only where the diligence or the railroad can safely go. Your mother reached the summit of both of these mountains very easily *chaise à porteur*, and found an umbrella and a waterproof cloak on both occasions a good protection; but the rain poured piteously on those who had her in charge, and I fared but little better on a horse.

"The Falls of the Rhine, that we came here to see, I think surpass in interest and grandeur any that I have seen except Niagara."

"Aug. 15th. Left Schaffhausen yesterday for St. Gall, passing through Winterthur. This morning drove out to Herisau to see our old Jerusalem acquaintance, W. August Shoch. He received us most kindly, and insisted on our dining with him, which we could not well refuse to do. It was such a table as I like to sit down to. He said grace. His wife and three little children, one a three-years-old baby, were there. The dinner was excellent.

"We saw his bleachery and bleaching-grounds. He uses acids in bleaching. We went through embroidery-rooms, and where designers are employed getting up new patterns. We saw four machines which tambour with a needle, where I think two hundred needles follow the movement made by one,—a most ingenious machine.

"*Aug. 19th.* Came to Munich on the 16th; changing cars at Augsburg. It is a place for the cultivation of art more than business. We have been occupied in visiting its rich galleries; have been to the bronze-foundry, where are a large number of gigantic models of statues for various parts of the world, especially for America. The establishment belongs to the ex-King Lewis of Bavaria, who seems to have done all the important things of Munich. The new palace was built as a wedding present for his son; a large church to commemorate his silver wedding, and as a monument for himself and wife, the latter now lying there. We went also to see the large collection of Heinrich Wimmer's paintings on porcelain and fine photographs, the studio of Schwanthaler, etc. [The women here and through all this region of country literally prove themselves helpmates to the stronger sex. In harvesting grain they use the scythe or cradle. They rake the hay and gather it in; they pull and prepare the hemp; and in this city we see them cleaning the streets with the men, sawing wood at the doors of the houses, washing carriages at the stables, and wheeling barrows.]

"We left Munich at noon to-day, and arrived here—Augsburg—at two. The country we passed over is almost a level plain, cultivated when not too wet, which it is in many places. In such spots there is much peat-cutting. We saw a large number of men engaged in preparing it for fuel. The 'Drei Mohren Hotel' is very large and old. It was built by the great family of Fugger about five hundred years ago. Maximilian and Charles the Fifth, emperors, have in former times been guests here. More lately Napo-

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 Let. 66.

1865. leon the First, whose chamber is still at the service of travellers who may desire to occupy it. The landlord tells me
ÆT. 66. he has kept the house for forty years, and that his father kept it before him."

It is a quaint old place, infinitely more Dutch than anything we have before seen. Storks' nests on the chimney-tops; fanciful gables turned toward the street; generally three tiers of attic-windows in the high roofs, in a few instances as many as five. There seems more life here than at Munich.

"*Aug. 21st.* Left Munich this morning in the cars for Baden-Baden. Passed Ulm, and saw the soldiers and fortifications. The same at Stuttgard. It is unfortunate that so large an expense and so many idle men are made in times of peace by these heavy armaments. Country flat until we came to the Danube, and in some places quite wet, although it is about the highest level land in Europe.

"*Aug. 24th, Baden-Baden.* Bright, lovely day. Pleasant change from the two past partially rainy ones, that had, however, been no unmixed ill to us, as they gave us the opportunity more thoroughly to enjoy our papers and letters from home.

"In this place of most decided fashion, lovely as it is, one would not wish to linger long. The Trinkhalle, the theatre, and the gaming-tables, with the large majority of visitors, much more than divide the time, with the charming strolls around, or interesting drives in the not distant Black Forest. Through this forest, so famed in old German legends, we drove this morning over a magnificent road that went winding along the mountain to the old castle of Eberstein, where the present Grossherzog of Baden spends fifteen days in each March for the pleasure of the chase. It stands very high, and over the brow of the mountain, overlooking the valley of the Murg, a stream down which a large number

of logs are floated for lumber. The situation of this castle gave the means in old feudal times of making exactions of all who passed up or down the valley. 1865.
E.I. 60.

"The trees are pines, of the balm order chiefly; a few larch and hemlock. They are very tall, and stand so close that a deer with antlers could not pass among them. The dense, dark appearance of the forest warrants its name, and makes it look a fit scene for all the wild stories that find a local habitation there.

"*Aug. 25th, Heidelberg.* Left Baden-Baden in the nine A.M. train. Reached here about twelve, passing through a level country all the way. More than half the cultivation is in tobacco, which looked very well and is of fine size. Stopped a short time at Carlsruhe, the chief city of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Find very few persons here riding in first-class cars; more in the second, but most in the third, which are very decent.

"On arriving, took carriage and drove to a trout-preserve. Fine, fat fellows we had not time to taste. Then to the Königstuhl, whence the windings of the Neckar and a fine view are obtained, with an almost imaginary glimpse of the spire of the far-off cathedral at Worms. Visited the remains of a castle built in the thirteenth century, taken and sacked by Tilly, 1662. At present the great feature of Heidelberg is the University, numbering seven hundred students, chiefly of law and medicine. It lies in a narrow valley, one main street three miles long.

"*Aug. 26th.* Left Heidelberg early. Occupying the coupé, could see all around us. A pleasant ride near the Bergstrasse most of the way. The mountains generally cultivated to the top, either in cereal crops or vines, and when not so cultivated the summits were covered with forest-trees. Many ruins of castles present a prominent feature in the scenery. West of the railroad the country is flat and largely cultivated in beets and tobacco. The oats, only now ripe, are being gathered in.

1865. [Having established ourselves in Frankfort, at Hôtel de
Russie. Went to the museum. It is chiefly a picture-gal-
Et. 66. lery of moderate size. Many pictures of old Dutch and
Italian schools. A very large one, by Lessing, of John
Huss before the Council of Constance, is of fine execution
and deeply interesting.]

"After dinner drove through a flat country to Homburg.
Looked at the tables and wandered for an hour through the
gardens.

"*Aug. 27th.* Strolled through the city with wife after
church service. Looked at the statues of Goethe and
Schiller, and the group of colossal bronzes of Gutenberg,
the inventor of printing, and Faust and Schöffer, aids in that
great work. Went to the old cathedral, and saw the chair
in which twenty-six German emperors are said to have been
crowned. Walked down to the Main River, and found a
fine front of the city bank walled, and a railroad ten or
fifteen feet below the carriage street. Fine light boats are
on the river, but I saw none with steam.

"*Aug. 31st.* Left Frankfort on the 28th, and having passed
a few days at Wiesbaden enjoying its warm baths, we left it
this morning in an omnibus for Biberich, where we entered
the steamer for Cologne. The Rhine has not much to in-
terest until you get into the mountainous region, where we
find a ruined castle on almost every mountain-top.

"On all the hills the vine is cultivated in every nook where
earth can be found or placed. [The wine from the one-hun-
dred-acre vineyard of Steinberg, the property of the Duke
of Nassau, is produced with more care even than that of
Johannisberg, and like that goes chiefly into the cellars of
princes who will pay by the cask some four or five dollars
per bottle for it. The white château of Johannisberg was
presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich
with its seventy acres of precious ground, on which nothing
but vines is allowed to grow. They differ in quality on
different spots of this ground. The very best grow quite

up to and on the walls of the château, and over the cellars where the wine is so carefully stored. The species of wine is called the Reisling. The grapes are allowed to verge to decay before they are used. They are so valuable that those falling to the ground are picked up with a fork made for the purpose. What is lost in quantity is thought to be made up in richness and quality by being left on the vines until this stage of over-ripeness. Here the Rhine attains its greatest breadth, about two thousand feet.]

"Approaching Cologne, the sides of the river are flat. Saw a large number of steamers towing coal-barges, also some smelting-furnaces of iron and other ores. Were at the Hôtel Disch before eight P.M.

"*Sept. 1st, Cologne.* This morning went with a commissionnaire to visit the great cathedral and numerous old churches. Spent the afternoon in the Zoological Gardens. Found the animals numerous and in good condition; the male and female lions the finest I ever saw. Three noble Bengal tigers; the finest one was born in this institution. Its mother dying, it was given to a dog to nurse. They still live in the same cage, and seem fond of each other. The dog—by no means large—was somewhat aggressive, and snarled and seemed disposed to assert herself toward her fierce companion, who did not resent it; and when their food was thrown to them, although the eyes of the tiger glowed with impatience, he did not touch it until his foster-mother had separated what she deemed her share.

"*Sept. 2d.* Left Cologne at nine A.M. Out of England we have seen no such smelting region as that passed to-day near to and about Eschweiler-Pumpe; zinc, iron, lead, and coal are all obtained here, and tall chimneys and blackened walls tell of the great consumption of the latter article. Arrived at eleven at Aix-La-Chapelle, and stopped at Hôtel Grand Monarque. Walked to the Rathhaus, and to the cathedral, where we stood over the grave of the

1865. great emperor, having on it the words, Carlo Magno.
Æt. 66. Received letters announcing the birth of a grandson, named after myself.

"Sept. 5th. Left Aix at eleven for Antwerp, arriving at four. The early part of our ride to-day was full of beautiful scenery, and when we came to the valley of the Ourthe we saw the tall chimneys in all directions. The proximity of coal and water-power has made the region a suitable spot for cheap productions.

"A singular feature in the streets here are the low wagons for heavy draughts, with two hind wheels of large size, the fore wheels small. I think I saw five tons of iron on one of these, drawn by one horse.

"Sept. 7th. To Mordyk by rail. The country was flat, and soon became sandy, but it is more or less cultivated, and the crops of buckwheat and oats are good. For long distances it is covered with pines of from five to fifteen years' growth, looking like the region of Millville. The sail to Rotterdam was pleasant; upon landing we hired a *vigilante* and drove through the city and to an adjoining garden. Saw ships in the centre of the city, which is mostly built of brick, and has an appearance of thrift. In the market-place is a bronze statue of Erasmus in the dress of his time,—a fine face.

"A most novel and interesting ride of thirty minutes brought us to the Hague. The country from Rotterdam is a rich alluvial soil, heavily covered with grass, on which hundreds, probably thousands, of cattle were grazing; cows seem to predominate, mostly black and white. Canals and ditches pervade the whole region.

"Sept. 9th. Much enjoyed our visit to the Hague. Left it this morning for Amsterdam. Received papers and a letter from Julia. Went to the palace and to the top of it. The only remarkable room is the large hall, of great height, which our guide told us was the finest room in Europe. He has not seen all of them! From the top is an excellent

view of the city and the country, from Zuyderzee to what was formerly the Haarlem Lake, now a fruitful field. . . . There is a great fair going on. In the evening the boys had possession of the Exchange, and were drumming in great numbers; an old privilege for some benefit once conferred by a boy.

"*Sept. 12th.* [We have now done with Amsterdam, that truly unique place, with its many ornamented houses, chiefly built during the Spanish rule; its very interesting paintings, both ancient and modern; its costumes and canals; its windmills and its hump-backed women.] The same flat land continued to Utrecht and around it, with more canals than before. Near Arnheim the land again improved, and the town and its surroundings had a pleasant appearance. Again more sandy land before crossing the Prussian frontier. At Emmerich we changed cars, and for a time were in a region of good cultivation; then of worn-out lands, though naturally not below second quality. Changed cars again at Duisburg, where are a very large number of steam-engines at work; I think I saw twenty at a glance. Their business seems to be the raising of coal. This is the very heart of the coal region of Prussia. Quite dark before arriving at Dusseldorf.

"*Sept. 14th.* Yesterday drove to Kaiserswerth to visit the benevolent institution of the late Pastor Fliedner. There are about sixty Sisters at work and in training, the whole depending on charitable contributions. Saw the gallery of paintings by artists of the place. Went to the academy and palace gallery.

"*Sept. 15th.* Breakfasted early yesterday, and left Dusseldorf, with its white houses and wide streets without apparently much but trees to fill them, and reached Hanover at two P.M.; Royal Hotel, Waterloo Platz.

"This morning at six left in cars for Bremen with wife, and were there before ten. The country we passed through is almost entirely flat, much of it very sandy; a poor region,

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1865. which bids fair before a century to become a forest. The
city of Bremen owes its prosperity to its being a place of
export and import, and not to the surrounding country.

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"Went to the old Rathhaus, and into the cellar that holds forty thousand barrels, and saw the old tuns of wine, with dates on some as far back as 1655. Also visited cathedral; fine painted glass windows. Were shown the (natural) mummies in the cellar, from one hundred to four hundred years old. We saw country-people of the humblest classes, in quaint attire, moving about the streets, and were told they were going to Bremerhaven, about an hour's ride by rail, to sail for America, and that from four to five thousand would leave to-morrow in nine ships.

"After dinner the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Europe showed us his house, well fitted for family residences, and told us that for his best rooms, handsomely furnished, the whole cost of bed and board was about one thaler per day for each person.

[Returned to Hanover in the evening, and employed next morning in visiting the elaborate silver used on state occasions, the palace, and the extensive stables, where the white, cream, black, and bay horses, eight of each to match on grand occasions, are kept. They are of the same family as those in the royal stables in London. We then left for Brunswick, a very old and rather forlorn city, the most thoroughly old-looking of any we have seen in Europe.]

"*Berlin, Sept. 19th.* Stopping a night at Magdeburg, we came last evening to this place, passing through large tracts of sandy land, with much pine-wood and some poplars."

We saw so many things of interest in Berlin, Potsdam, and Hamburg—to which latter city my husband made a visit of three days—that it is useless to attempt to note them; especially as the famous museums, galleries of art, bronzes, etc., abounding in Berlin, as well as the fresh life and intelligence of this great capital, are becoming more

and more known and appreciated by the world of taste and intelligence. 1865.
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"*Sept. 26th.* Called upon Mr. Wright, United States Minister. Left Berlin in one P.M. train. Our route was through a flat, sandy country, pretty well tilled. Potatoes seem the great crop. We saw many gathering them, chiefly women, with only their hands to dig with. Passed several very large flocks of geese, some being driven in the road as if for market.

"In the route to-day passed the old town of Wittenberg, and looked with interest at the old church at which Luther and Melancthon baptized.

"Being fair-time, the town is full of people, and the shops on both sides of the street are full of goods. All the open squares and market-places are closely filled with booths, which are crowded with various manufactures from the German towns and from France and England. Coarse, heavy woollen cloths are the prominent article in the shops. Bohemian glass toys, and every imaginable article, fill the booths. A large number of Jews are here.

"*Sept. 27th.* Drove to United States Consul's. He is from Indiana. His name is Dickinson. Stopped at the gallery of pictures, several of which were presented to the city by one of its merchants. Went into the Auerbach cellar, where Goethe has laid a scene in the tragedy of Faust.

"*Sept. 28th.* Took the train at seven A.M. for an excursion to Halle. Having obtained a commissionnaire, drove to the Orphan House. The librarian—Oswald Bertram—conducted us through the establishment. He told us that they had three thousand scholars, and that over two hundred orphans are supported by the institution [which is now well endowed, and continues to be under the direction of the descendants of its excellent founder, Augustus Hermann Francke, a statue of whom in bronze, by Rauch, of Berlin, stands in an open ground near the residences of the di-

1865. rectors. The motto on its base, *Er vertraute Gott*,—"He
 ÆT. 66. trusted in God,"—is eminently appropriate to one in whom
 that virtue so abounded].

"Returned to Leipsic by the one P.M. train, and, taking a drosky, drove to Heinrich Lomer's, in the Brühl, who has perhaps the largest stock of fine furs in the world.

"*Sept. 29th.* Left Leipsic in the nine A.M. train for Dresden. Reached it about twelve, and stopped at Hôtel Bellevue. [For some distance land quite level, but soil much better than the sands of Berlin. A great many women at work in the fields. Atmosphere for several days hazy, as our Indian summers.]

"Crossed the Elbe in our route to-day, which is here navigable for small steamers, of which there are many. The hills, as we approached Dresden, were in several instances covered with vines.

"*Sept. 30th.* Employed Kreutz, a commissionnaire, who speaks English pretty well. Went to the Green Vaults; first into the diamond room, where is the "Court of the Great Mogul," by Dinglinger, upon which he and fourteen assistants were occupied for eight years. The contents of this room are valued at thirty million thalers. Passed through seven other rooms described by Murray. The whole of the Green Vaults may be said to contain only royal toys.

"*Oct. 1st, Sunday.* Went to the English church. An interesting sermon on the first, second, and fifth commandments."

The following letter written this day to Dr. Wood refers to an old family secretary at Greenwich, on the top of which is a gallant-looking chancicleer:

"DRESDEN, October 1st, 1865.

"I can well understand the position so graphically described as occupied by thyself while writing on the 22d of July [from Greenwich]. That old rooster I shall never forget, and begin to feel a strong wish that he should be an

heirloom in the family. We are such a modest set, and so little disposed to do our own crowing, that it may be well that the coming generation should know that the bird was kept as an index that some one should raise the note of courage. I have lately learned that I have a grandson bearing the family name of Richard: let me ask that when thee makes thy will that old rooster shall be given to him. I am sure it would make him crow now, if he could understand such a fact.

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"I do not anticipate that a score of added years will bring thee to second childhood. When the recent engagement for the revision of 'The Practice' is finished, then may be the time to carry out thy intention to perpetuate some of the memories of the old home. When thee does it, please avoid saying much of the early life of thy next brother, for my recollections of him are by no means satisfactory. I fear a sort of wilful obstinacy was his prominent characteristic, and that it is hardly yet beaten out of him.

"From what I learn of Jeff Davis from the papers that reach me, there is nothing as yet fixed as to his trial, but in following the testimony in the case of the captain of the Andersonville prison, there is evidence enough to entitle him to the gallows forty times. Still, I would not hang him; for to those who like his cause, his death would turn his ignominy into martyrdom, and the standard of the dead 'stern statesman' would be the banner of a new party in our beloved country. I trust that Johnson will have the sagacity, in case of his condemnation, to commute his death-sentence into solitary confinement for life, or expatriation, with the deprivation of all rights of citizenship. I should like to have him taught the trade of a tailor and spend the rest of his life sitting cross-legged on a bench. He would thus learn while handling his 'goose' that in heading a rebellion he had made one of himself.

"Europeans are perhaps more astonished by the quiet disbanding of an army of hundreds of thousands than they

1865. were by their success in fight, as it is one of the dogmas of
Æt. 66. despotic rulers that the breaking up of a victorious army is too dangerous to venture upon, and on that plea keep them to serve their own ends.

"It was fortunate that the government had the means to pay the men off; if not, they might have refused to have been mustered out until that was done. I think at the end of the Revolutionary War the army that remained debated the question of disbanding until paid, and that all the influence of Washington was needed to carry the measure. The farewell address of General Sherman to his army reflects great credit upon him.

"It is most pleasant to learn that reconstruction at the South is progressing well. The English and French papers seem to take pleasure in lauding President Johnson. If the question of emancipation is clearly settled so that slavery is entirely gone, I think the politics of the North and South will run parallel. There can be but one serious question to divide them; that is, the propriety of protecting manufactures. The necessity of it will be felt in so large a portion of the Southern States that it will become the ruling opinion. In less than twenty years the planting interest will be in the minority.

"A few days since, at the table-d'hôte at Berlin I saw four rather rough-looking men I took to be Americans. They told me they were bound to Russia under a contract with Winans, to go into the machine-shop on the Petersburg and Moscow Railroad,—Mr. Winans having made a contract with the emperor to keep the rolling-stock of that road in good condition. While we need such men at home, I was pleased to learn that our countrymen were preferred to foreign mechanics. They were from Springfield, Massachusetts. I found at Berlin one of the largest locomotive manufactories in the world, and that England had been quite driven from the German market for heavy iron.

"We keep moving, and expect to be only a few days here.

Yesterday we visited 'the Green Vault' and the museum of porcelain. There is very little pleasure to me in looking at such royal toys. The progress made in the manufacture of porcelain, from its rude beginning to its present perfection as exemplified here, interested me quite as much as any part of these exhibitions.

"It is a source of constant annoyance that I cannot talk with the Germans in their own tongue. Many of them speak English well enough for the common topics of a traveller, but if you try to come at their notions of their political condition there is difficulty in understanding them. There is a large democratic tendency wherever I have been, but no disposition to encounter revolution in its dangerous forms, and they content themselves with looking forward to what they think will certainly come, and before many years."

"Oct. 3d. Went to Chemnitz to look after hosiery.

"Dresden, Oct. 5th. Clear, bright day, so cool that I see the gardeners putting the orange-trees from the Zwinger gardens into their winter houses. Returning yesterday from Chemnitz, enjoyed the ride through the beautiful region to Reisch. Many tall chimneys and other signs of manufacturing. Mr. von Longecker, formerly a merchant of Philadelphia, called to see us. A pleasant old man of seventy-five years. He told me the emigrants to America average about seventy-five dollars each in cash taken by them.

"Oct. 7th. Clear, frosty morning. Left Dresden at seven for Prague, and soon were in a beautiful mountainous region called Saxon Switzerland. For many miles along the Elbe the mountains and rocks were curiously cut by the river, almost as if by the hand of man. [The rocks are entirely bare, and strangely split and grooved, almost into columnar forms, rising high into the air, and sometimes standing as lone pillars. One of the grand points is the Bastei rocks, to which from the Pötscha station travellers often make

1865. excursions.] The rock is a soft sandstone, easily quarried, and very much used in Dresden and down the Elbe for building-purposes. The character of the rock changed before we reached the Austrian frontier: it became hard and dark, and when exposed split into blocks not much thicker than bricks.

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"The Elbe is now low. It is narrow all the way to Prague. For many miles below that city we saw few boats, but long lines of log-rafts tied closely together, and very narrow, to enable them to conform to the bends of the river. Saw many new boats building, say one hundred feet by ten.

"*Oct. 8th, Prague.* Drove to the old cathedral. Saw the celebrated chapel of St. John Nepomuk, chiefly of silver, which, with all its surrounding angels, etc., is said to weigh thirty-seven hundred pounds. Then went to the building called Tycho Brahé's Observatory; but the atmosphere was too misty to see to advantage. Saw the palaces of Wallenstein, of the Emperor, Prince Schwarzenberg, and others. Returned by the Jews' quarter. Saw the old synagogue uncovered about six hundred years ago. Entered their old cemetery inclosed by a high wall; a mass of memorial stones almost heaped upon each other. The oldest one bears the date 660. The last one placed here was ninety years ago.

"Spent a short time in the museum. It has a fine collection of minerals of Bohemia. A fossil head of an elephant found on the Rhine, and some antediluvian bones, are interesting objects, as well as a collection of meteorolites which have fallen in Bohemia. They seem almost like pure iron. [The largest I measured by laying my arm on it, and found it to be about six inches longer than my forearm, from the elbow to the end of my middle-finger.]

"*Oct. 9th.* The Rev. Adrian van Andel—missionary to the Jews—gave me the name of Vojta Náprstek. I called and sat in his office for half an hour. He has three rooms filled with books on American subjects, and is full of intel-

ligence upon them. Having been driven from Austria by the revolution of 1848, he went to America, and remained ten years; first as a workingman, afterwards as a bookseller, at Milwaukee. Upon the declaration of amnesty by Austria he returned to Prague, and, having become a business man, from appearances he has accumulated an estate. He has large drawings of most of our benevolent institutions, and is desirous of acquiring information on the subjects of American philanthropy.

"Oct. 10th. Rainy day; first for a month. For at least fifty miles after leaving Prague the country was almost a plain, except that as we left the city the road skirted the hills. The whole people seem to be gathering turnips. At many stations we saw large cars full of them, going, I suppose, to market. Potato-gathering also going on; but turnips seem to be the crop of the country. [They were being dug and gathered by bands of women, in one instance we thought a hundred in one place. A man, or occasionally a few men among them, apparently more as directors than as assistants. Saw a woman at work on the railroad to-day !]

"Before reaching Brünn, the features of the country became bolder, and soon very mountainous. The mountains far from lofty; their sides generally covered with trees much beautified by the season. This is the capital of Moravia. It is a large manufacturing town, perhaps the most so in Austria; the staple, cloth of various kinds; the mills, by changing hands, run both day and night; the power is steam. The little town of Austerlitz is twelve miles distant.

"Oct. 11th. Left Brünn for Vienna at four p.m. A gentleman in the cars told me the large quantities of turnips now being gathered are sold to the sugar-refiners, and that there is nearly enough sugar made in Bohemia and Moravia for the use of those countries.

"Oct. 12th, Vienna, Römischer Kaiser. Drove through the Präter and newly-built part of the city. The houses are

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1865. large and fine-looking, and covered with cement. The
ÆT. 66. streets mostly paved with cubical blocks, and kept clean.
The whole appearance is that of comfort and progress.

To our son Edward my husband writes :

"VIENNA, Oct. 14th, 1865.

"MY DEAR SON,—I think I acknowledged thine of the 5th ult. in mine of the 20th. I agree with thee that the renewal fund should not be drawn up. All of it will be wanted when the iron on the road has to be relaid, and instead of making credits to individuals of the firm from the profits, it should be used in paying for repairs of road and rolling-stock. Do not pay anything out of that fund in future. I cannot believe that C. cut the dam. It would do him no good, and he is not so revengeful as to commit so great a crime.

"Thine of the 20th reached me here yesterday, inclosing one from Geo. Thomas. He gives a flattering account of the working of the railroad; but I am satisfied he does not make sufficient allowance for wear and tear.

"In the account sent I see five hundred dollars paid to Geyelin. Has he paid his interest and rents in full? In the two last accounts rendered since the first of September, there is no credit for payment of rent by Sharp & Westcott, due Sept. 1st. Please require them to pay punctually. I will write to G. W. Thomas and refer to Porter's case.

"I received a welcome letter from H. D. Vail; tell him so, and that I will write to him. Richard's valued letter also came to hand.

"I have just been spending about three hours very pleasantly; the first part of the time with Mr. Motley, the American Minister. He is a much younger man than I had expected. He talks fluently and freely, is very much of a Northern man in his politics, and, while he finds nothing in President Johnson's course to censure, he is fearful

that the Southern politicians will so manage to get into power that they will control the affairs of the country, and while legally doing away with slavery, will so arrange that the negro will virtually be a slave. I said that if the laws placed the negro on the same footing as the white man, it was all that could be done for him, and it would be his own stupidity if he was oppressed. I trust our government will effectually cause him to be so placed before it takes its hand off of the South. I told him that as he had furnished the world with an acceptable history of the Dutch Republic, it would expect from him, as the archives of the whole German people were open to him, that he would so employ his leisure as to produce a history of the German race. He said, 'That would be too much to expect of any one man, except as a mere compendium; but that he was using his pen, and had something in hand he hoped to finish.'

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"The introductory letter which I sent to Professor Hyrtl was responded to in a few hours. He called, and we had a pleasant talk, and finished by an appointment to see him in his rooms in the University.

"After leaving Mr. Motley's, I drove to his place, and was received at his door by his female servant, who seizing my hand kissed it. Although this is a common German custom, as it was the first time it had occurred to me, I was a little taken by surprise, but not enough to show it, and joined the professor, who stood with his door open awaiting me.

"As soon as I entered the room it was evident that he had given much time and thought to that part of comparative anatomy which is represented by the cold-blooded animals. The first fellow he showed me was a sheep's-head, and it brought Cape Island so strongly to my mind that I felt almost at home. He then went through the cases in the room, filled with the most perfect skeletons I have ever looked upon. Fishes are certainly his speciality, and his

1865. room is filled with specimens from all over the world,
 obtained with much cost and labor.

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"Among many curiosities in the anatomical line, he exhibited the bones of a man nine feet high; and the heart and lungs of another man who lived a healthy life with the lungs on the right side and the liver on the left.

"After looking at this collection, he opened a door, and invited me to be seated at a table upon which were cakes, and the wine of his own country,—Hungary,—which was truly good, and he seemed to enjoy it, urging me to empty my glass as fast as he did his, and when I remonstrated, he promised to take care of me in case I should be unable to take care of myself.

"He is a republican in opinion, an admirer of the United States, and depreciates the emperor and the whole system of government in Austria."

Oct. 22d. Sabbath-day, and our last in Vienna, where we feel as if we could with pleasure spend much more time. We came on the evening of the 11th, and have been fully occupied in endeavoring to see this great city, and as many as we could of the objects of interest to be found here.

My husband has enjoyed very much an excursion of three days to Pesth, where he went into the old Roman baths filled with water naturally 118° Fahrenheit. Promiscuous bathing and almost unclothed is the custom here, at the cost of a few cents each person; but he managed "to have the pleasure in a decent way." A letter of introduction made him acquainted with Mr. Moody, missionary to the Jews in Pesth; there are a few converts to Christianity from among them, and in a school of four hundred children two-thirds of them are Jews.

"*Grätz, capital of Styria, Oct. 23d.* A ride of nine hours from Vienna brought us here. The road for some distance through a tolerably level country. One vineyard I observed.

An embankment being made on the road, troops of women were employed in digging and wheeling the earth. We also saw one woman at work in the brickyard, moulding bricks; whilst others were sifting sand and gravel in upright sieves. The crops look poor, except the new-sown wheat. The corn-stalks are not much larger than good timothy grass. It looks to me as if good ploughing, and much of it, would change its agricultural character; but its tillage seems to be yielding to the pine, as trees of that kind, of from one to fifteen years, are covering all the land. From the barrenness of this region it is called Steinfeld. At Gloggnitz the road begins to rise rapidly, and for five, perhaps ten, miles, near one hundred and fifty feet per mile, when it passes through a tunnel of four thousand six hundred feet; the summit being two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three feet above the sea, and said to be the highest railroad in the world. In passing through the Semmering Alps it winds about from one side to the other, and you look down into the glens below with some emotion. The steepness of these wild mountains, and the peaks running up in numerous places, remind one of the needles of Mont Blanc, as they throw their points towering above the general surface."

These wild slopes were beautiful, with their intermingling of deep-green foliage, and the changing yellow of the larch, with a sprinkling of rich brown. Our own bright red was wanting. We saw but one tree, and that standing alone, that looked at all as our maples do. Near Mixnitz are caves in the mountains where the fossil bones of animals now extinct have been found. Near Peggau Station are mines of lead and silver, which are worked, and the ores smelted on the spot. A little beyond is a lofty cliff called the Maiden's Leap—Jungfernsprung—from the tradition that the daughter of the lord of the adjacent ruined castle of Gosting threw herself from it on her lover's falling in a duel he had fought with a rival on her account.

1865. "On reaching Grätz, quite late, we found no one speaking
English; but a rough-looking man seeming willing to help
us, we told him to take us to the Englischer Hof, as Murray
says it is near the station. We gave him our bag and roll
of blankets, and as we followed him in the deep darkness
for some time, the thought came that he might be leading
us astray. But in ten minutes he took us into a room where
a party were playing billiards. One of them came to our
assistance, learned what we wanted, and told him where to
find the hotel, so that we were soon relieved from anxiety
by finding ourselves in a good chamber at the place we
wished to go to."

Oct. 24th. Weather perfect; warm and bright. We re-
tired last night under the impression we were favoring the
"Englischer Hof" with our company, although we could
not reconcile "that it was near the station," with the very
long walk by which our guide brought us here. This
morning we awoke to find ourselves at the "Zum Elephant."
Having a large room newly furnished with birch or maple,
and having enjoyed a good night's rest on a comfortable
bed, although we had no other upper sheet than one but-
toned over a silk coverlet, we are quite content, and have
just returned from one of the sort of walks that use up my
abilities in that line.

This old capital of Styria is said to have sixty thousand
inhabitants. Its university has some celebrity. It is most
unique in its position, is built of stone,—its houses covered
with red tiles. Four bridges here cross the Mur, quite a
considerable river, flowing very swiftly. One large raft of
wood we noticed going down by the current at the rate of
five miles per hour. It divides the town, that is built as
in a basin, surrounded by hills on every side; one round
hill about five hundred feet high rising in its centre. We
ascended this very curious hill by many zigzag paths, cut
and graded very cleverly on its sides, having, as we did so,

as well as from the summit, a complete view of the river and town; looking down from the dizzy height into all of its streets and some of its houses. It made me think of the old legends of spirits flying over a town, and peering over its roofs and down its chimneys to know what was passing there.

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"Strolled about the principal streets. It seems a busy town; at a door lay a pile of brown material to be taken in for fuel, which I presume is lignite.

"In returning to Vienna in the evening I saw several mills lighted, and suppose that, like those of Brunn, they run all night. Pears abound; bought two fine ones for five kreutzers each, and found the largest measure eleven inches at its greatest circumference, and nine at its least.

"*Oct. 26th.* Left Vienna for Lintz on the slow train, that we might see the country; and it proved so slow we did not reach our destination till after ten at night. This morning being stormy prevented our seeing much of Lintz, which we left at noon for Salzburg. My wife sneezing, several hats were taken off, with a 'God bless you!' I had heard of this as a German custom, but had not seen it until to-day.

"Salzburg is in Bavaria. The border of that kingdom extends to Kufstein; and Austrian money not being taken, it is necessary to get that of Bavaria to pay to the border, which is about fifty miles from Innsbruck.

"It is a regret that we cannot see Ischl and the Salzkammergut, the region that supplies Bavaria and Austria with salt, and which has much celebrity as a watering-place, and many connections with history from the times of Rome. Were it July in place of late October, I should make an effort to spend a week or more in this region.

"At Lambach the Styrian Alps came in sight,—some of the peaks covered with snow. [The Traunstein, the most conspicuous of the chain, seemed to be a barren rock. But

1865. the horizontal profile, as of a man lying face upwards, needs
no imagination to help it out. It was long in view, and
cannot be mistaken. It is said to resemble Louis XVI.]
Æt. 66. Reached Salzburg at seven in the evening. Stopped at Hôtel
Nelbrook.

"Oct. 27th. Rose early and went over the city. The castle above, the fortifications, and the mountains all around the town are covered with fresh-fallen snow. Their imposing appearance we will not soon forget. Left Salzburg at 9.30. The route as far as Rosenheim has the Noric Alps on the left, and the large lake Chiem See, celebrated for its fine fish. They give the eye of the traveller constant enjoyment.

"After leaving Rosenheim the railroad follows the course of the Inn, sometimes very near it, having on both sides lofty mountains, generally of bare rock on the summit, with but little wood on the sides. The valley green, and in many places beautiful. Farther up the valley the scenery and tenements are of a highly Swiss character. The old town of Schwatz, where there is a large tobacco-factory belonging to the government, and that of Hall, for the manufactory of salt, we could only partially see.

"At Schwatz were the silver-mines worked by the Fugger family of Augsburg, from which it is said they received two hundred thousand florins annually. The salt-mine which furnishes the brine to the evaporating-pans at Hall are five thousand feet above the sea, and the water is brought in wooden pipes, which are prevented from bursting by reservoirs at short distances. Quite dark before reaching Innsbruck. Finding the coupé of the diligence to Botzen engaged, we have hired a carriage and three horses for thirty florins; the owner agreeing to pay all expenses and take us to Botzen in two days. We find the hotel—Goldene Sonne—a good one, with a head-waiter who speaks English well, and through whom all our business was done.

"Oct. 28th, *Innsbruck*. Looking from our chamber windows this morning, we saw the mountains high above yet seeming very near us, covered with snow. Strolled through the city. Came to the cathedral, which contains a large number of colossal statues of the Hapsburg family. Turning from these bronze figures, we saw one in marble of a modern hero who had no connection with royalty. It is that of Andreas Hofer, the famous leader of the Tyrolese in their wars to repel the invasions of the French and Bavarians, from 1805 to 1809. He was an innkeeper, who, being stirred by the invasion of his country, and possessing a rude eloquence, aroused the whole people, who fought with great courage and skill until overpowered by numbers. He is in peasant costume, and unfurling a flag whilst addressing the people. Shame that such a man should have been murdered!—betrayed to the enemies of his country by a former friend!

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"As we drove out of the town, the sun shone on the tops of the mountains, from six to eight thousand feet above the houses, between whose roofs and the glittering snow above floated a light cloud, giving a view of such a landscape as is seldom seen. Could an artist seize such a prospect as we had before us as we ascended the mountain and transfer it to canvas, he would have a painting unsurpassed.

"We passed from this scene of impressive beauty to others of wild grandeur. Snow-covered mountains all day in view. Occasionally a few solitary habitations,* some villages, and many wayside shrines, but little cultivation. The larger proportion of sheep are jet black, the goats invariably brown. The amount of merchandise travel over this pass is enormous. We have seen during the day some thirty huge wagons drawn by from eight to twelve horses. The probabilities are that before two years the construction of the railroad to connect Botzen and Venice will be completed. Whatever sum the road may cost will be amply repaid by its earnings, and it will cause Venice to arise and

1865. approach to her former commercial importance, by opening
 all Northern Germany to her trade.

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[We stopped at Steinach to lunch. Then continuing to ascend, we reached the summit of the pass at the village of Brenner, four thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. We did not quite get up into the region of the snows; they lay above us; but a sprinkling of snow was still by the roadside, with a bright sun shining upon it, lending warmth and lustre.]

"One of the most pleasing objects on the summit of the road was a stream on one side—the Sill—hurrying to the Danube, and on the other a tumbling torrent, which soon became the swift-flowing Eisach."

It was not until seven that we arrived at Mittenwald, and found more decent accommodations than we had anticipated in this wild mountain-den. The very rough and unfurnished lower story being filled with wild-looking peasants and wagoners drinking and smoking, we were glad to find a small chamber, to which they brought us our tea, with a large dish of delicious salmon-trout caught in the clear, cold Eisach, which goes roaring below our windows.

"Oct. 29th. The day being so fine, after riding for an hour we stopped near the fort called Franzensfeste, and had the carriage opened to enable us fully to gaze on the mountains above and all around us. The valley widened until after we passed Brixen, famous for its election of Guibert in opposition to Gregory VII., for its convents and nunneries. Vines began to appear as we passed this place. Stopped to feed horses at Klausen, which has but one narrow street, between the overhanging mountains and the river. Above this town is a rock seven hundred feet high, projecting over the river, almost inaccessible, on which stands the nunnery of Seben,—it is said on the site of a temple of Isis,—to which is attached the story of a nun who, to preserve her

vow unbroken during the French invasion, threw herself from these rocks. I walked up a glen behind this rock for some distance, and do not recollect ever passing through a wilder spot. All the way to Botzen the valley is very narrow, and at frequent intervals snow-clad summits of still higher mountains raised their heads in full view. From Kollmann the valley became even more narrow, and the rocks more abrupt, compelling the railroad to pass by tunnels from one point to another to preserve its course. Met two droves of fat cattle, and the same great number of heavy wagons.

"Oct. 30th. Find Botzen in the midst of mountains, having only the opening for the rivers that, uniting, form the Adige. Vines are again cultivated in profusion. Regret the road does not run so as to permit us to see the old city of Trent, where the Council formerly sat, or that of Roveredo, the great place for throstling silk.

"Compelled to wait two hours at Verona, we visited the old Roman amphitheatre, and partially examined the strong fortifications of the city.

"The country between Verona and Venice is flat and rich; planted with mulberries and sown with wheat. Passed the city of Vicenza, famous for its palaces and for its architect Palladio, who built so many of them.

"Nov. 2d, Venice. Yesterday was All-Saints' day. The shops were shut, and it was expected every one would go to church. To-day is All-Souls' day. Many old people and children sitting in the streets with saucers in their hands, in which they desire every one to drop a trifle. To do so is considered an act of merit."

This is too unique and fascinating a city, and with too many objects of novelty and interest, for me to attempt to say anything more of them than that we tried to grasp and enjoy as many as we could. We left with regret the Hôtel Danieli

1865. on the morning of November 4th for Milan, staying there
until the 7th, when we went to Genoa and visited some of
its palaces and other objects of interest.

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Nov. 11th, Geneva. Here we are again, having fallen back on this base of our affections, and record with gratitude that we find our dear ones very happy and very well.

Yesterday morning we left Turin at 5.40 for Susa, where we found a carriage ready to convey us over Mont Cenis. We set out with two horses, four mules, and two men, one of them leading or guiding the mules. They were changed twice before we reached the summit, the road being very steep and snow-clogged. Snow above us, beneath us, around us, everywhere. It was a gloriously beautiful sight. The skies were of the deepest blue, pure and cloudless, save where one cloud, as white as the snow-drifts themselves, spanned the blue vault and rested on two mountain-peaks, looking like a connecting bridge for ethereal beings to pass over; while, in addition to all other glories, the bright sun beamed radiantly upon all. It made us almost think of the New Jerusalem.

During the day we saw many persons with goitres. Also many houses of refuge, small places where poor travellers may find shelter. Near the summit is the Grand Hospice, originally founded by Charlemagne, who in the ninth century crossed Mont Cenis with an army. It is occupied partly by Benedictine monks, and partly by carbineers, and is surrounded by a long stretch of low, loop-holed wall for the defence of the pass. On the summit, six thousand feet above the sea, it was very cold, with a biting wind. We descended rapidly with locked wheels, one pair of horses soon taking us below the snow-line. The deep precipices reminded us of those dimly seen on the memorable night when we made the grand Simplon Pass. We arrived at the miserable hotel at St. Michel at eight in the evening, having been ten and a half hours on the road; and were glad to leave it at five this morning for this place, where we

arrived at noon, and soon had our children, and large packages of papers and welcome letters from home.

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"*Nov. 12th.* It is uncomfortably cold to-day. The wind called 'bise' is blowing from the north. The people think it purifies the air of the city, and, as proof, say the cholera has never been here. A belief in its healthiness is shown by the great number of strangers waiting here for the disappearance of cholera from their various points of destination.

"I am surprised that there is a general election going on here to-day. The reason given for holding it on Sunday is, that it enables the people from the country to come in who could not do so on a work-day.

"*Nov. 21st.* Our children spent the evening with us as usual. I walked to their home with them, and bade good-bye to all. The visit to this place has been a pleasant rest after our constant travel. Julia and Stuart have enjoyed being with us, and Dr. D'Aubigné's family have been particularly polite and kind.

"*Nov. 22d.* On leaving Geneva we soon enter the Jura, running for many miles very near the Rhone, and see it flowing with great rapidity between the hills. It is extremely crooked, and so narrow it looked as if I might jump over it. Near Belgarde it is for a few minutes hidden, and is called the 'Perte du Rhône.' The flat ground of the whole region through which we have passed seems to be half of round pebbles, and the deep cuts of the railroad show the same kind of composition.

"*Nov. 25th.* Leaving Lyons to-day, the ride has been in the valley of the Rhone; hills on each side, rising sometimes to the dignity of mountains. A striking peculiarity of the land in the valley is the large mass of rolled and gravel stones. Occasionally a narrow strip of heavy fertile land. Although the vine grows in the most gravelly soil, its growth is tardy and the plant small, but the quality of the wine good when the hill-side upon which it grows is

1865. south. Before we came to Orange, from which town the
Æt. 66. Prince of Orange took his name, the olive-tree began to
appear. At Avignon we find them loaded with fruit.

"*Nov. 26th, Nismes.* Walked to the new Palace of Justice, to the old amphitheatre supposed to have been built by Antoninus Pius, which, having been repaired, looks as if it may last for two thousand years more. Went to the Maison Carrée, Temple of Diana, and other objects of interest. Took cars for Montpellier. Flat country, cultivated with olives and vine. In this region the muscat wine is made. Stopped at Cette to see the American consul and get the visé of the Spanish consul upon our passport; bought some wine, and went on to Narbonne.

"*Nov. 29th, Toulouse.* Much pleased with the valley through which we rode to-day; a very populous part of Languedoc. On each side a range of stony hills, and on the sides of the hills many villages. The region is historic, beginning with the Romans, whose first Cæsar stationed his famous tenth legion at Narbonne, and passing on to the time of Simon Montferrat, who murdered the Albigenses almost to depopulating the town, and Marshal Villiers, who destroyed the Camisards who ventured to disagree with the Pope. Saw many persons busy cutting and tying the trimmings of the vines into bundles for fuel.

"Passed the Languedoc Canal several times in the route, and with no appearance of commerce after leaving Cette. It must pay a poor interest on its cost. Arrived at Toulouse before five. Stopped at Hôtel Souville, on the public square.

"*Nov. 30th.* Drove for some distance along the canal, a fine sample of navigation, but without boats. The river Garonne is dammed at the town, and gives a large power. The cathedral is a large old church with a costly altar-piece, representing the stoning of St. Stephen. Several groups of children, perhaps two hundred in all, belonging to its parish, were being instructed in their religious duties; each

class by two young priests in a familiar and affectionate manner." 1865.

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The Hôtel-de-Ville, or capitol, is a modern building. A long room on the first floor is called La Salle des Illustres, where the worthies of Toulouse, with a few not born here, have the honor to have their busts placed, with some laudatory comments on tablets beneath them, ranged in rows of niches around the walls. Count Raimond is there, of course; so is Pierre Paul Riquet, engineer of the Canal du Midi, that connects the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, P. Fermat, inventor of the calculus, lawyers, divines, etc. Perhaps this is a good thing, this deliberate post-mortem examination of a man's virtues and attainments, and this award placed upon them by his fellows. Constituted as human nature is, it forms doubtless a great incentive to the cultivation both of mind and morals.

In another room in this house we saw a statue of Clémence Isaure, and a fine oil-painting of this former celebrity of Languedoc, representing her on a dais, with troubadours, minstrels, and poets around her, bestowing the prize of a golden flower.

In this hall are still held the meetings of the "Société des Jeux Floraux," that, originating in the time of the Troubadours, tradition says was founded by this lady, a native of Toulouse, A.D. 1333. A delicate sprig of a rose and leaves in gold, and in a golden vase, such as she was used to confer on successful aspirants for the palm of poesy and song, is shown through the guard of a glass case.

She seems to be rather a mythical lady, this Clémence Isaure; not so the society. They still hold their May festival at the church of La Dorade, where she is said to be buried, and still distribute the prizes of flowers in gold and silver to such as excel in these soft luxurious arts.

Visited the museum with interest; many Roman remains there. Also the Palais de Justice. Urged by our valet-de-

1865. place, we entered a small church where once the Inquisition stood, and there saw what, often heard of, we had never before seen. A figure enveloped in flowing robes of white woollen, kneeling before the altar, so motionless, so breathless, it seemed to me a ghost, whilst my husband thought it a dressed-up lay figure placed there for effect. Long we watched it. At last it sneezed. The step from the sublime was taken: this touch of nature proclaimed its human kinship. Satisfied in this, we went our way, questioning our guide, who told us that day and night such a figure is ever there; at the expiration of each allotted term—two hours, I think—she is relieved by another sister coming noiselessly in to continue the ceaseless vigil.

“*Dec. 1st.* Left Toulouse for Pau between nine and ten this morning, by rail as far as Montréjeau, where we took diligence for Tarbes, and thence to Pau, having a moonlight ride, and, after some difficulty in finding lodgings, were comfortably established before midnight at Hôtel de la Poste.

We remained at Pau for three weeks, having the most complete rest enjoyed anywhere during our absence from home. Your father found a horse that suited him, and rode daily, sometimes twice a day. I found Lafond's library, from which books could be hired, and with them and some feminine occupations was satisfied. There is but little for the mere sight-seer here. The snow-capped Pyrenees are always in view; as is from most points the old castle—overlooking the river Gave—in which Henry of Navarre was born. These are the greatest objects of interest: though much amusement is to be found in studying the various picturesque costumes of the peasants of this district and from the Spanish border, who come to this town to make sales to the large number of visitors generally here for health. We have found it much colder than we had sup-

posed from its being such a resort for consumptive invalids: sometimes white frost and mercury below freezing-point; but the absence of strong winds, from its mountain surroundings, we think its great recommendation.

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"*Dec. 21st.* From Pau took the railroad down the valley of the Gave, passing many old towns. The lands of the valley are rich, being limestone. Much wheat grown. At Bayonne, walked with wife through the city and on the ramparts, along the bank of the river, and half around the town, looking at its very strong fortifications; being a double line of earthwork, and a double ditch. Found the old cathedral also quite worthy of a visit.

"*Dec. 23d.* Left Bayonne at six, yesterday morning, in the train for Madrid. On passing the Spanish frontier our carpet-bags were slightly examined, and trunks sent on to Madrid. Burgos and Valladolid, the largest cities on the route, we passed during the night, all of which we spent in the cars. Awoke in the morning to the sight of rough hills covered with boulders; some slightly cultivated spots.

"Pretty soon after sunrise saw the Escorial standing solitary among the hills. As we approached Madrid, the surface became level and cultivation general. It was the slowest railroad travel we have had, four hundred and twenty miles in twenty-eight hours. [Have a fine look-out on the Puerta del Sol, the great thoroughfare of the city, and where idle Madrilenians love to smoke and lounge.]

"*Dec. 25th.* Called on Mr. Hale, the American Minister, and had a frank conversation with him on many subjects. He spoke freely of his old associates in Congress. My wife not being well, I asked him about a doctor. His reply was, 'Tell Mrs. Wood not to see a doctor. We have a proverbial saying here that he and the undertaker should be sent for at the same time.'

"*Dec. 28th.* To the Escorial. This immense pile of stone recalls the temple of Karnac, not from any likeness other

1865. than the amount of granite in both. The building is almost
Æt. 66. entirely of that stone, of a coarse kind, and rather light in
color. I was much impressed with the space of the church
and the size of the columns; nothing that I have seen in the
shape of columns equals them in dimension, and their great
massiveness renders you less conscious of their great height.
Descended into the vault containing the tombs of the kings
from Charles V. to Ferdinand VII. The coffins are placed
on shelves of stone ranged around the vault. There are
yet a number of empty ones awaiting royal occupants.

"Saw in the library a magnificent copy of the Koran,
with many other books richly and elegantly written before
the time of printing.

"*Dec. 29th.* Spent the morning in museum with my wife;
much gratified and interested by the paintings of Murillo,
Raphael, Velasquez, and some others that are here.

"*Dec. 31st, Sunday.* Went to church at English Embassy,
public Protestant worship being forbidden in this city. A
neatly-arranged room. About sixty persons present, and an
excellent sermon from Mr. Campbell, from the text, 'Ye
cannot serve two masters.'"

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Jan. 1st, 1866. Your father says, "I paid our passage by railroad and diligence from Madrid to Cordova, to leave at nine this evening."

To meet these cars we left a sumptuous and ornamental dinner, given, in accordance with the New-Year-day custom, to the guests of this *Fonda de Paris*, without charge to them; champagne and other wines freely offered with it. Care was also taken to provide for the boarders their distinctive national dishes: roast beef and plum-pudding for the English; turkey, and an attempt at mince-pie, for the few representatives of our own dear land.

We were fortunately alone in the cars until after midnight, when we were obliged to change and wait in a crowded "*fonda*" until nearly three for a train from Alicante, which, with Spanish irregularity, was long behind time.

Took cars again as far as Almoradiel, and then the coupé of a diligence with one other passenger in it. With nine mules, and one horse on which the postilion rode, we soon began the ascent of the Sierra Morena, a barren, rugged mountain, rich in lead ore; some of the furnaces we passed sending forth light columns of smoke. We also saw much ore going to be smelted, carried on the backs of mules, as are also casks of wine and many other things for the transportation of which in other countries wheel-carriages are employed. Olive-orchards are almost without number, sometimes surrounded by hedges of the cactus. Trees loaded with fruit. Some of it, ripe and as dark in color as a damson plum, we saw in large coarse baskets also on the backs of mules, going to be expressed for oil.

Owing to the unsettled state of the country, our route

1866. this morning was patrolled by a military guard, who in pairs
Æt. 66. were met at intervals of a mile or two. In the early afternoon we again took the train, and arrived at Cordova at eight in the evening. Drove through streets just wide enough for the omnibus to pass without breaking the windows on either side, and before nine were at the Hôtel Rizzi, a quaint, Moorish-looking house, with its open quadrangular court, and arcades supported by columns running around it. A central fountain surrounded by flowers reminded us of Damascus on a small scale. Murray—to whom we are indebted for this sort of information—tells us that Cordova, as a Roman town, resisted the Goths until A.D. 572. Gothic Cordova was taken by the Moors, and became an appanage to the Khalifat of Damascus, but in 756 it declared itself independent, and under Abdurrahman became the capital of the Moorish empire in Spain, the rival of Bagdad and Damascus. Thence its resemblance in so many respects to Eastern cities.

Its day of greatness has long since passed away. It numbers now only sixty thousand inhabitants. The chief business is making shoes, preparing olives for the home and foreign markets, and kegs to hold them: so that shoe-maker- and cooper-shops, though on a small scale, are very numerous.

The houses make no outward show, but glimpses through the iron-latticed doors of some of them speak of comfort and even elegance within. The greatest object of interest to a traveller is the cathedral, formerly the mezquita, or mosque, of the Moors. It is approached through a spacious garden, with a few palm- and many large orange- and lemon-trees laden with fruit. A basin and a fountain are also there, to meet the requirements of a religion that calls for many ablutions. From this charming garden you raise the curtain and enter the most unique of buildings. The area it covers is about three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. The roof is low in proportion, not more than thirty-

six feet high. Some one thousand columns, scarce any two alike, divide this space into many aisles, longitudinal and transverse, with low, round Moorish arches, displaying fine Saracenic carving, resting upon them. Some of these columns are of porphyry and various rare and costly marbles. They have been borrowed or stolen from all the ancient edifices open to their depredations,—relics of Rome, Carthage, Constantinople, etc.,—Europe, Asia, and Africa all contributing to the wealth of carving and rare marbles exhibited here.

Left Cordova, in the evening, for Seville. In the cars we were pleasantly addressed by a gentleman, apparently English, who told us he was the Russian consul at Gibraltar, and gave us much information.

On the day after our arrival at Seville, a letter was addressed by your father to Mr. T. Robins :

"My DEAR SIR,—Here in this old city of the Romans, Goths, and Moors, I have the pleasure to reply to your favor of Nov. 26th. I little thought when I first knew you that I should ever address you as the head of a leading moneyed institution, helping to guide the financial movements of our great country, from a nation whose progress has been relatively downward for centuries, and even at this time is without a check to that momentum.

"It was one of the dreams of my early youth, that if I should ever become the happy possessor of twenty thousand dollars, I would retire to my native village on the Cohansey, and there hold the position of a rich man in the community; and I have no doubt that when you left the home of your birth, the vision of a return to the genial clime of Maryland laden with honors haunted your imagination. How little we know what is before us! You now are filling a post of high trust, and I am wandering, not idly, through regions whose histories look back for thirty centuries.

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1866. "It was said by a witty author that a Spaniard prayed
Æt. 66. to the angel who had charge of his country that he would
send it a good government. But the angel replied, 'That
was a petition he could not grant; for, having given it a
fruitful soil, a balmy atmosphere, and the beauty of a
garden, if a good government was added, heaven would be
deserted, and Spain would be the Paradise.'

"Whether the good government was withheld by the
angel or by the ignorance and the pride of man, is a ques-
tion that moralists may decide. Certain it is that a nation
which, three hundred years ago, held the highest position
among the powers of Europe, has fallen to the lowest.
Philip II. ruled the whole Peninsula and the Netherlands,
his sway extending largely over the American continent.
His cruelty cost him his northern inheritance, and with the
Armada was lost much of the treasures of Mexico and Peru.
He has scarcely had a successor wiser than himself; and
now a nation with a territory yet almost as large as France,
and much larger than Great Britain, has a population of less
than fifteen millions, and a revenue not equal to its annual
expenditure.

"Its degradation was not caused by the original infirmity
of its people, but by its rulers and its faith. The monarch
established the Inquisition, which crushed all vigor of
thought, the triumph of the hierarchy destroyed freedom
of opinion, and its naturally sprightly peasant became the
slave of superstition, and only considered himself safe from
the fires of purgatory by his devoted worship of the Virgin,
forgetting his duty to his God.

"Had the mission of Luther been granted to Spain, she
would yet have stood prominent among civilized nations.
As we entered Spain from its northeast corner, and have
nearly reached its southwest, I have seen full evidence of
the opinions I have given.

"The road from Bayonne passes over the Pyrenees, bare
and barren, but with valleys naturally fruitful. Were they

in the hands of the Swiss, they would be covered with forests where too steep for cultivation, whilst the valleys would be covered with fields of grain or teeming with flocks of cattle. 1866.
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"Some miles from Madrid we passed the Escorial, a vast building, uniting church, palace, and monastery, also the burial-place of the kings. It was built by the monkish Philip II., at a cost of fifty million dollars, which should have been spent in covering his country with roads and canals. I visited its gloomy chambers, now occupied by a few priests, it being only used by the monarch about two days in a year while he lives, its great doors opening to receive his body when he ceases to do so. It is some three thousand feet above the sea, a desolate-looking little village around it.

"Except for the cold of Madrid and the scanty supply of fuel, a traveller could pass a few days in its picture-galleries with pleasure. We often saw Mr. Hale, our ambassador, there, who seems to enjoy his position.

"Your remarks in reference to the financial state of the country gave me much pleasure, and I have since read, with great interest, the message of the President, and the expanded report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The President, I think, has shown great sagacity in his communication to Congress. I equally approve the report of Mr. McCulloch, though I think he does not look forward to the decrease of the national debt so rapidly as you suggest. Since the debt has been incurred, and must be sustained, and paid at all events, it will be unwise to press upon the people and withdraw from the capital in trade a sum that might check its progress. Fifty million dollars a year I think would be reduction enough. England has hardly reduced hers that amount a year during fifty years of great prosperity.

"The prices you name are not much higher than now prevail in Europe. The charges of hotels in Madrid exceed

1866. those in Philadelphia. Ten dollars per day for myself and
ET. 66. wife for board and apartments; fuel one dollar per day;
and this is lower than in London, Paris, or Egypt.

"I was glad to have your account of the bank, and hope ere another six months to see it in its new dress; but I cannot cipher how you could get the discount you name with a line rarely above five million. The charter, I think, precludes more than six per cent. But I suppose I must have forgotten bank arithmetic."

We made a transient visit to the celebrated cathedral. It is built on the site of a mosque which had stood there from A.D. 1163. In 1480 it was torn down to give place to this solemn pile,—the greatest of the kind in Spain. A priest politely invited us to enter the sacristy, where we found old books, massive silver candlesticks, and some pictures reputed fine. He also showed us the Sala Capitular, a circular chamber lighted by a glass dome, in which the priests meet for elections, etc. Here were several paintings of Murillo's, and the likenesses of Santas Justina and Rufina, much revered at Seville, they having the Giralda under their peculiar care. They are said to have scared away his Satanic Majesty when he came to let loose the winds to fight against the church. These young girls were daughters of a potter of Seville: they refused to assist in some heathen sacrifice, and, being martyred and canonized, are now called "The Divæ." The Giralda, over which they are reputed to keep watch and ward, is worthy of all care. Originally a minaret connected with the neighboring mosque, from which the muezzin summoned the faithful to prayer, it was but two hundred and fifty feet in height; one hundred additional feet were added A.D. 1568, greatly improving its appearance, which was too massive for its height. The old bells, baptized in oil, are still in use. The pinnacle is crowned by a vane called *El Girandillo*, a female figure representing "Faith." The figure is

fourteen feet high, and, although it weighs two thousand eight hundred pounds, it turns with the slightest breeze.

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From this point we took a long walk, resting in a public garden, where the hedges were of the euonymus, looking very fresh and bright. Saw the large palace of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, built of curious-looking pink brick. A massive entrance, marble columns, emblematic figures, etc. In the rear was an extensive garden, containing some noble palms, and a profusion of orange- and lemon-trees loaded with fruit, which a number of men, women, and children were employed in sorting, wrapping in paper, and boxing for exportation.

On the Guadalquivir we found a good deal of shipping, vessels of such description as trade to England, etc. There is also a line of steamers from here to Cadiz.

Tried chocolate to-day for the first time in Spain; found it peculiarly rich and nice. Instead of the large cup, however, which they gave us in France, or the mug which might have been shared with several persons, as in Germany, they brought us a little cup about double the size of those tiny things our great-grandmothers used to take their precious tea from in old colonial and high-duty times.

Friday, Jan. 5th, Seville. Rain during the night and early morning, merged into a fine, mild day. Find our hotel well kept and clean. The court in the centre of the house is paved with marble; a fountain in the middle constantly flowing makes it rather damp and chilly, a feeling somewhat dissipated by the large wood fire in the adjoining dining-room.

Our first visit this morning was to the museum. It is undergoing repairs, which has caused a great number of the pictures to be removed from their places. Those of Murillo were in a room not adapted to showing them to advantage. One represents the Virgin as floating in the clouds in the attitude of receiving the Infant, who is being held up towards her by St. Felix, full of life and reality.

1866. Another, a small one, of the Conception, once a gem of
Æt. 66. the Capuchin Convent, represents the Virgin surrounded by stars and upborne by angels; the same illusion of floating in an atmosphere of light and glory is here seen.

Saw also a few pictures from the hand of Murillo's master, John of Castile.

We next visited the town hall, an interesting edifice, that looks, externally, old enough to belong to Moorish times; within, the whole effect of seats covered with crimson plush, etc., gives the impression that modern comforts are fully appreciated by the care-takers of the good city of Seville.

Went to the Exchange. A statue leaning on a globe stands in the centre of a large marble-paved court, which, like all others here, is open above; around it are arcades with marble columns, and many seats between. A library is connected with the building.

In passing the house No. 84 Calle St. Vincent, as is usual, the heavy outer door was open which leads into the large marble-paved entrance-court,—*el zaguan*, or vestibule,—through which you pass to the *cancel*, a latticed iron door, which opens into the *patio*, or court-yard, which here was very large. In the *corredores* around it were attractive pictures. A servant politely invited us to enter, giving us an opportunity of seeing through open doors a library, cloak-rooms, and some of the offices which opened into the lower *corredor*; also a marble stairway leading to the rooms above. A gratifying interior view.

Unexpectedly, as we paused to look into one of these beautiful *patios*, frequently adorned with flowers and fountains, we saw the arms of the United States brightly painted upon the ceiling of the entrance. This was the first intimation that we had of our having an official representative of our country in this place. The consul, unfortunately, was not in the bureau. His name, we learned, is Cunningham, and that he has for thirty years filled this post.

The crowning work of the morning—mornings are long when we do not dine till past five o'clock—was our visit to the Alcazar, "*al Kâsar*," the "house of Cæsar," so named as it occupies the site of the dwelling of the Roman prætor, an early patron of Seville. It was built in the tenth century, and is thoroughly Moorish, with its tiled pavements and its wonderful arabesque walls, doors, and ceilings. The palace is built round courts, which are numerous and adorned with many fountains. Everywhere you find beautiful and delicate painting mixed with carvings, some of the latter resembling fine lace-work. Our guide complains of the modernizing it has experienced at the hands of different sovereigns while making repairs. To me it is a matter of astonishment how any of these people could have lived here among so much cold brick and tile and marble, crimson and blue and gold and glitter,—sultans sleeping in one dark marble apartment, and sultanas in an adjoining one. Could they have conceived themselves comfortable? Just as difficult would it be to avoid enjoying the gardens, somewhat stiff in design though they are, where the myrtle and orange hedges are ever green, where bananas hang in large, ripening clusters, where Catalonian jasmines luxuriantly bloom upon the walls, and heliotropes, scarlet salvias, daturas, roses, etc., seem bent on showing their beauty and filling the air with their perfume. The loaded orange-trees cast their golden fruit in profusion around; our guide frequently picking them from the ground, and washing them in one of the many fountains, would break them in half and present them to us, saying, "*dulce*," "*buono!*" Generally they were very *dulce*; sometimes, as with other things bright and fair, disappointment came with them.

Among the novelties which we saw here were the jets of water which spurted up in profusion in the paths and elsewhere when turned on by some secret contrivance. This net-work of pipe is in many cases as old as the times of the Moors, who, true to the customs of their mother-land,

1866. delighted in water, and introduced it wherever they carried
their civilization.

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Jan. 6th. Morning cloudy, without any mist. We concluded to avail ourselves of this condition of the weather and ascend the Giralda. Instead of steps, the ascent was by an easy pathway, turning thirty-five times round the tower. As we stood under the great bell of the clock, the hour of twelve struck, and at the same moment the sun burst forth, lighting the view beneath and around. A very narrow stair leads to the topmost balcony, and from thence the windings of the Guadalquivir, the mass of houses, the huge tobacco-manufactory (six hundred and sixty-two by five hundred and twenty-four feet), the Plaza de Toros, the Alcazar, etc., formed a most interesting panorama. We were much struck by the seeming absence of private gardens and of streets, both being on too small a scale to be visible from such a height. The roofs of the houses are of tiles, that of the cathedral is chiefly of brick.

This has been a fête-day,—that of the three kings, we are told. Many persons, therefore, were in the cathedral, into which we looked for a few minutes to see the effect of the sunlight streaming through the glass of the southwestern windows, casting rich colors and beautiful shadows on the floors and pillars.

Drove outside of the city gates to *La Caridad*, a hospital designed for old men, though now somewhat diverted from its original purpose. In the chapel are some of the most beautiful of Murillo's paintings. A large picture of Christ feeding the multitude in the wilderness, and a companion opposite, of Moses striking water from the rock. Painted expressly for the positions they occupy, and admirably adapted to an institution where to supply the wants of the needy is the aim.

An Annunciation very similar to one in Madrid, and a most exquisite child, a St. John feeding a lamb, were also Murillo's, and gave us much pleasure.

The devotion of "the Sister" our cicerone was extreme. She knelt with her rosary whilst we examined these pictures,—I presume, however, at the same time having one eye on us, as, without rising from her knees, she held out her hand for the expected gratuity as we passed her when leaving.

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Jan. 7th, Sunday. Four p.m. A fine bright day. Brought the thermometer in from the warm, sunny corner of our window, and found it risen to 115°. Having now lain in the shade of our parlor for some minutes, it has gone down to 63°. A few hours hence it will be five degrees lower, and then we shall rub our hands and wish for fire,—the appliances for which are all that is needed to make this one of the most attractive places of winter residence.

Walked this morning through the Jews' quarter, narrow streets formerly inhabited by that race. Here it was that Murillo lived and executed those grand works of art that have made his name famous. We observed a fine large *patio*, with many paintings around the *corredor*, and, while looking in, saw a servant-maid entering. I felt quite reluctant to turn from a house so attractive, and was much pleased, after we had gone a short distance, to have a man-servant come after us with an invitation from his master to return and see the house, which we found within as well as without, up-stairs and down, completely lined with pictures. Some we thought good, especially a Christ of Murillo, kept under glass; a Virgin whose eyes seemed swimming in tears, etc.; but the mass were mediocre. The rooms up-stairs formed a most comfortable suite. They were very simply furnished with old-fashioned sofas, and chairs covered with white muslin trimmed with heavy edging. The carpets were Brussels, quiet in color, and made square, with a border of crimson cloth about two feet wide around them. A few tables and an antique cabinet, with a well-filled book-case or two, was all the furniture of three communicating rooms. They overlooked a garden with numer-

1866. ous orange-trees loaded with fruit, etc. We were invited to
 Et. 66. go into it, but declined. The library had not the cheerless
 look which I had attributed to the interiors of the houses
 of Seville. On the hearth blazed a good wood fire, by
 which sat a long-robed priest, who seemed to have entered
 the apartment since our host had left it, from the way in
 which he met and greeted him. A large library-table,
 covered with books, papers, and writing conveniences,
 graced one end of the room, whilst as much of the wall
 as was not covered with paintings was lined with well-
 filled book-cases. Glancing over their contents, it was
 with delight that my eye rested on a set of well-bound vol-
 umes, ten in number, lettered on the back "*Sainte Bible*."
 This we thought a great thing for Spain, and we were alto-
 gether highly gratified by our visit to the house of Don
 Jacobo Lopez Cepero, which we think is the house in which
 Murillo died, though the servant we brought from Pau that
 he might speak Spanish for us, we find, understands the
 language so imperfectly that we cannot rely on information
 obtained through him. A great many ladies in the street
 to-day, all wearing the universal mantilla, many of them of
 considerable beauty. Of the lower classes, a large propor-
 tion of the men, women, and boys might pass for mulattoes
 with us.

Went into the cathedral; found it very interesting, but it
 is so vast and gorgeous that no attempt of mine to describe
 it could convey a just idea of the reality. I think there are
 thirty-four large columns twelve feet in diameter at base,
 and merging into the roof without any distinct capital. The
 arches are Gothic, the ceiling plain, except about the centre,
 where it is of fretted work, looking something like the
 cathedral of Milan.

Saw with some emotion the slab of marble in the floor,
 near the west end of the northern aisle, that covers the
 remains of "Fernando Colon" (Columbus), son of the great
 discoverer.

After our return we were attracted to the window by the sound of music, but could see only a crowd. Soon learned that a life-sized image of the Virgin, wondrously bedecked and bespangled, was being paraded through the streets,—a compliment in return for her having stayed the cholera that some two months since had carried off hundreds daily.

We find many here who think that had the queen shown herself during the recent visitation of this disease in her capital, instead of remaining at her country residence, her waning popularity might have been a little bolstered up, and the present *émeute* at Madrid deferred. Two thousand troops were sent to-day from this place, and regular communication and transmission of letters between this and the capital are suspended.

The people here do not seem the least excited. I overheard some gentlemen say that they did not feel interest enough to inquire for news. True, all that comes is for official persons, who give or withhold whatever suits their purpose. Bribery and corruption, with misrule, superstition, and priestcraft, seem to have destroyed the life of the nation. This sunny land, which ought to be a very Eden of gladness and fertility, is filled with discontent and barrenness.

The displacement of the queen, and the appointment of a regency in the name of her young son, are the remedial measures now suggested. It is said that the royal lady, having proved how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," would willingly remove it from hers were she not prevented by her priestly advisers, who are unwilling to relinquish the power they wield through her weakness.

Jan. 8th. Sunny day, bright blue sky. The tinkling of mule-bells is heard incessantly as they wend their way through the open space on which this fonda stands, at the corner of the Calle Encomienda and Plaza de la Magdalena.

In the centre of the Plaza is a marble basin of some size, with a fountain constantly flowing into and out of it. It is

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1866. ÆT. 66. planted with numerous orange-trees, not large in size, their trunks and lower branches being here as elsewhere swathed in narrow strips of soft and pliant matting. This is used to protect the bark from animals and other accidents,—the frost-king, perhaps; for, though they do not acknowledge it in this part of Andalusia, he must, I think, sometimes assert himself here.

We expected to leave this old place to-day. Its early history is so little known that its foundation is ascribed to Hispan and Hercules. Its original name is believed to have been Hispal, and if not Iberian, is thought to have been a Phœnician settlement. By the Romans its name was changed to Hispalis, of which the Moors made Ishbilliah, whence came Sibia, and then Sevilla. It was a favorite of Julius Cæsar, who made his capital here, calling it his Romula, or little Rome. Until the sixth century it was the capital of the Goths, then for five hundred and thirty-six years it was in possession of the Moors, and was captured from them by St. Ferdinand, who died here in 1252. He divided the houses and lands among his soldiery, and it is said many families can still trace their titles and possessions to this partition. St. Ferdinand gave the city for its arms his own figure, supported by San Isidoro and San Laureano, archbishops, who exercised large influence here, and still hold a foremost rank among its patron saints. The archbishopric is still of extended power, having for suffragans Malaga, Cadiz, Canary Islands, and Teneriffe.

In the civil wars that ensued on the demise of St. Ferdinand, Seville alone remained true to his son, Alonzo el Sabio, or the Learned. He gave it the badge NO 8 DO, which, seeing painted over entrance-gates, etc., we were long in understanding. It is called El No do, and means, "It has *not* deserted me"—No m'ha deja do. The three words, m'ha deja, in old Spanish mean a knot. A rebus.

But to return to my subject. Your father calling on the banker named in one of his letters of credit to obtain money,

found the house closed, and was informed that it was insolvent. He then called on the banker named in his letter from Paris, saw him, and learned from himself that he had suspended also. A curious coincidence, and the first time any banking difficulty has occurred. To call on the United States consul was the resource. On Saturday he did so, and found the bureau closed for the fête; no business to be done till this morning. He has just returned, having had a satisfactory interview with our Scotch representative here. And now, provided amply for our wants, we design leaving to-morrow for Cadiz.

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Evening. Have been visiting the Grand Market, where once stood a monastery, within whose outer walls the stalls and various divisions of meat-, fruit-, and vegetable-vendors are now arranged. Such piles of oranges!—tomatoes and potatoes, too, are seldom seen in such abundance in our markets. They form the main supply; mingled with them are sweet potatoes, huge chestnuts, onions, garlic, etc. Some fine apples we saw, but they are not much cultivated here.

Our next visit after this long walk was to the university. In the chapel there are several large old paintings over the altar and elsewhere, having some reputation. We also saw many monuments of the family of Ponce de Leon, who are buried here.

Made our last visit to the cathedral. The bells were ringing for vespers as we went in, and whilst we were there we heard the organ occasionally accompanying the chants. I was glad to hear it even in this imperfect manner, as it has much reputation, and is said to have five thousand pipes, and one hundred and ten stops more than the famous one of Haarlem. I noticed more particularly than before some of the old glass windows, and observed on the one that exhibits the conversion of St. Paul the date of 1560, and on that of Justina and Rufina, supporting the Giralda tower, that of 1665. The number of gilded altars is wonderful.

Thus ends our visit to bright Seville. We have much

1866. ^{ÆT. 66.} admired the beauty of her women: it justifies their reputation. The universal adoption of black in their costume is very becoming to them. The management of colors they do not seem to understand. May they long wear the mantilla, which so suits and displays their charms! One bonnet I saw this evening, the only one, save my own, I have seen *worn here*. One solitary thing of that kind I saw in a window where modes de Paris were announced.

Everything in the shops savors of Paris and London. There seems to be nothing peculiar to the place. I have sought in vain for souvenirs, and have found only a few photographs. Still, Seville will not be forgotten, with its many things of interest; among them, its profusion of red marble wrought into so many exquisite columns, its white houses, and in the best parts of the town its clean streets, which, with their large flat stones, makes walking in them a pleasure. To this universal whitewashing and cleansing, rather than to the good offices of any other Virgins than those of the brush, should due thanks be rendered that the cholera was stayed.

The sweet potato abounds here; not used as a vegetable, I am told, but manufactured into some sort of sweets, and also made into a drink. A good-sized one bought by my husband and roasted for breakfast this morning we thought neither so dry nor so rich in flavor as our own.

Papers and letters having come through this evening, we suppose the outbreak at Madrid has been suppressed.

Jan. 9th, Cadiz, Fonda de Paris. We came to this house because it is kept by one of three brothers, proprietors of hotels of the same name in Seville and Madrid. We do not find things as neat here as in either of those cities, and as we have no fire, and the street is so narrow that the sun cannot find us, we have decided to change to-morrow for the Fonda de Cadiz, which stands upon a plaza and has a southern front. Price per day for board and two rooms, five duros for us both,—the same as at Seville.

We left Seville at seven this morning in the diligence, 1860.
reached Cadiz twelve M., and, after a slight examination of ^{ET. 66.}
our trunks, we were permitted to enter the oldest city in
Europe. It is said to have been founded B.C. 1100, by the
Phœnicians, who called it *Gaddir*, meaning the end of the
world; thence was derived Gades, and lastly Cadiz. It
appears to be one of those things that though old are yet
new; the new and the bright being much the most con-
spicuous. The flat-roofed houses are white, the iron pro-
tections in front of the windows are painted green. Streets
well paved with flat stones, and very clean; some are of
good width, but many too narrow to permit carriages to
enter. Articles for sale, French and English. I have seen
nothing peculiar except the broad scarlet sashes with which
the lower classes of men gird their loins.

Went to the cathedral, built about one hundred years
since, and called *La Nueva*. It is of white stone, is of great
size, and has a round tower that looks very imposing, with
bells on each side of it. There is nothing Gothic about it.
The interior is almost entirely white, numerous beautiful
Corinthian columns in clusters. Those that stand singly
are on a base of red marble relieved by black. Arches and
domes are numerous. The building is now undergoing
repair.

Jan. 10th, Cadiz, *Hôtel Blanco*. Missing the room we
wished for at Fonda de Cadiz, came here, and are pleased
to have done so; finding the names of Dr. Wood and our
son Edward on the visitors' book. This is the first time
we have found ourselves on their tracks; and seeing the
rooms they occupied makes me feel more at home. Blanco
and his wife speak tolerable English, are civil and without
pretension.

Jan. 11th. Awoke this morning with a distinct impres-
sion that Madame Blanco's bed and pillows were much less
soft than are her manners. Day rainy and dark. Before
breakfast went to the Capucinos, once a convent, now an

1866. asylum for the insane. In the chapel are two Murillos of
celebrity; one, the marriage of St. Catherine, unfinished,
Æt. 66. he having fallen from the scaffold while painting it. He
was taken to his native city, Seville, where he died in a few
days. Mass was being celebrated in the chapel, and, as the
crowd of kneeling figures was great, we did not see the
pictures satisfactorily. Mr. Wood, notwithstanding the rain,
has gone to Xeres, the great centre for sherry wines.

Jan. 12th, Gibraltar. Thankful to be here, having suffered
much at sea; although the passage of over eight hours
was considered a favorable one. We stopped off Tarifa
and Algeciras. I met with a severe fall in leaving the small
boat by which we land. A young man accustomed to the
sea, who had endeavored to aid me in my sickness, offered
his service to assist me in getting on shore. The boat
lurched as I put my foot on the landing, and we were both
thrown down. It is wonderful that I was not seriously
injured, having fallen with my back and head upon the
side of the boat.

Jan. 13th. A perfect day. Stiff and bruised, but mar-
velling and rejoicing at my great escape of yesterday.
One of the P. and O. boats stopped here this morning
and took our letters for home. Afterward, having through
our consul, Mr. Sprague, received a permit to ascend the
rock, we mounted donkeys, and with quite a cavalcade,
consisting of our servant George, guides, and donkey-
boys, we began the ascent, which is thirteen hundred and
seventy-six feet. Sentinels are placed everywhere, who
demanded our permit. We were soon joined by a soldier,
who unlocked a door and admitted us into a passage of
some fifteen feet wide, cut in the solid rock. At intervals
were embrasures looking toward the sea, in which large
cannon were placed. There are points where you come
into the open air, in passing from one gallery to another,
affording fine views of the surrounding scenery. These
galleries have their names placed at different points, after

the manner of streets. We passed through only a portion of them, and emerged from the last less than half-way up the hill, and there we also found two sentinels on guard. An easy ride on our gentle animals enabled us to enjoy a view of the bay and the African mountains on one side, and the near one of the flowers around,—periwinkles, white and blue, in full bloom, and, with sweet alyssum, covering the rocks. At the summit we found a small level plateau, and a house. We here saw five of the six or eight monkeys that alone remain in this their only European dwelling. Shooting them is now prohibited, and it is hoped they will increase.

Jan. 14th, Sunday. Again very bright and lovely. We require no fire while the sun shines. The birds are singing, and bignonias and other flowers are blooming in the garden.

My husband has gone to Tangiers to-day, finding there is a boat leaving for that place. It would have given me great pleasure to take one more peep at Moors and palms and camels in their African home; but, besides my objection to travelling on Sunday, I need more rest and quiet than suits the active, enterprising husband whose companion I am and whose wishes I ought to obey.

A large part of the population here are of Spanish descent, while there is a good sprinkling of Moors, Arabs, and negroes, forming a strong contrast with the Highlanders, who to-day, in their kilts and tartans, are doing duty as sentinels beneath our windows, looking as picturesque as the Arab in his turban and abay-ah.

Jan. 25th. Lovely day. Mercury at noon, 70° in our parlor; in the sun, 85° or 86°. Felt very lonely without my husband. He has not come in the boat that crossed the straits this afternoon.

The evening gun is fired, the gates are shut; there is no admission now for any until another dawn. Though I am not anxious, I am a little nervous and disappointed, because

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1866. I am yet alone. This afternoon had a pleasant visit from
Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. This morning I took a nice long
walk on the Alameda. It is very attractive, with its fine sea-view, shaded walks, and profusion of beautiful trees, plants, and flowers,—some of them quite new to me. The filfay, or pepper-tree of Cairo, is in full bloom. A fine military band twice a week adds to the attractions of the Alameda.

It appears to us that an uncertain supply of water, especially in case of siege, is what the inhabitants of this rock fortress have most to dread. There are no springs, and but one Artesian well. All the water obtained from the clouds is husbanded with the closest economy; this, flowing down the side of the rock, is conducted into channels emptying into large cisterns. Every house of any importance endeavors to procure its own supply. For the poor, public provision is made, from which they may twice in the week draw what they will. In the interval they must purchase from boys, who drive a brisk trade in carrying it for sale in kegs on the backs of donkeys.

Jan. 16th. A bright, windy day. Visited the market, which is abundant; vegetables much the same as our own. Many Moors were among the vendors, bringing eggs, etc., from Tangiers. The fish are very fine; they are always fresh, as any not sold at sundown must then by law be given away or burned.

We noted at breakfast the sweetness and delicacy of the sardines; but the anchovies, that only come in with an east wind, and are infallible indicators of rain, are a morceau one must come here to enjoy.

At five this afternoon my husband returned, well pleased with his trip, bringing me some specimens of Moorish pottery. The passengers from the boat, he tells me, were carried on shore on the backs of men, who made a great rush for them. Everything about the place was in true Arab style, dirty and squalid. The landlord of the "Hôtel Victoria" is a colored man of intelligence and dignity.

Prince Alfred of England was at this well-kept hotel, and my husband heard him and his youthful companions planning a hunting-excursion over their pipes and ale. He saw but few palm-trees, and not many camels. 1866.
Æt. 66.

Jan. 17th. The ten o'clock change of guard has again placed a body of Highlanders on duty beneath our windows. Went with my husband for an early walk on the Alameda. Queen Victoria's battery is very fine. The neatness and precision of everything we much enjoy; all things in their place, and everybody knowing it.

Saw a column brought from Lepida, on which is a bronze bust, a poor likeness of the Duke of Wellington. R. continued his walk as far as Europa Point, finding it most rough and fatiguing, frequently challenged by sentinels, who told him he should not be there without a permit. He is much impressed with the strength of the fortification, everywhere of the most impregnable character, and thinks that "Gib," as they call it here, unless starved out, can stand against the world.

Jan. 18th. Took tea, and spent the evening with our consul, Mr. H. S. Sprague. His house is against the side of the rock, gloomy outside, but full of comforts and elegancies within.

Jan. 20th, Malaga. We left Gibraltar at 2.30 yesterday, in a little boat that conveyed us to a steamer, on whose deck we sat for one hour with the grand rock full in view; being glad to have such an impressive last view of it. Our steamboat then took us to Algeciras, near which dirty town our Spanish steamer, the "Darro," lay. A small boat came to take us to her. It was some distance to row, and when we reached her it was vexatious that the captain, instead of permitting us to go on board, obliged us to row back to Algeciras, to take and pay for our passages there; giving us three pulls that, had the sea been rough, would have been most distressing.

Before we were safely on board the "Darro" the sun had

1866. sunk beneath the horizon, but its light reflected from the clouds cast a ruddy tinge over the town of Gibraltar. The young moon came out with its beautiful crescent, while Orion, the Pleiades, and a starry host beamed down upon us and cast their shadows in the tranquil waters. The bright and steady lights from Europa Point, and the opposite one of Algeciras, with an intermittent one beyond, also added to the lovely scene. Then as the darkness deepened the rock became starred with lights beaming from the numberless windows of the houses extending far up the steep ascent, those of the Alameda included in the charming picture.

We arrived here—Malaga—at three this morning. Happy on awaking to find our steamer resting in the bay, so near the city that we distinctly heard the town clock strike.

We are now established at the Alameda Hotel, with fine large rooms looking upon the Alameda. We are made sad, however, by the intelligence our letters have brought us of the death of our dear little grandson, our son George's boy.

Jan. 21st. Bright and balmy. Our rooms are filled with the bouquet of violets, carnations, and rare roses presented by Mr. C. H. Marshall, of New York, who came with us in the "Darro" from Gibraltar yesterday, and who reminds us of our son Richard. He and my husband have gone by invitation to take tea with Mr. Hancock, our consul here, who is a native of Kentucky.

This morning we visited the cathedral. It is nearly three hundred years old, and yet unfinished. It is of a mixed style, the interior richly adorned with red marble and gilding.

Jan. 22d. Bright and sunny, as is usually the case. Murray speaks of a year in which there were but seven rainy days here. The soft, bland air reminds us of Egypt. Mercury about 70° to-day. Ladies walking in the Alameda with light, summer-like clothing. My husband went to-day on board the United States gunboat "Frolic," of nine hun-

dred tons, commanded by Captain Upsher, United States Navy, whose uncle was the master of our old servant Caleb. 1866.
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Jan. 23d. On looking over the visitors' book, saw the name of our son Edward; also those of Dr. Wood and party, who had occupied the rooms we are in. Since then the Prince of Wales has had them; so we find ourselves well lodged.

Jan. 24th. A cloudy morning. We gave up our intended visit to the country-seat of Mr. Gomez, and by noon a furious easterly storm set in, which continued with great violence all day.

Jan. 27th, Granada. We had a very interesting journey to this place yesterday by diligence, from Malaga, and were met on our arrival by Manuel Bensaken, the well-known guide of the place.

We are at the Hôtel Ortiz, known as the Hotel of the Alhambra, it being within its precincts. Quite tired out this evening, having been from ten this morning occupied in seeing this remarkable place. We first visited the palace, entering the grounds by an old gate built by Charles V. Saw the Tower of Homage where the kings swore to observe the Koran, and then to the Cistern Square. Next the Court of Myrtles, which contains the basin of water called the Bath of the Sultanas. This basin is about sixty feet long and twenty wide, inclosed by a beautiful hedge of myrtles, which are constantly renewed and kept in order. In each corner of this court are sentry-boxes, for the use of the eunuchs who guarded the ladies from intrusion. A door once opened from this court to the apartments of the sultanas, but these were taken down to make room for the palace begun by Charles V. and never finished. Another door opens into the Hall of the Ambassadors, a lofty, noble, square chamber, where we were told that the Prince of Wales had been entertained by thirty-six of the nobles of Granada at a breakfast.

From the third side of the Court of Myrtles is a door

1866. which opens into the celebrated Court of Lions with its
 beautiful columns, one hundred and twenty-eight in number.
 Æt. 66. The twelve lions look dumpy and characterless. From this
 court we passed into the Hall of the Two Sisters, on opposite
 sides of which are dark recesses called the sleeping-rooms
 of the sultan and sultana, whilst a third, looking into a *patio*
 planted with orange-trees, is said to be the chamber of a
 Moorish princess who became a Christian and founded a
 nunnery.

We visited the Hall of the Judges, where ten of them sat
 to hear and pass judgment, and descended to the Baths of
 the Sultana, Sultan, and Princes, saw their retiring-rooms,
 and then the Chamber of Repose, which has recently been
 restored to its original brilliancy of paint and gold; a marked
 feature being the balconies high up upon the walls for the
 musicians. We saw a number of chambers besides, and
 also the mosque converted into a chapel by Charles V. The
 governor of the Alhambra occupies a number of rooms
 not shown.

It was doubtless a gorgeous place, and it was a barbarous
 act to destroy so much splendor; but, on the whole, neither
 in extent nor finish did it meet our expectations.

In passing out, we paused to view the Gate of Justice,
 where in the Moorish days two judges constantly sat to
 receive complaints and execute the laws. Over the outer
 gate is a key carved in high relief; high above it is a hand:
 these emblems are objects of interest connected with the
 old saying of the Moors, that until that hand came down
 and grasped the key they would continue safe in their pos-
 session of the Alhambra.

Jan. 28th. Bright, warm day; skies clear and blue.
 Walked with my husband to the cathedral, but did not
 remain long, as the attendant would not allow him to cover
 his head even with his handkerchief, although he was cough-
 ing and the air very chilly.

The superstition of the Spaniards is everywhere apparent,

particularly so in their worship of the Virgin,—superstition in the most offensive form. That of the Tyrol, though very painful, was less revolting, it being the Saviour in whose honor their wayside shrines were erected, and to whom, hanging on the cross, their homage was paid. 1866.
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Bensaken tells us that in the province of Granada none not nominally Romanists can hold property, or reside, unless looked upon as travellers, hardly having the protection of the laws. Passing a small church, he told us it was called Angustias,—the church of the Virgin. A long time ago a posada occupied the ground. To it there came two gentlemen and a lady, who took rooms, in which they remained for three days without calling for anything. Curiosity being excited, the host peeped through the key-hole, and discovered that the lady was the Virgin Mother; the men were angels, who were standing on either side of her. The bishop was sent for, who, peeping also, saw this miracle, and informed the Pope, who directed the removal of the posada without disturbing the heavenly visitors within, and the erection of this church. This Virgin is so exceedingly beneficent that those who ask anything of her *in full faith, nothing doubting*, rarely fail to have their requests complied with.

Bensaken said "he supposed the requisites were wanting in him, as he had often told her how much money he would like, and she had never sent him the first bicetti."

This man, of Moorish extraction, born in Gibraltar, of parents who were born in England, evidently places no faith in the miracles he relates of the Virgin and saints. He says there are many who, without daring to avow it, are on these points really Protestant, and that while the upper classes are devoted to their superstitions, by many of the merchant and middle classes Bibles secretly distributed are gladly received and in secret read.

Passing through the Alameda, observed that the rows of fine trees by which it is bordered were ticketed for sale,

1866. ranging from fifty reals to six hundred. A great pity, as
Æt. 66. none others are planted to take their places. Accosted by several Gitanos, whose homes are in the sides of one of these mountains. Mere holes they look like in the midst of the cactus and aloes.

Jan. 29th. Drove to the monastery for eleven monks, founded by St. Bruno about two hundred and fifty years since, and endowed—they told us—with a sum equivalent to twenty-two dollars a day for each monk, who was to hold no conversation with his fellows save the salutation, when they met, “You are to die;” the reply being, “Yes, I know it.” Twenty-five monasteries that existed here were abolished in 1836, and their inmates dispersed. Twenty-three nunneries still remain, each containing twenty-five Sisters.

The monastery is of the Carthusian order, the chapels among the richest we have seen,—doors of curiously panelled cedar-wood, almost entirely covered with inlaying of tortoise-shell, ebony, and ivory, with silver borders in very chaste style.

The large outer door of this monastery is of grape-wood. The widest boards we measured, and found them sixteen inches.

As usual, there is a great deal of red marble here, some of it inlaid with other colors, and intermingled with black. All this wealth of beautiful marbles is from the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, that are full of these treasures.

Before entering, we enjoyed the view around us, the little hill being pointed out which is called “the last sigh of the Moor.” Here Boabdil, as he looked behind him, paused and wept, and was chidden by his mother for mourning as a woman for that which he had failed to defend as a man.

Saw also the country residence of the Duchess Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie.

Crossing the Vega, we passed through the Alvira gate, under the old arch where the popular story is that seventy-

five thousand Spaniards with their allies passed when they entered the city as conquerors. 1866.

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We saw a plain house, with a door about twenty inches square that turns on a pivot, near which is a Sister always in waiting, who receives without questions any young infant. If the persons leaving it desire again to recognize it, they slip off a piece of an ear, or mutilate it in some way, put a name on it, and say, "Take care of it, and every year we will pay so much;" which insures care; otherwise the proportion that live is small.

Came home and rested, and then walked to the Generalife. The hill is opposite to, and not distant from, that of the Alhambra. We were told that Boabdil bought the hill and built this house for his son, whose musical tastes annoyed him so much that he wished them indulged at a distance from his own dwelling. Much of the stucco-work, once painted and gilded, has been whitewashed, in Spanish zeal to efface the work of the unbelievers. The cypress-trees are curiously trained into arches, summer-houses, and hedges. Water, introduced from the Darro, flows in all directions. We saw numerous portraits here; among them was the soft, gentle face of Boabdil. My husband ascended to the summit of the steep hill. A hard pull, but a splendid view. The Generalife belonged to a noble Moorish family, one of whom, after the conquest, became a Christian. He married an Italian, and the property is still owned by their descendants. The present possessor, we understood, is the Marquis of Pallavicini, owner of the remarkable show-place near Genoa. Here they are known by their Spanish name. It is said that the present owner has never seen the Generalife.

The gypsies are very numerous. We were glad to hear that they profess to be Christians. They are under the surveillance of the priests, but still cling to some of their own ceremonies on the occasions of death and marriage. In every city they have a chief or captain, chosen for his

1866. superior intelligence and respectability, who assists and
ET. 66. advises them if they get into trouble, and looks after their
interests. While walking this morning we passed the blacksmith-shop of the person now holding this position. He was at work with his sons. Having heard that he was very skilful on the guitar, we asked him to come up this evening and play for us. He has done so, and gratified us very much, giving us some Spanish national, some gypsy, and other airs. He was dressed in a cloth jacket and trousers, a scarlet sash round his waist, clean linen, and well-blackened boots. His features were good, though his cheek-bones were high; his bearing was easy and dignified. We thought his physiognomy like that of our North American Indians.

Have been looking over Bensaken's book of names. Found among them two telegraphic dispatches of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to his mother. One of them says, "my *heartiest* wishes for your birthday; regret not to be with you." The other, with good wishes for some other birthday, adds, "glad that Vicky has got home so well."

Feb. 1st, Alcasar, Railroad Restaurant. Left Granada at noon, January 31st, after visiting the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. They repose in a chapel adjoining the cathedral, built especially for this purpose. The effigies in marble, life size, repose upon exquisitely sculptured tables of marble, surrounded by an iron railing. They are as pure and unmutilated as if finished a month ago. On one of these raised platforms or tables are the figures of Ferdinand and Isabella, on the other, those of her daughter Joanna and her husband, Philip le Bel. The likenesses are said to be true. In a vault directly beneath the remains repose; but, as the custodian failed to keep his appointment with us, we were obliged to leave without seeing the coffins, the hour of twelve being appointed for our departure in the diligence.

Took the whole berlina, at the great cost of fourteen

cents a mile each, for three persons, with the understanding that our servant, as heretofore, should occupy an inferior seat. Before the diligence left, it was surrounded by beggars; one old man bore a brass plate on his cap, with the word "*Mendigo*" in the centre, and on either side, beneath a crown, the letters F and Y. A licensed mendicant, no doubt. Our road wound about among the mountains; our teams were changed every seven miles,—eight, nine, or ten horses, according to the need. They were better conditioned than the poor mules that brought us from Malaga. Arrived at ten P.M. at Jaen, where we took some bread and wine, and proceeded in the same crazy old vehicle to Almoradiel, where we arrived at 10.30 this morning, February 1st. At 11.45 took the train for this place—Alcasar—where having arrived at 4 P.M., and finding we must wait until one to-morrow morning for the train from Madrid that will carry us to Valencia, we have obtained a fire and lamp, and with our books are making ourselves comfortable.

Feb. 2d, Valencia, Fonda del Cid. The morning dawned beautifully. The pleasantest ride we have had through Spain was from daybreak until we arrived here at twelve o'clock. The warm sun and bright skies were in great contrast with the leaden clouds of yesterday, as were also the careful cultivation and smiling crops of to-day with the barren scenes we had just passed through. We passed numerous large groves of orange-trees, standing close to the roadside, their golden fruit lying thickly on the ground, while rich clusters hung heavily among the glossy green leaves from the branches above. The air filled with perfume. To the unaccustomed eye the charm of these orange-groves is indescribable. We saw also numerous olive-fields, and a tree—the carob, with vivid green leaves—quite new to us, here. Palm-trees became frequent as we proceeded, some bearing fruit.

This is a fête-day; the bells are ringing merrily. We have just returned from a short walk; the streets are narrow

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1866. and dirty, and there is little to tempt us to prolong our
Æt. 66. stay. We visited the cathedral; it was crowded, for the
service was going on, and we had no opportunity to examine the pictures, which were numerous. We ascended the tower, a hard pull up steep steps, of which there are many. From the top, were rewarded by a superb view of the town, sea, and surrounding country.

Feb. 3d, Valencia. Ten A.M. Delicious day, the air mild and fresh, and the skies of intensest blue, confirming the reputation given us of this place and its charming climate as one especially adapted to invalids. Nevertheless, we hope to leave here in the four P.M. train for Barcelona.

As every place has its own peculiarities, we find the carriages here very unlike any we have seen. The seats are placed sidewise, like those in an omnibus, with the door at the end. The top bulges in a singular manner, and they are all painted black, looking somewhat like a gondola set on wheels. The driver sits on the right side of the vehicle, with his feet resting upon the shaft.

Two P.M. Just returned from a long walk. Bought photographs and fans. Visited the museum; the paintings almost exclusively of a religious character, and, we fancy, of little merit.

In passing a small church, the door of which stood open, we observed a coachman and footman on a passing carriage take off their hats and bow to it, and also that others did the same. We entered, and saw there a Virgin with a very small child in her arms, and a very large crown upon her head, which, on inquiry, we were told was "The Virgin of the Unfortunate."

Saw at a distance the new Plaza de Toros, an enormous amphitheatre recently erected for the national diversion, the bull-fight.

Feb. 4th, Barcelona. We left Valencia yesterday, with no regrets save for the loss of its beautiful climate; so far as we could judge, the softest and best for invalids we have

seen out of Egypt. Passed through a level country, in much better cultivation than usual in this kingdom; grain nicely drilled in, vegetables in abundance, artichokes, peas in bloom, etc. Saw numerous palms, and a profusion of orange-trees. At Puzol, eight young palms surrounded a small church, lending to it a charm which it did not in itself possess. I thought, when looking at them, that I should like to know that, fifty years hence, some of our children or grandchildren would gaze upon them in their matured, as we in their young, beauty, remembering that we had done so.

The careful cultivation, frequently recurring orange-groves, the sea on our right dotted with sails, the bright blue sky, and the encircling hills, formed a scene which we longed for twelve hours of daylight to enjoy.

After passing Murviedro, we came to a station where a well-looking man entered the carriage. We could not help feeling his coming an intrusion upon the privacy we had hoped for, and I exclaimed, "Oh, this is too bad! he'll be sure to smoke." Your father replied, "Perhaps he may not: he is a decent-looking man, but he might as well have gone into a car among the Spaniards." To our surprise, the subject of these remarks immediately said, most pleasantly, "I am English," which, of course, was a lesson of prudence for the future. His name was Hines, for several years an engineer on this road. He told us that seven of the laborers here did no more work than one English navvy would do in the same time. He attributed it partly to indolence, partly to the difference in diet. From him we learn that the Virgin whom we saw receiving so much hat-homage this morning is said to be worth one hundred thousand pounds in gold and jewels, and is really believed, by numbers who should know better, not to be the work of man, four angels having come from heaven to arrange and adorn it beyond human skill. I felt sorry, on hearing this, that we had not put aside our disgust for these idolatrous things and examined it more closely.

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1866. Left the train about 10.30 P.M., and took diligence near
Vineros, crossed the river Ebro, and at Amposta took the
train for Tarragona, where we changed cars, and soon
reached Barcelona, or Barca, named after Amilcar Barca,
father of Hannibal, by whom it was refounded B.C. 235. We
are at the Hôtel Cuatro Naciones, which promises well. It
is situated upon the Rambla, a long, wide promenade, where
the whole population seems to have poured itself.

Feb. 6th, Tuesday, Barcelona. A visit just before dinner
from our consul here, Mr. John Albro Little, of Boston,
connected with Little, Brown & Co., law booksellers, a mild
and gentlemanly person. He introduced my husband at the
club or casino,—I think they call it,—where he had the
opportunity he desired of reading the English newspapers,
having read up the stock of New Hampshire papers given
him by the vice-consul at Valencia.

Took a cup of coffee this evening at the Grand Café just
opposite us. Truly national: large rooms, the walls covered
with commonplace pictures and mirrors, brilliantly lighted,
and crowded with men and a number of women. All of
the former were smoking. A great deal of tea, coffee, and
punch was served to the different parties, each at a different
table; whilst a performer, hired, I presume, thundered
away at the piano. It reminded me of the Volksgarten at
Vienna, only there we had Strauss and his band; more
music and less company. Rum was handed with the tea.

It is not the custom in Spain for a wife to take her hus-
band's arm. In many of the cathedrals, printed notices
forbid men and women walking with or speaking to each
other within the walls. Before learning the prohibition, as
we walked together through a cathedral, a priest came to
us and by signs let us know that we must separate.

Feb. 7th. The Rambla is wider than our Broad Street;
the sidewalks too narrow for convenience.

Here the best retail business is done. The inferior streets
are very narrow, and have no trottoirs. The houses, with

but few exceptions, are faced with cement, as in the other cities we have visited in this kingdom. The streets at night are well lighted, the gas-lights being attached to the sides of the houses.

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Walked through the best business street this evening, and found it thronged, reminding us of our Eighth Street on Christmas-eve, the promenaders occupying the middle of the street, as well as the sidewalks. On inquiry, learned that it was not a fête-day, but a thing of nightly occurrence. This, with the crowded cafés, leads us to think that they have little social home-life.

Feb. 8th. Another day equally bright and warm. A few sticks of wood, making a small fire from seven to eight or nine in the evening, is all that we require. During the day our windows are open, letting in the sunshine as well as the charming music of the birds.

As we had heard so little of the national instrument, the guitar, I was glad to have an opportunity of doing so at one of the stations after leaving Valencia, and here in the crowded streets we again had our desire gratified.

Drove through close and dirty streets, outside the old and fast-disappearing walls, to the manufactory of porcelain. Were surprised to find the establishment on such a great scale, and the quality of the china not much behind the second quality of French. We were glad to see women employed in burnishing.

Thursday being the day on which the beau monde of Barcelona, in full toilette, promenade on the Rambla, we drove the whole length of it. Many fine houses are being erected, some are now occupied, where a few years since not one stood. I should be sorry to have missed seeing the growing suburb of this flourishing city,—the Manchester of Catalonia,—which must, we think, number more than its recorded two hundred and fifty thousand. We were much surprised to learn from our consul, who dined and passed the evening with us, that the occupants of these houses, the

1866. ^{ÆT. 66.} wearers of these fine trailing dresses, live in such a contracted style that they scarcely can entertain each other, and never think of inviting strangers to visit them.

Had young peas for dinner boiled in their pods, and thought them nice.

Feb. 9th, Saragossa, Aragon, Fonda del Europa. Bade adieu to Barcelona at 7.30 this morning, and have just arrived here, after a ride of thirteen hours through a barren, uninteresting country.

Our companion during the whole journey was a long, yellow-faced Spaniard; black, bushy eyebrows and beard, tall, long-legged, and bony-fingered. He wore a round jacket,—a not unusual dress among the lower classes in Catalonia or farther south. The captain of the gypsies at Granada wore it very becomingly; but I had not expected to see it in a first-class car. His *tout ensemble* made us think our Don a better likeness of Don Quixote than any we had seen. To complete the resemblance, he had with him a companion younger than himself,—apparently about fifty,—who was short, round-faced, and stout of limb; but for his look of intelligence, a very good Panza. 'Tis true our knight wore no sword, and did not mistake me for a duchess, as the only civility he offered me was a pinch of snuff; but he was evidently on the look-out for some Dulcinea, for he leaned from the carriage-window and waved aloft a white handkerchief some woman's hand had embroidered.

We had heard of the heavy dews of this country as supplying the lack of rain. This morning we had an opportunity of witnessing it. The thick, young wheat—some drilled and some dibbled in—was loaded with it.

Passed a few orange-trees, probably the last we shall see. Near Tarrasa we noticed two large and regularly planted orchards of apricots in full bloom. Frequently through the day saw vineyards and olive-groves. Passed Manresa, a town of thirteen thousand inhabitants. Not far from Man-

resa is the convent of Montserrat, where lived Ignatius Loyola. The mountain is as jagged as a saw: according to tradition it was so rent at the moment of the crucifixion. In the church of the convent is an image of the Virgin, which, says the same authority, was made by St. Luke about the year 40 or 50, and brought by St. Peter to Barcelona for this convent. During the occupation by the Moors it was most wisely hidden in a cave; so wisely hidden that its whereabouts was forgotten, till finally revealed by the sweet scents that issued from it.

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We have so often heard of the tombs of holy persons being discovered by the perfume exhaled from their undecaying bodies, that I think the term "odor of sanctity" may be thus derived.

Crossed the Segre, a branch of the Ebro. Stopped for dinner at Lerida. The Spanish, like the French, carry their own provisions. Our Don Quixote had already dined from the contents of a tin box which he carried with him, containing bread, meat, and omelet, topping off with a liberal allowance of brandy and cheese, which repast was wound up by a cigar and a nap. I am so much afraid of suspicious messes at small hotels, that I always provide bread, cold chicken, fruit, etc., for our needs.

Soon after leaving Lerida we passed a small stream, the Cinca, which divides Catalonia from Aragon. We were not long in discovering that we had left the gay blanket and long scarlet scarf of the Catalonian behind us. The peasantry here resemble in their dress those whom we saw near Pau. The men wear a handkerchief wound round the head, leaving the crown exposed, breeches open at the knee, and sandals. The better class have hose meeting their breeches and covering their feet; but the greater number have mere leggings.

Feb. 10th. Cloudy day, windy, with dust; mercury in our room, 50°. We have left the balmy south behind us, and must prepare for wintry weather. Rose early, sent off letter

1866. to son Randolph. Walked to the market; saw a leaning
tower, very high, nine feet from the perpendicular, the in-
clination chiefly in the base. I thought it one of the prettiest
things here, although built of brick. Should have liked a
photograph of it could one have been found. It stands
in the Plaza San Felipe, and looks as if built for a cam-
panile, though the only church near it has bells of its own.

Visited the two principal churches. Much prefer the old
one, with its Gothic architecture, its gloom, its rich marble,
twisted columns, and carved stone-work covering it almost
entirely.

The new one appears to be the most popular, as it con-
tains an alabaster pillar on which it is said angels carried
the Virgin from Palestine to visit St. John when he was
preaching here. She desired him, according to the legend,
to build a church here for this pillar, and has since come
frequently to attend the mass performed in the chapel where
it is placed. Pilgrimages are made to this shrine. As many
as sixty thousand persons have visited it in one year. It is
not constantly exposed to the vulgar gaze and touch, but is
enshrined in a case having an oval opening of some inches
in length, through which it is seen, and is as constantly
kissed and as much worn as the toe of St. Peter at Rome.
We watched many performing this devotion,—a wailing
infant, whose mother placed its unconscious lips upon it, a
beautiful girl, a youth, several aged persons, and beggars,
all of whom waited patiently their turn. Would that some
Luther might arise,—some blessed reformation take place
here! It is singular that both in Barcelona and in this city
we have seen Renan's "Life of Jesus" exposed for sale! Do
the priests read it, and believe nothing of what they teach?

The town is dirty; much infested by beggars and gypsies,
many of them, in lazzaroni style, sitting on the curbs, or
lying about in the sun at midday. The wealth of this city
has passed away, having shifted to Madrid. Many noble
palaces are now occupied as schools, livery-stables, etc.

Much interested at dinner this evening by a young couple who sat opposite to us, with a blind baby in the arms of a nurse. The nurse performed her office in the baby's behalf openly at the table-d'hôte, while the father, taking the knife and fork of the nurse, cut her food for her. 1866.
Æt. 66.

We have eaten our last dinner in Spain. We were to have left this evening, expecting to reach Bayonne to-morrow morning, but, finding there is a more direct road by daylight, have changed our plan.

Feb. 11th, Pamplona. Left Saragossa at an early hour this morning. When it was sufficiently light, my husband read as usual from the Holy Scriptures. This is the first time we have deliberately given up the Sabbath to traveling. We have, however, been quieter and more retired than we could have been in the poor hotel which we have left, having a large new railway carriage, intended for ten persons, entirely to ourselves. Day cloudy; rain soon began to fall. Observed numerous patches of good wheat, with little channels dug around them for irrigation.

Passed Alagon, a town of considerable size, and then Tudela, or Tubalia, said to be named after Tubal Cain, who is credited with having founded several towns in Navarre, which kingdom we are now in. Villafranca and Marcilla make some show as towns. Before arriving here we passed a long range of brick arches, having the appearance of a Roman aqueduct. Pamplona claims the same ancestry as Tudela. It has some fifteen thousand inhabitants. We should have liked to stop here, but have concluded to remain quietly in the carriage, where I am writing, for the hour that must elapse before the coming of the train from Madrid.

As we approach the Basque provinces, we see again the berret cap worn by the men. This morning we observed some with broad-brimmed, slouching drab hats, the wearers carrying guns, giving the impression that they were hunters. The Pyrenees—some of whose snowy summits we have for two days been occasionally seeing—abound in game.

1866. These, I imagine, are the last lines I shall write in this
kingdom. I visited it not to gratify my own wishes, and
ÆT. 66. with some fears; but our heavenly Father has mercifully
cared for and protected us.

Feb. 12th, Bayonne, France, Hôtel St. Etienne. From this place, on the 22d of December, we set out for Spain, and here about ten o'clock last evening we again arrived, happy and thankful that our fifty days' sojourn in that land have been so well accomplished.

Feb. 13th, Bordeaux, Hôtel de France. Left Bayonne in the rain this morning. Until a short distance from this town, we found the land which we passed through nearly as sandy as Millville; much covered with pine-trees, which yield a great deal of turpentine. Near Dax cork-trees are interspersed; they are thought to resemble the oak. The yellow furze is very common here. Desired very much to see the shepherds, who here walk on stilts, carrying in their hands a balancing-pole. This custom arises from the shifting, sandy nature of the soil. These shepherds have a most picturesque appearance, being clothed from head to foot in sheep-skin with the woolly side out. We were so fortunate as to see one. His pole was fastened across his back.

The railroad has been made within the last ten years, opening the country very favorably. The ground around the numerous stations is planted with evergreens and flowers,—the laurestinus being sometimes very large, and always in full bloom.

Walked this afternoon; found many fine streets. The church of Notre Dame large and handsome. The cathedral very old and time-worn; said to have been founded in the time of Charlemagne.

Feb. 14th, Ash-Wednesday. Went to church; found it held in a neat, unobtrusive building; a congregation of about thirty persons.

Feb. 15th. Rainy weather; walked for a little while, and saw as much of the town as I could.

Feb. 16th, Tours, ancient capital of Touraine, on the rivers Loire and Cher, Hôtel de l'Univers. Left Bordeaux at seven this morning. Observed many châteaux built of the soft white stone so abundant in the south of France. The station-houses very good; generally a plot of ground around them planted with evergreens and shrubbery. Laurestinus very frequent, and also the acuba japonica. 1866.
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Arrived about noon at Poitiers, capital of ancient Poitou. Learning that the next train would pass in three hours, determined to wait over for it. Found a good hotel and lunch. Drove to a fine point of view, from which we saw the little river Clain, with vegetable-gardens to its very brink, and winding about the eminence upon which the town stands. Drove about the town; saw old and new cathedral, Palais de Justice, etc. The streets are narrow; the lamps are suspended across the streets.

On passing Châtellerault, the Birmingham of France, we were beset by women seeking to sell cutlery. I bought a dozen dessert-knives and one carving-knife and fork for ten francs.

Feb. 17th, Orleans, Hôtel d'Orléans. Left Tours at two P.M. The country is fertile and populous. Saw a number of fine châteaux. Near Amboise is a castle long the residence of the kings of France. Here Louis Philippe imprisoned the Arab chief Abd-el-Kader, released by Louis Napoleon in 1853.

Have been struck to-day, and indeed for several days, with the large amount of parasitic growth, resembling mistletoe, on the trees. The light, alluvial soil is highly cultivated; hedges are numerous. We have left behind the olive, though the vine abounds. Travelling very rapidly, nearly forty miles an hour. We seemed to be constantly flying through towns.

Feb. 18th. Steady rain; have seen but little else the entire week. Walked to see the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, erected by the city of Orleans. She is clad in mail, and sits

1866. astride a war-horse. The face and person are womanly;
 Æt. 66. her countenance has a sweet, calm expression; the head is thrown back and the eyes upturned, as if awaiting inspiration or listening intently. There is another statue of her here, presented by Louis Philippe, cast from the model made by his daughter.

How different the French men and women are from the Spaniards we have been moving among! We can hardly believe them the same people who looked so dark and sallow to us in contrast with the Saxon, Hollander, and Austrian. The women here draw up their dresses with scrupulous care, and do not trail them a foot or more behind them, as the Spanish women do.

Feb. 20th, Paris. After again visiting the cathedral, and the two statues of the Maid of Orleans, we left the city to which she has given so much notoriety at ten yesterday morning, coming in a slow line, arrived here about three, and took small rooms at the Hôtel du Rhin, with the promise of better soon.

The day has been very cold and blustery. Rain is falling fast, pavements and crossings drenched. But the great row of lights from the Place Vendôme to the Boulevard des Capucines shine more brilliantly than stars.

Feb. 23d. Moving to-day. We came down in the world, and took possession of a nice suite of apartments. Ring the bell of the front door of this suite, and enter a little marble-paved lobby, with large hooks for coats and hats. A long box on the right, covered with Brussels carpet, that looks like a lounge, but is meant to hold wood, furnishes that side. A door on the left opens into a small breakfast-room; "*en face*" of the door of entrance is that of the salon where I now write. Another door from this salon opens into a chamber for Julia, and another from hers into our chamber, while they both, as well as a smaller one for Stuart, open into the breakfast- or waiting-room, in which, as we prefer eating at the table-d'hôte, our maid sits and

our trunks are deposited; altogether a most satisfactory arrangement. Whilst I remained to rest and enjoy it, your father says of himself: 1866.
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"Left Paris yesterday, the 22d, to make a visit to Strasburg, on the way to Geneva, to bring our children from there. Went to the cathedral, so famous for its spire and the lightness of its architecture. Its rows of columns give you an idea of a forest. I ascended to the platform and looked over the city. On the east the Black Forest may be seen. This spire is higher than the Egyptian Pyramids, and loftier than St. Peter's at Rome.

"*Feb. 28th, Paris.* It was pleasant on leaving Geneva yesterday, and parting with Dr. D'Aubigné and family, to have them express, in such strong terms, their satisfaction at the conduct of Julia and Stuart. My wife, who is suffering with a badly-inflamed eye, most glad of our return."

March 3d. To our son George his father writes:

"There are many more Americans here, and farther south, than ought to be away from our own country; and I shall much regret leaving home if my example has had any effect in causing others to come. My notions of travel have changed much, and I think *now*, no one should come to Europe except on business or for the advancement of science, and very young men whose educations are not completed, and such old folks as are of no use at home. I, in a good degree, belong in the last category, and yet I think I could have been of more service to others, and quite as happy, in being employed in our own home, and at thine, as to be here, where I scarcely feel any interest. The proportion of the righteous in this city to the wicked is much larger, no doubt, than it was in Sodom. If a true census of crime here could be taken, the world would look aghast at the result."

1866. *April 9th.* Much of our time in Paris the weather has been so cold and rainy as greatly to interfere with our plans for out-door enjoyment. It has been decidedly *the* dark and dull season. We have, however, busied ourselves a good deal in shopping and sight-seeing, and now that the time for leaving has come, some of us do so with regret.

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April 10th. Stuart and I breakfasted at Grand Hotel. Wife and Julia went to Madame Brusque's. Took our largest trunk to the office of the Cunard line to go to Liverpool. Bade adieu to Paris, and left for London by Boulogne. Had a pleasant run there, and thence to Folkestone and to London in two and a half hours more. A short inspection at the custom-house, and then drove to Miss Edwards's hotel, Hanover Square.

April 13th. London looks very sombre after leaving Paris. The dark, dirty buildings, the effect of the coal smoke, will always, I presume, keep it so.

"Called at Brown, Shipley & Co. for letters from home. Saw bill of lading from I. Duncan Shaw, of fifty tons of lead from Cadiz, and requested Brown, Shipley & Co. to insure it, and forward bill to Wood & Garrett. Edward's letter of 27th ult. speaks in detail of his engagement to Mary H. Kneass.

April 19th. Drove to Covent Garden Market quite early in the morning to see the fruit and flowers, which were very fine. Oranges very plenty and cheap; pine-apples scarce and dear. We saw one for which ten shillings a pound, or about fifteen dollars, was asked. Strawberries, two shillings and sixpence an ounce.

"From the market we drove to Bow Church, and saw the images strike the quarter-hours. Wife and Julia left us there, and we went into Guildhall to look at the colossal images of Gog and Magog, and then into the Council-chamber, where the Lord Mayor was presiding with apparent ease to himself. The votes were given by show of hands, and there was but little discussion. Went into the

museum, and saw many things of interest. Stuart is cough- 1866.
ing a good deal.

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"April 23d. Went for Sir Henry Holland to see Stuart, who evidently has the measles, much to the discomfort of our landladies, as well as trouble and anxiety to ourselves. The doctor confirmed our opinion, and left a prescription.

"April 24th. Procured tickets for the meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Then went to see Brown & Shipley, and afterward called on Baring Brothers, and talked with Mr. Sturgis about drawing on them in a purchase of lead that I might make in Spain. Returned to sit with Stuart, who has the measles badly, while wife and Julia were shopping. [On our return, we left Stuart in Julia's care, while we went to attend the annual meeting of the Freedmen's Aid Society. The Duke of Argyll presided. His age appears that of early middle life. Golden hair, very delicate complexion, and fine features. He stated that about eighty thousand pounds had already been raised and sent to America, urging, as also did Sir T. F. Buxton and John Bright, who followed, that greater exertion should be made for this cause, great in itself, and also as an expression of good feeling toward their brethren in America, who, not without some reason, had complained of their conduct toward them in the late war. J. B. said, "The antagonism of feeling of the late master toward the new state of things would no doubt long exist; as even in Jamaica, where, twenty-eight years ago, the masters had been liberally paid for manumission, recent events had shown that they still hardly accepted it as more than a nominal fact." Mr. Bright spoke with dignity, but evidently under most unfavorable circumstances. Hoarse, and suffering from a very bad cold that had somewhat interfered with his great and exhaustive speech of last night in the House, he said "he had been entrapped into coming to this meeting, with the understanding he should not speak." That would not have satisfied the crowd,

1866. who, amid the plaudits that cheered his entrance, passed
the words, "'Tis Bright! 'tis Bright!" around the room to
ladies or strangers to whom he might not be known.

The noble Duke of Argyle, though many rose from their seats when he entered, and looked with pleased interest upon him, had no cheers, nor had any other of the distinguished persons present, save this "tribune of the people," John Bright, M.P. for Rochester.]

"April 26th. On a small steamer ran down to London Bridge, Surrey side, walked up to S. E. Railroad Station, and received an opera-glass that had been left by Stuart in Paris. From the steamer I saw the progress that is making in walling the sides of the Thames on the north side, and the amount of ground that will be brought into use by the work. Walked over the bridge and up to Billingsgate Market, and saw large quantities of fish of various kinds coming from the boats."

"May 5th. Settled our bills, and at ten were at the Euston Station, in the cars of the London and Northwestern Railway for Manchester.

"May 6th. Wife and Julia accompanied me to Friends' Meeting in Mount Street. It seemed larger than I recollect it, and there was quite a change in the bonnets; the old-fashioned high crown having given place to one less imposing.

"Our son Stuart remained in the house; he coughs violently. We hope it may prove the whooping-cough.

"May 10th. Rose at five, went to the Victoria Station and took my passage for Sheffield [to inspect, under the auspices of our consul there, Mr. Geo. J. Abbott, the manufacturing of Bessemer steel, gaining much information].*

* A long and minute account of this visit to Sheffield is given in an extra-size memorandum-book of my husband's, with some drawings of cupolas, under this date.

"*May 12th.* Much sensation caused by the suspension of Overend, Gurney & Co. The statement names the obligations over twelve million pounds, and that they will wind up the concern. A card from Peto & Betts (Sir S. Morton Peto) states the necessity of their stoppage, and that their assets will show one million pounds after the payment of their debts. The bank has raised the rate of discount to ten per cent. Cotton at Liverpool and consols at London have both advanced. Some gentlemen told me there had never been seen such a state of excitement in London as was exhibited about Lombard Street. The panics of 1837 and 1857 were child's play in comparison.

"*May 15th.* Left the Victoria Station in the 11.30 train, having a car to ourselves, which, on account of Stuart's whooping-cough, was very desirable. We ran very fast through a manufacturing district, reached York a little after two; stopped at the Station Hotel, having the Minster in full view from our parlor windows. Took a cab and drove to it; then outside the walls and very much around the city, and, returning to the Minster, walked around it and the ground attached to it.

"*May 16th.* Leaving at nine for Edinburgh, we paid a passing visit to the old cathedral of Durham, of Norman architecture. The old place had a pleasant look, after having been in the dirty manufacturing towns. At Leamside were detained waiting for the cars, it being Derby day. We passed Newcastle, Morpeth, near Alnwick, and through Berwick. After getting into Scotland the character of the farming began to improve. Saw in one large field two steam-ploughs, the first we have seen in the kingdom. Reached Edinburgh before nine, drove to the 'Edinburgh Hotel,' a new house, and have good apartments looking into the valley between the old and new city, and opposite the splendid monument to Sir Walter Scott, that cost fifteen thousand pounds. He is in a sitting posture, with his dog by his side. It is a very handsome tribute to his memory.

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1866. *May 17th.* A general and very interesting drive over the fine parts of the city and its attractive surroundings. Walked over Calton Hill, and looked at the observatory, monuments, High School, Holyrood, etc. The bank buildings are imposing structures. The Royal Bank of Scotland has one of the most beautiful rooms I have seen. I particularly like the domed roof, which admits the light through a large central glass surrounded by many smaller ones. In front of it is a statue of the Earl of Hopeton standing by his horse.

May 18th. As we drove out of the city, our coachman stopped opposite Arthur's Seat, and called our attention to its resemblance to a lion, which we easily recognized. [Our first object was Dalkeith House, the residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, which we reached after a ride through finely-cultivated lands in little more than an hour. It is a plain building, standing in a park of eight hundred well-kept acres. Returning from Dalkeith, we stopped near the valley of the Esk, at the wild grounds of Hawthornden Castle, once the residence of Drummond the poet, and then around to Roslyn Chapel, famed for its rich sculptured beauty, and for the antique column known as the Apprentice's Pillar. It is a very gem of a place,—small enough to be well examined, and worthy of it.]

May 21st. Left my family in Edinburgh whilst I went for a trip to Glasgow. The run was an hour and twenty minutes. First through a long tunnel, and then nearly all the distance through a fine farming country, very much in grain. I saw but few cattle, and a very small number of sheep. Near every farm-house are large ricks of grain, probably last year's crop of wheat and oats.

"Drove at once to Stavert, Zigomala & Co's. Found Mr. Crawford, the leading member of the firm, absent. They sent a young man with me to Napier & Co., ship-building engineers, who had me shown through their shops near Glasgow and gave me a note of admission to their

ship-yard down the river. They told me that their price for a steam iron ship complete was from thirty to forty pounds per ton, according to the quality of the ship. They were just completing an iron-clad frigate for the Turkish government; now had very little to do, and were in a good condition to meet a 'lock-out' it was expected would be made next week, the workmen wishing to reduce their time from sixty hours a week to fifty-seven, and retain the same wages.

"*May 22d.* Went to Stavert & Zigomala's, and, after talking with Mr. Crawford, gave them an order for one thousand tons of pig-iron. Mr. C. went with me to the great foundry of Eddington & Sons, now owned and conducted by David Law, who is said to be realizing fifty thousand pounds per annum profit. The manager,—Downey,—who is very *clever* in the English sense of the word, conducted us through the whole establishment, which is covered by *fourteen acres* of roof. The buildings are of the cheapest kind, many of them mere sheds; but so arranged as to economize time and labor. The cranes hoist and lower, and everything is worked by steam. Spent nearly three hours in going over the works." [Returned to Edinburgh and to the family, who have thoroughly enjoyed every day that it has been their privilege to spend in this most attractive city, which we shall ever think of as sitting on her hills like a princess on her throne, the admired of all beholders. Stuart's cough better to-day. Frequent driving, the open air, and sight-seeing have been beneficial to him. We have been much pleased with our hotel.]

We bade adieu to Edinburgh on the morning of the 23d. Visited Abbotsford, now the property of Miss Mary Monica Scott, a young lady of fourteen, daughter of Mr. Hope Scott, who married Miss Lockhart. She is the only surviving descendant of Sir Walter. Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys were also visited and admired. Near the latter we dismissed our carriage, taking the less agreeable

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1866. cars, that only too swiftly bore us away from "Bonnie Scotland" to Carlisle. On going to look at "Carlisle wall," we find there is still a good deal of it left on which the sun of Cumberland may shine.

Yesterday—24th—was the Queen's birthday, and a holiday. We engaged seats to Keswick, and were soon at Penrith, viewing the ruin of its old castle, probably built by the Nevilles. It was dismantled in the time of Charles I. and sold for its lead and timber. The ride from Penrith was over a rough country, through deep cuts; mountains, with some patches of snow still on them, in full view; many ragged sheep.

We came to the large, new "Keswick Hotel," handsome gardens around it, and mountains girdling the horizon on every side. One side and one end of our drawing-room, being composed of a succession of bow-windows from floor to ceiling, give a fine look-out on superb views. For this fine room, with three adjoining chambers, we pay seventeen shillings per day. Mr. Wood has gone to Middlesborough and Darlington, to inspect large iron-works in those places, leaving us to enjoy ourselves for a few days, and, after stopping at such places as we wish in this beautiful "Lake Region," to meet him at Manchester.

It is now fifteen minutes past ten o'clock. We have just finished our tea by the twilight that yet lingers. The point of sky between the opening of two mountains is slightly tinged with ruddy light, from out of which the star of evening shines brightly.

May 28th, Manchester. My husband concludes his business memorandums of the last few days by saying, "Went to Victoria Station this evening for my wife and children. They had been highly gratified by to-day's journey, posting from six in the morning; stopping at Grasmere, Rydal Mount, Ambleside, and other places; then taking the train at Windermere, changing at Kendal, and again at Oxenholme.

"*May 30th.* Took the boat from Liverpool to Birken-

head, then the cars to Chester. Walked through the curious old town, and into the old cathedral, where is the tomb of Henry IV. Drove in an open carriage through English rural scenes to Eton Hall, and into the grounds which form a part of this large domain, extending nine miles across, and four in another direction, enclosing twenty thousand acres. The man in charge told us he had been there for forty years, and that it was his daily duty to walk around the estate and see that all was in order.

"The Earl of Grosvenor has represented the city of Chester for twenty years in Parliament. He is the eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster, who is the owner of Eton Hall and the adjoining estate, and probably the richest man in the kingdom.

"On our return, found Horatio and his wife at the hotel. They have also taken their passages in the 'Scotia.'"

"*June 1st.* Went to the 'Scotia,' and arranged for seats for our party at the table. Came off by another boat; called on Brown & Shipley and settled cash accounts. In the evening, rode out to our consul, Thomas Dudley's, to tea with his family, who I find go to Friends' meeting.

"*June 2d.* Prepared our trunks, and about nine sent them to the boat. Several of our friends met us on the boat, and remained until the anchor was raised. We are particularly indebted to Josiah Thompson and his son Richard for aiding us in our arrangements.

"When the mail-boat was pushing off, our friends waved us a last good-bye, one of them pointing to a ship coming up, which we supposed to be the 'China.' A few minutes satisfied us that we were right, and we looked through our glasses to see if we could recognize any of our friends. I tried hard to see Mr. Robins's white locks, but the distance did not permit it.

"The morning was most auspicious, and the sea very smooth. A few minutes took us past Stockport, and we

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1866. were soon out of sight of land. We find a few acquaintance
among the passengers, F. R. Starr and others.

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"*June 3d.* On rising this morning, found that we had arrived at Queenstown. Had the weather been clear, I should have gone ashore. We left Cork Harbor about five P.M., after getting the mail-bags and a few passengers. Ran quietly, and in passing Cape Clear we sent up three rockets, to show that all was going well with us. The gulls were sailing and screaming around us, eager to pick up any refuse from the ship. Before going to bed we passed Fastnet Rock and the fine light placed upon it, bringing back the recollection of our entrance into the channel in the 'Persia,' November, 1864.

"*June 4th.* Although the wind was strong and mostly ahead, it did not prevent our being on deck and seeing the 'City of New York' steamer, which passed near us with all sail set. Our run has been about fourteen knots during the day, and the course by the compass N.W.N. Variation of the compass about two degrees.

"*June 7th.* The wind has been fairly ahead all day, and impeded our progress. On taking the noon observation, we were said to be within one thousand five hundred miles of New York,—a little more than half-way.

"I have been much interested in reading the letters of Oliver Cromwell, as collated by Thomas Carlyle. Being impressed with the large talent of the man, and the apparent honesty with which his successes are attributed to God.

"*June 11th, Long Island.* The wind turned to southwest, and in the afternoon we ran into a fog, which lasted for an hour, when it became clear and pleasant, the air being soft and balmy. Most of the passengers looking for the pilot. About three we passed the steamer 'Etna,' one of the Inman line, which sailed three days before us. Also several ships outward bound, under full sail.

"*June 12th.* Was called about five. Had a full and pleasant table at breakfast; very soon all were busy in

getting their luggage. After some delay, we were on a passenger boat and off for Jersey City. Soon after landing, our sons Edward and George came to us. An inspector looked at the list we had made of goods on which to pay duties. He examined one trunk. Its contents agreeing with the inventory given, the others passed unopened.

"*June 13th.* After a good night's sleep, rose early, and took a warm bath, which I much enjoyed. All our sons were at breakfast with us. Walked down to the office, and was warmly received by all. P. & J. Garrett and H. D. Vail gave me an account of their transactions while I was gone. Called at North America Insurance Company's Office, and talked with Coffin and S. W. Lewis, and at Philadelphia Bank, with Mr. Comegys and Mr. Erringer.

"*June 14th.* Walked to office, feeling much lassitude. Spent some time in looking over the accounts, as kept by Edward during my absence. So far as my examination went, they have been correctly kept. Saw Boswell about his dissolution with Wilson. Afterwards went into the office of Wood, Morrell & Co., and had a talk with them about their business. Mary H. Wood dined with us. She looks feeble, and was driven home by my wife.

"*June 15th.* Randolph left with me for Millville in the fast train, which justified its name, making the time in 1.45. George met us at the depot, and took us down. Went through the mill and looked at the working; went through the foundry. Looked into the bleachery, and talked with Dempsey, who seems an earnest man. Handy came to us, and we had an examination of the proposals for machinery by Englishmen.

"*June 16th.* Rose at 5.30, and went to the cotton-mill; George going with me. After breakfast, drove and walked up to the 'Union,' and had a look with Comer at the waste-gates. Examined place for new one, and think where the old floating-gates were to be the best place. Looked at the saw-mill. Saw George Langley about the flour-mill.

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1866. "*June 17th.* Rose at 6.30, and took a warm bath. Wife
ÆT. 67. being with our sister Caroline, leaves us without her cheering face at the breakfast table. Sons all went to meeting with me. I enjoyed a silent sitting among our friends. Spent the afternoon at home, and again at evening meeting. After it, paid a visit to our mother, which was quite pleasant. Called also to see Dr. Wood, who has grown stout.

"*June 18th.* After going to market, went to office. Called upon by Judge Huston, of Delaware, for the purpose of buying iron for the Milford and Georgetown Railroad. Took him to Cambria Iron Company. Had some talk with son George about going to Europe for his wife's health and to purchase machinery for the mill. Edward returned from a visit to Mary Kneass, and says he would like to marry on the 24th of next month and sail for Europe at once. Drove out to David Scull's with three children; wife coming with sister Caroline to meet me at tea. Returned, leaving Julia there.

"*June 19th.* Went over to Camden, and saw Judge Yorke and J. G. Stevens. Had long talk with them about our respective railroads. They want to consolidate them.

"*June 20th.* Went to market, and paid Rhoades for butter of most excellent quality forty cents per pound, and for loin of lamb twenty-five cents per pound. Called upon Mr. Cabot, and had a long talk about the working of the furnaces of the Allentown Iron Company, of their financial condition, and the chance of profit for this year. He said a dividend would probably be made in July of six per cent., and another earned by January next, if nothing adverse happened, of twelve per cent. He seemed sanguine of the success of the company. Had also a talk with C. S. Wood about the working of the Cambria Iron Company, and received from him a favorable account of the Abbott Iron Company of Baltimore, in which the Cambria Company is largely interested.

"*June 22d.* Wood, Morrell & Co. inform me of the strike

of their puddlers at Johnstown, and the difficulties they find in managing it. Prepared the accounts of the income tax for 1865, and find I shall have nearly eleven thousand dollars to pay. 1866.
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"*June 23d.* Mary Kneass dined with us. I like her looks. She is sprightly, and Edward seems to love her. Spent some time in writing to G. B. Cooper about his brother's lands on Maurice River.

"*June 26th.* Looked at the buildings northeast and southeast corners of Chestnut and Fourth Streets, which are advertised to be sold at twelve o'clock at auction. I went to the sale. The price bid for the northeast corner, fifteen and a half feet, was thirty-six thousand dollars, and unsold, the price asked being forty thousand dollars. For the southeast corner the bid was one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars, and unsold, the price asked, one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. I called on the President of the Commonwealth Bank and withdrew an offer to sell Bank Place at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

"*June 27th.* Wrote an introductory note to Thaddeus Stevens for my son Edward, asking his aid in the case of the bonds. Asked Morton McMichael for such a letter to O'Neill, the Congressman for our district. Left with wife and Stuart for Cape Island, stopped at Millville for the day. Went through the bleachery, saw that they had done good work, then went into G. B. Langley's flour-mill. Found he had made various alterations, and was pleased with what he said. Went to Wilsons' saw-mill, and, after talking with them, went through the mill, and found they had a complete establishment and were in good spirits. In the cotton-mill, and advised Handy to open the windows of the rooms and air them after the operatives were gone."

"*July 5th.* Left Cape May in the train at 6.30; George and his wife coming at the same time. Drove to the bank, and received from L. Mulford a certificate of stock of two hun-

1866. dred and ten shares, giving up the old one of one hundred shares. Dined with son George. Afterwards we walked to the 'Union,' along the bank of the canal, and found three leaks, one of them very serious. Walked afterwards up to the flood-gates, and to the spot where the new ones are to be placed.

ÆT. 67.

"*July 7th, Millville.* Walked to the bleachery, and found Dempsey had left for New England, not having permission. Surprised by seeing the water so low in the basin at the mill, and for the first time was convinced that I had made all the improvements that the quantity of water would justify. Called upon Mr. Mulford, and requested him to get up a gas company and encourage it as president. He talked with me about the regulation of the streets. I saw Samuel Wells, and requested him to make a survey of the streets, and lay them out through my own property, which he agreed to do. Got into the train going down to Cape May, and found wife and son Randolph in the cars.

"*July 10th.* George left with his brother Richard, who accompanies him to New York on his way to England. Called upon G. B. Cooper and his brother about the purchase of their swamp land on Maurice River, adjoining mine. They will sell it to me for thirty dollars per acre. Saw James Norton, an engineer at Millville, and suggested to him that I might want him to run some levels, preparatory to damming Maurice River.

"*July 12th.* Eli Thompson and R. Winlack called to discuss the propriety of proceeding further with a tunnel, now driving at our mines, to a vein not before worked. Wrote to W. L. Abbott. The whole work is in a dilemma, and much doubt of its paying. Edward returned from his semi-weekly visit to Miss Kneass, and at eleven o'clock P.M. left for Washington, to try to collect my Texas bonds. Trust he may be successful. Received letter from George on board the 'Java,' by pilot. He seems to be in good spirits.

"*July 14th, Millville.* Talked with the Wilsons about

their business, and about box-making for W. & G.; also 1866.
 about filling cars with ice. Gave a list to A. McNeal of the
 quantity of pipe R. D. Wood & Co. have yet to make before
 1867. Spoke to James Norton about surveying and level-
 ing ground for me. Left for Cape May. A. 1. 67.

"*July 15th.* Went into the sea about five, and found the
 bathing pleasant. Children all went to church except
 Stuart, who went with me to see Dr. Page about his eyes,
 Dr. Dyer having requested him to do so. Richard, who
 went to church, has disappeared since. He must have
 found somebody that is interesting.

"*July 16th.* Left in the 6.30 train, sons coming with me.
 The crop of corn from Vineland up, looked well; the rain
 of Saturday and the heat having made it grow finely. Wife
 at home, putting the house in order. The heat has perhaps
 exceeded any on record for the number of days it has con-
 tinued, ranging from 90° to 99° in the middle of the day.
 The intelligence from Europe is that a serious defeat has
 been sustained by the Austrians from the Prussians, and
 that the former has ceded Venetia to France, asking her
 to mediate between the belligerents.

"*July 17th.* Called on Mattison about heater for my
 house. At Schuylkill Navigation Office, and had a talk
 with Messrs. Tilghman and Fraley. They stated to me
 the great difficulty they had in bringing the Reading Rail-
 road Company to comply with their contract, but that the
 present arrangement was working well. My object in call-
 ing was to confer with Smith, the engineer and superintend-
 ent of the Navigation, about a tumbling-dam at Maurice
 River.

"*July 18th.* Spent some time in a final settlement with
 Geyelin, leaving the only account between us the two
 bonds I hold. After dining at John Price's, wife called
 and took me to the two o'clock train for Millville, at which
 place I stopped and looked at the mill and bleachery, and
 left at four for Cape May.

1866. " *July 21st.* Left in the 6.30 train. Stopped at Millville. Well progressing slowly. Dempsey mending his chemical-tub. Took Moore up to the 'Union;' looked at the wastegates with Comer, and promised to repair them at once. *I then determined to omit the new gates, and build the dam over the river.* Came to Cape May in the late train.

ÆT. 67.

" *July 23d.* Left in the 6.30 train, daughter Mary and son Stuart coming with me. Wife met us. All the family expect to go to the wedding except Mary, who is not well, and myself. Edward and wife intend leaving on Wednesday for Liverpool. Gave him an introductory letter to Baring Brothers, and wrote by him to George.

" *July 24th.* Wife and children returned from Lambertville, and report that Edward was married, and had left, to sail from New York to-morrow; that they had a pleasant time at the wedding, and quite a large company.

" *July 15th.* Received notice from Treasury Department that they wanted evidence about the Texas indemnity bonds presented to them for payment. Went to the train for Millville, getting there at four. Saw Dempsey in the bleachery, and Handy in the mill. They were discussing some matter in the bleachery, and looked a little aghast at my coming upon them. Took the train at Millville, and reached Cape May before seven. Saw Dr. Jacob T. Sharp; he asked me to buy the Manamuskin manor.

" *July 27th.* Bathed in the surf with my two young sons, and enjoyed it. Left for Millville, where I looked into most of the concerns. Gave Wilson authority to build a store-house, in which to sell goods, at the junction of Sharp and Factory Streets. Looked with Handy at the force-pumps in the mill, and decided to get another of Fales & Jenks, the first one put in being too much worn to risk. Gave directions to the men who were curbing the race. Talked with Dempsey about using Powell's men to finish his dye-house.

" *July 29th.* Rose at six, and took Walter and Stuart in to

bathe, which I much enjoyed. Children went to church, 1866.
and I engaged in reading at home. The view upon the
sea is magnificent this morning, large ships and many
schooners in the distance; one large steamer coming so
near that we could *almost see the men's eyes*.

"*July 30th.* Left in the 6.30 train, and stopped at Millville. Found the workmen progressing slowly with the arching of the stream for the foundry. Dempsey reported the breaking of a pipe, which would stop his work for a few days. He seems in earnest, and tries his best to succeed. Handy showed me the force-pump of Fales & Jenks, which is of the simplest kind, and apparently the most effective, showing the inefficient character of the old pump. I spoke to Wilsons about getting the logs out of the swamp during next winter and putting them in a condition to float when the pond rose after the making of the new dam. Went by the nine train to the city, and spent some time in writing the replies to the inquiry of the Controller of the Treasury at Washington about the Texas bonds."

"*Aug. 2d, 'Sea Brink.'* Wife went with me to bathe before breakfast, which was very pleasant. Left in the nine train, and stopped at Millville. After looking at all the factories, drove up to the 'Union;' the building of the coffer-dam seemed to be progressing well. The head was full, and I am not without apprehension that the water may rise too fast. Looked generally over the bleachery, which seems working successfully, but at too much cost for profit. While at the saw-mill, saw a man who looked faint from the cutting off of his thumb by the saw. Came up by the late train.

"*Aug. 3d.* Bought barrel of family flour at thirteen dollars and fifty cents. Paid for peaches this morning one dollar and twenty-five cents a half-peck. Spoke to Joseph Bacon about an offer R. D. Wood & Co. asked of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to carry one thousand tons pipe to

1866. Chicago. The company sent to get a copy of the application. Telegraphic operations going on perfectly to London through the new wire, and the rate of charge is put down at one pound sterling for each word.

ÆT. 67.

"*Aug. 7th.* Called upon the City Treasurer; afterwards upon A. S. & E. Roberts, and paid the taxes, etc., due on our Broad Top lands. Attended the meeting of the North American Insurance Company's board, and find their losses have been greater than at any previous period; their business has also much increased. Went afterwards to the office of the Allentown Iron Company. The president reported that they were asking forty-nine dollars for number one pig-iron, and had sold at forty-eight dollars. Captain Hampton at our office, which led to a discussion about the purchase of the 'Vineland,' now held for sale. Letter from son George.

"*Aug. 9th.* Bathed alone before breakfast. Saw Stewart, the dealer in ice, who said he was not satisfied with it. Came, to Millville, and after looking at various matters, drove up to the 'Union,' and found a large force at work repairing the gates. They were in bad condition. Dempsey I think extravagant in his expenditure. The water was lower at the mill than I have seen, and a considerable part of the work had to be thrown off. Saw James Norton, the engineer, and made an engagement with him to meet me on Monday, to talk about the survey for the dam.

"*Aug. 10th.* A letter from son George from Manchester. Wrote in reply to-day. Horace King, formerly a boy in my store, who came from East Tennessee, but who, when the war broke out, lived in the South, came into my office, and we had a long talk about the rebellion. He reports himself as having been upon the staff of General Breckinridge, and afterwards commissary-general in the Confederate army. He says he was a Whig previous to the war.

"*Aug. 12th.* Family, including that of our niece, E. W.

Packard, went to church. Took a bath before breakfast, 1866.
which, though at low tide and cold, I found quite agree-
able, and enjoyed the reaction. Spent the day in reading Æt 67.
and sleeping, for I find that the sleep I ordinarily get is
not enough for me.

"*Aug. 13th.* Left in the nine train. Stopped at Millville,
and talked with Norton. Went with him to look at the
site of the new dam, and asked him to measure across
from High Bank. Walked with the Wilsons to look at the
swamp, and propose buying it.

"*Aug. 14th.* Spent the morning in the counting-room,
posting books and looking over accounts. In the afternoon
was called upon by a gentleman from Columbus, Ga., who
is a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention that meets
to-day, made up of the North and the South, to reconcile
all their differences and make a happy family out of a
disjointed nation; or, in other words, to again put the
Democratic party in power. They are assembling in great
numbers.

"*Aug. 15th.* Read my correspondence of the morning,
which has become much enlarged, owing to the employ-
ment of agencies in the sale of goods and for the purchase
of cotton, which keeps Philip always busy. Wife came up
from 'Sea Brink' by the morning train; I dined with her
at one. Left in the train at two, and stopped at Millville.
Had a talk with Wilsons about cutting the swamp timber,
which they propose to do, charging ten per cent. on the
net proceeds of the timber. Left for 'Sea Brink' in the last
train, and reached there after dark. Found Frank Wood
stopping with us.

"*Aug. 20th.* Rose early, and saw sons Richard and Ran-
dolph and E. Scull off by the early train. Breakfasted with
family, and left in the nine train; stopping at Millville, where
I met P. McAdams, and went with him over the ground
upon which the dam is to be built, and requested him to
make proposals for building it. Saw the progress of deep-

1866. ening the well. Showed E. Wilson how to wharf the stream
ÆT. 67. from the foundry.

"*Aug. 22d.* Had an interview with A. B. Cooley in relation to buying a steam dredge. He asks three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Met J. M. Kennedy, who invited me to look at some specimens of Bessemer steel brought from England by Mr. Wright. Told my brother Charles of the interview. Dined, and left for Millville. Met James Norton about his survey, and the specifications for the dam to be built. Directed him to advertise for proposals in the Millville and Bridgeton papers. After tea walked down to the mills, and found much water wasting through the gates by leaving them open.

"*Aug. 23d.* Talked with Wilsons about their agreement to cut the timber off the 'Union' swamp. Handed W. D. Kemble the lease of M. and G. Railroad Company, which had been given to me by T. H. Whitney.

"*Aug. 24th.* Spent the morning chiefly in writing deeds for lots sold yesterday, and called upon Geyelin to make a gate for one broken in the old wheel. Had a call from Richard Jones to talk about his foundry at Florence Heights, which the sheriff has advertised. The painters have our Arch Street house in such a state of confusion we were glad to go to Cape May.

"*Aug. 25th.* Left in the eight train; our niece Packard and her four children, and our son Walter, being of the party. Stopped at Millville. Left six deeds for wife's acknowledgment on her way up on Monday morning. Walked with Walter over the river, and through the meadow purchased of John Moore. Not much progress in the deepening of the big well at the bleachery, but saw an ingenious contrivance of S. Souder to make the pump work. Walter returned with me to 'Sea Brink,' and after tea we walked over to Mr. Whitney's.

"*Aug. 26th.* Spent almost all the day in the house in reading, except a short walk over the stream, and again

crossing the stream on a single plank, walking by the site of the Mount Vernon Hotel. The remains show in a slight degree the great size of the buildings destroyed by fire, and the enclosing banks show the protection that was given to it from the sea. I had also an object, in finding some high ground from which I might take enough to fill the low ground of my present lot. 1866.
Æt. 67.

"*Aug. 27th.* Received letter from Edward from London. Wife received one from George and his wife from near Blackburn, where they were stopping at a country inn, which seemed to please them. Was disappointed in not meeting Arnold Peters, who is reported as being at Millville. Wife drove out to see our sisters Hannah and Caroline. The latter she reports better. A letter came for Julia from Madame Merle d'Aubigné, saying she has a little daughter, which she has named after her.

"*Aug. 28th.* Was taken by A. B. Cooley & Co., in a tug-boat, across the river, to a dredger now at work in the mud, which I saw in operation. The boat was old, but she did the work easily. After looking at her, left in the tug, which took us to another dredge near Richmond, which I examined and found in a better condition. Called at Girard Bank to see Mr. Cummings about the sale of the 'Vineland,' and left him, giving an acceptance of the offer by Reybold of twenty-five thousand dollars. The latter called at our office and agreed to have a bill of sale made for her at Wilmington. Wrote to son Edward at London. Dined in John Price's restaurant.

"*Aug. 29th.* R. D. Greene and Arnold Peters at my office. The former told me that Sharp & Thomas had agreed to sell me two-thirds of the May's Landing estate. As I had engaged to go to Florence on the steamer 'E. Forrest,' I had to leave Peters, with an understanding that he would come to see me to-morrow. Randolph went with me to Florence, Mr. Jones going with us. Went with his son to the foundry, which we examined and found in a very

1866. dilapidated condition and could not be repaired for less than ten thousand dollars.

ÆT. 67.

"*Aug. 30th.* Wife went to brother Charles's, 'Wayside,' to spend the day and night. Found Arnold Peters in my office, and had a long talk with him about the settlement of the Phoenix Iron Company's account, which resulted in a note to be copied in letter-book. H. D. Vail returned from Washington after the purchase of the 'Vineland.' She came up in the afternoon. McAdams came to see me, and arranged to take charge of the dredge-boat—if bought—to go to Maurice River. Left at twelve for Burlington. Found in same car Colonel Patterson and Judge Carpenter, going to attend the sale of property at Florence. After some delay the property was sold, and, with the exception of the foundry, at low prices.

"*Aug. 31st.* Had a talk with Colton of A. B. Cooley & Co., which resulted in the purchase of the dredge for three thousand five hundred dollars, to be in working order. Remitted son George fifty pounds to pay his return passage. Made a large negotiation with the Philadelphia Bank at the rate of five per cent. Got into Market Street car with brother Charles, and went to Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, where my wife met us, and we went to their place 'Wayside.' After a good dinner, drove to his farm, rode through it, and found a large crop of corn and general good culture.

"*Sept. 1st.* Left town for Millville. Went to the mill, and found the water lower than I had ever seen it, so much so that the bleachery was stopped. Dined at the 'Mansion,' drove up to the 'Union,' and talked with Comer about raising stone. Left some deeds with Mr. Kemble to deliver. Went to the depot and joined wife, who was in the train, and reached 'Sea Brink' at 7.30.

"*Sept. 4th.* Reached the city about nine. Spent the morning writing deeds for sales made at Millville, and engaged Huneker to paint the house. Authorized McAdams to

take charge of the dredge-boat. Letters from George, and one from Edward, written from Geneva. Our coachman, Caleb, told me he should leave me to-night without any sufficient provocation. He is getting very independent, but, as he has been a good fellow for nearly ten years, I should be ungrateful if I did not wish him a comfortable life for the future. The town is full of Union Convention men.

"*Sept. 7th.* Went to the office of Wood, Marsh & Hayward. Saw there J. M. Hill from Nashville, an old friend and customer, whom I have not seen for more than twenty years. He seems in good health, and says he passed through the war without damage to himself or property. He evidently at one time felt himself as belonging to the rebel party; but, as a cautious man, and one who meant to be quiet, did not commit himself. Colonel Patterson called in relation to his Florence purchase, and I gave him a note saying I would like to have his price for the whole.

"*Sept. 8th.* Went to market before breakfast. Left in the eight train for Millville. Getting there, found McAdams, who said the dredge was in Maurice River, and that he would go to work with it on Monday. Received the specifications from Norton, the engineer, for building the dam over the river. Left for Cape May; found most of the cottages deserted, and very few hotels open. Julia alone with the servants, and apparently quite happy.

"*Sept. 10th.* Left 'Sea Brink' with Julia. We stopped at Millville, where I saw the dredge. She seemed to work well, except for the kind of bottom she had to work in. Found a number of persons to look at the specification for building the dam, and gave them until Wednesday. Saw John Pike, who claims to own some swamp to be overflowed by the putting up of the dam over the river. Talked with Sam. Souder about putting in the iron trunk, and think he understands how to do it.

"*Sept. 12th.* Left in the eight train, and on the way had a talk with J. T. Nixon about the consequences of overflow-

1866.
Æt. 67.

1866. ing the land of parties not interested in the work, and engaged his services if it should be necessary. Got out at Millville, and saw a full head of water, and the bleachery and mill running with one wheel, as they were taking out the foundations for the other. A leak was found, such as made it necessary to stop off the water to do the work well. Norton, the engineer, had gone to the city; but I saw a number of proposals for making the dam. Ordered lumber for 'Sea Brink' from Wilsons. Found Handy had returned and was hard at work with foundations. Came to Cape May, and after tea paid a short visit to old Mr. Miller, who told me that he had resided here since 1835. Paid J. Q. Williams one hundred and thirty-five dollars and forty-nine cents in full, his own bill, and the tax for 1866.

"Sept. 13th. All of our family left for Philadelphia. Giving the keys of the house to Williams, with instructions as to the fencing, etc. Wife stopped with me at Millville, where we dined. Made contract with P. McAdams for constructing the dam over Maurice River, the price of the embankment being twenty-five cents per cubic yard.*

* The new dam at Millville consists of an embankment provided with stone waste-weir and five sluice-gates, each discharging its water under a twenty-five feet head through a thirty-six-inch pipe.

The embankment is two thousand feet long. At the point where it crosses the channel of Maurice River it is two hundred feet thick at its base and twenty-five feet thick on its top, and forty feet high. The whole earthwork contains one hundred thousand cubic yards, and overflows upwards of one thousand acres. The greater part of the bank was made by Patrick McAdams, under contract, at twenty-five cents per cubic yard. He began in September, 1866, and finished during spring of 1868.

The valley of the river lying between the old "Union" dam on the north and the new dam on the south, now the bottom of the reservoir made by the latter, was filled with water to a "running head" in six weeks after the flow of the river was closed, which was considered by all who had ventured a prediction upon it a very short time. No water worth considering had been allowed to flow from the old pond into the new, as the weather prior to and during the time required for filling had been peculiarly mild and almost exempt from rainfall. This accumulation, therefore, came from the little mill-stream and other small tributaries and springs, the benefit of which the water-power had not

"Sept. 14th. Spent most of the day in the counting-room. 1866.
Mr. Landis called, and had a long talk about Vineland and
the purchase of the Dr. Sharpe estate, which he said he Æt. 67
would be glad to have if a railroad was run through it.
Colonel Patterson also called. I offered him for his pur-
chase at Florence forty thousand dollars cash. He said his
price was sixty-five thousand dollars; but he seemed anxious
to sell, and I think would have taken forty-five thousand
dollars.

"Sept. 16th. Richard and Randolph drove out to Haver-
ford to see their brothers, and returned in the evening,
bringing a letter from Walter. Walked with wife to see
our mother after meeting, and found her comfortably sitting

previously enjoyed, demonstrating them to be of more value than had been
anticipated.

The waste-weir, or tumbling-dam, is situated on the south side of the em-
bankment, about five hundred feet from the Mount Pleasant Bluff, on what
used to be known among our old deer-hunters as Buck's Island, from its being
a high piece of land surrounded by swamp, and a refuge for deer. Its masonry
consists principally of the native red sandstone and Rosendale cement. The
width of water-passage is two hundred feet. Its main wall at base is eleven
feet thick, on top four feet, and twenty-seven feet high, being vertical on its
rear side. This, with its wing-walls, parapets, abutments, and crib-work, con-
tains six thousand (6000) cubic yards of masonry. It was begun in June,
1868, and considered complete in December of same year.

Almost the very day the water had attained its full height the wall was ob-
served to have moved about a quarter of an inch, and from the time it was
first observed it gradually grew worse, until within forty-eight hours it was
bent forward in the middle and at top as much as four feet beyond its original
line. Danger was imminent, and had to be averted by a reduction of the
head pressing upon the weir. This was accomplished by throwing off from
four to six feet of top of the main wall, which reduced the head by that much.
The subsequent application of sluice-gates, above alluded to, enabled the water
to be further reduced, and four abutments built against the wall, ten feet wide
and thirty feet long, which have proved very effectual supports.

This difficulty delayed the final completion and use of the dam the remainder
of the year 1869.

The total cost is estimated to have been one hundred and twenty thousand
dollars.

GEORGE WOOD, 1874.

1866. at her chamber-window. David Paul Brown sat on the seat
before me, and, as the meeting was rather long and silent, I
thought toward the end he was restless.

"Sept. 19th. Called on Dr. Cooper about the land I expected to overflow at Maurice River. Ed. Roberts called, and talked about Broad Top coal lands, and engaged to go with a company to see the Ogden iron ore mines on Monday. L. T. Watson also called on me, and said he had a pair of horses he wished to sell. I went in the afternoon, and drove them about four miles. He agreed to take six hundred dollars for them.

"Sept. 20th. After going to market, left for Millville, and found Handy had a difficulty in closing the iron table to the quarter turn, which he had concluded to close with wood. I did not like it, and, after some delay, closed it with iron. Found the dredge at work, digging about twelve feet deep at high water, and had the depth changed. The mill was running with one wheel; Handy says he will start both to-morrow. Greene went down in the train, and I told him I would bring Norton over to have him run the levels at his pond. Went to Sharp & Westcott, and found them in difficulty with their furnace in using anthracite.

"Sept. 21st. After breakfast, walked over to the dam, and saw stump-puller to be used by McAdams. Saw cranberries, and had a talk with B. Johnson. The 'Vineland' was unloading and the dredge at work. Told Norton I want him to go to May's Landing to run a level. Jones called upon me; I told him that if I bought the Florence establishment I would put it into operation if he would undertake the management, and give him one-fifth the profits.

"Sept. 22d. Meeting this morning larger than usual. Samuel Bettie preached, taking for his text, 'I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep.' Miss Flanigan prayed a long time. Spent the day in reading 'The Living Age.' One of the articles, 'Science and Miracles,' which subjects are treated in a manner different from any writer I have seen.

"*Sept. 23d.* Spent the morning in the counting-room, writing to sons Edward and George. G. W. Thomas called to say that Bodine had made an application to him, as one of the lessees of the M. and G. Road, to run the Delaware and Raritan Bay Road. I told him to see J. G. Stevens, and if he was favorable to it, I would talk to him. Left in the 3.30 train, North Pennsylvania Railroad, with J. G. Fell, and Wilson, Ed. Roberts, and Percival, for Easton, and got there in time for tea. Slept there.

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A.T. 67.

"*Sept. 25th.* Rose at five, and walked over to the Morris and Essex Railroad, and soon ran through a thick fog to Dover. Stopped at Jollie's and took breakfast. From there our party, consisting of twelve persons, drove to the Lake Hopatcong, taking the locomotive on the Ogden Railroad Company part of the way, and at the end of the railroad went on a new steam-tug, and ran from the upper end to where the water passes into the Morris Canal. Returned by locomotive, and ran up to the Ogden Iron Mines, which we examined, and then walked down a turnpike now making. Took carriages, drove to Sparta, and then to Franklin to sleep.

"*Sept. 26th.* While breakfasting at Franklin, it began to rain. Our party took the hill road, and stopped to see the zinc works near Sparta. The ore crushed, and the lime and sand washed out, leaves a fine, heavy metallic ore, which is carried to Newark, where it is subjected to heat, which sublimates the zinc, making a white oxide of zinc for paint. The residue is melted, producing what is called franklinite iron, a portion of which is manganese. Continued our ride to Dover, dined, took the 2.30 train, and reached Newark in time for the four train to Philadelphia. I am gratified by the trip, on account of the interest in looking at the region we passed over, but more so from the fact of having a clear understanding between the Ogden Iron Company and those interested in Broad Top.

"*Sept. 28th, Millville.* Found the mill in full operation,

1866.
ÆT. 67. also the bleachery, with a good head of water. Handy told me that he had agreed to return to Rhode Island, having been offered three thousand dollars per annum for managing a new cotton-mill. I suggested to him the putting up a mill at Tuckahoe. Returned in the evening, talked with Dr. Wales of Tuckahoe about the water-power there.

"*Sept. 29th.* Left with wife in the five train for Wallingford Station, to spend to-morrow with our brother George Randolph. He met us at the train, and we had an agreeable evening."

"*Oct. 1st.* Colonel Patterson called about the sale of Florence. I continued the offer of forty thousand dollars cash. He said he would see me on Thursday. Engaged Thomas McNish as coachman at forty dollars per month, to be raised to fifty dollars.

"*Oct. 2d.* Left in the eight train for Millville with wife. Had a pleasant run down, and found the mill doing full work. The dredge also at work, but only when the water is four feet or more. Settled with P. McAdams for the work of September, paying him four hundred and eighty dollars for the deepening of the dam. Talked with Handy, who is industriously at work at the foundation of the whipper-room.

"*Oct. 3d.* Went the round of the factories, and then drove up to the 'Union,' taking wife. Went to the waste-gate, and saw the water running over, the pond being full. Talked with Comer about his work, then drove to the bank and talked with cashier. Took wife to see the height of the new dam. Purchased wharf-logs of J. K. Moore, at fifteen dollars the thousand feet. Came up in the 3.06 train.

"*Oct. 6th.* Colonel Patterson called on me; we went together to see Judge Carpenter, to learn the precise quantity of the land at Florence, which we did by looking at two maps there. After returning to the city, I bought the property at forty-two thousand five hundred dollars, payable November 6th.

"*Oct. 7th.* As two of our servants, Fanny, the cook, and Jane, her daughter, are about leaving us, I read, after breakfast, the Sermon on the Mount. I trust they will remember its most valuable injunctions. Sons went to meeting with me. Dr. Beesley preached a long time. After meeting, we walked to see Edward's house in Spruce Street. It is in good condition, and well fitted up for the young pair. 1866.
A. 1. 67

"*Oct. 13th.* Paid the balance of the mortgage of the Philadelphia Bank to Mrs. Ebbs,—thirty thousand dollars. Winlack & Thompson called, and finished their agreement about the purchase of the engine, etc., on the De Long coal tract, for twenty-five thousand dollars, and to pay interest after eighteen months.

"*Oct. 17th, Millville.* Riggins, of the dredge, rowed Norton and myself down the river below Silver Run, and we decided to cut out the middle channel opposite the long bend. Walked with Norton over the site of the dam, and talked about the place for the waste weir. George Greene called to inquire about his going to May's Landing. I offered him one-sixth of the profits and loss of the business to be done there, and spoke of the Bennett Mill tract, and the policy of employing Morrison.

"*Oct. 19th.* Mrs. Kneass to tea. A cheerful and intelligent lady, of fine appearance and fine face. She read the letters received from Edward and Mary during their absence. Her son came for her.

"*Oct. 22d.* R. D. Greene was here from May's Landing; reported his progress. I gave him the deed of Sharp & Westcott to record. Received letter from son George, who expects to arrive to-morrow. Talked with E. Y. Townsend about the business of Cambria Iron Company, and the formation of a new firm for the management of the commercial part of their business. Mary and Julia returned from their uncle Charles's, where they had been for a few days.

"*Oct. 23d.* Brought James F. Smith and his son this

1866. morning to Millville; also an engineer to examine the site
of the dam. Went immediately to McAdams's place of
work. Mr. Norton joined us, and Mr. Handy went over
the ground and fixed upon the site for the tumbling-dam,
being the southwest side of Buck's Island. Smith approved
of Norton's suggestions regarding the whole work.

Æt. 67.

"Oct. 25th. Before leaving our chamber our son George came into it, having come with his wife from Boston, where they arrived from Liverpool yesterday. They dined with us. George looks strong and vigorous, and Mary seems well. J. G. Stevens spent some time in my office to talk over matters relating to the Delaware and Raritan Bay Railroad, the making of the Williamstown road, and the consolidation of the three companies forming the route to Cape May. No conclusion on the last matter was come to.

"Oct. 27th. Left with wife in the West Jersey train, and went with her as far as Glassboro', where she took the Bridgeton train. I drove over to take the stage to Greenwich, and found my wife already there at Dr. Wood's house.

"Oct. 28th, Greenwich. Rose early, and walked to Buena Vista, where I saw two large vessels being built, and was told by Hoffman, who lives on the spot, that the one of three hundred and fifty measured tons was contracted for at sixteen thousand dollars. Returned to Dr. Wood's through the fields. Drove with the doctor and my wife to meeting. Talked with most of the Friends there. It was pleasant to be at the old place once more. After dinner we all, with brother Horatio, paid a visit to Martha Reeve, wife and self one at John Bacon's. Sister Caroline is bright, and does not show that she suffers much, although her disease is making progress.

"Oct. 29th. Left in the morning at 5.30, and drove to the station. As the route was new to me, I was interested in looking at it, seeing large quantities of marl in various

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places. Received in the evening a letter from Caleb Burris offering to come back as coachman, and expressing regret for having left his place." 1866.
A. r. 67

"*Nov. 3d, Millville.* Rather a late breakfast, after which George read a Psalm. We then walked together to see the excavation at the muck-patch; found it progressing slowly, but rightly. Walked over the whole site of the dam, then by Wilsons' to the bleachery, and saw Sweeney, the machinist who came from England to rectify our embossing machines, and after examination decided what to do with them.

"*Nov. 5th.* Mrs. Yarnall left us after breakfast. I went to D. Neall's and had a tooth taken out. Colonel Patterson called and said he would meet me at Judge Carpenter's and deliver deed for Florence. I accordingly went over and paid to the judge forty thousand dollars, who was to have the deed signed and acknowledged and sent for record, and to call upon me for the two thousand five hundred dollars upon evidence that the taxes were paid. Ed. Roberts called to arrange for a visit to Broad Top to-morrow. A man named Caldwell came to say he should like to do the printing at Millville if we would put up the works.

"*Nov. 6th.* Left for Harrisburg. After dinner we proceeded to Huntingdon, and on the way took in L. T. Watson, who provided us with a car to go to Broad Top. Getting out at Dudley, we took carriage, and were at the Mountain House, kept by Pearson, at eight o'clock. Discussed the work for to-morrow.

"*Nov. 7th.* All our party started for the place of the proposed tunnel for the new railroad; we drove about three miles in an open wagon, then walked three more, passing a knob over the valley, where we saw on the surface much ore scattered, indicating that it was below in quantities. Arriving at a depression in the mountain, our engineers took a

1866. point, and then ran their line, going down into the valley, with a steep descent of three hundred and seventy-six feet. ÆT. 67. Our return to the hotel was most laborious for those of us who clambered out of the valley.

"*Nov. 8th.* After breakfast, bade my friends good-bye. Walked down to Dudley, passing several collieries. At this place went into Wood & Bacon's store, and had a talk with their clerks. They showed me their shaft and engine, which is some distance from their mine. Passed in car by gravity, by Coal Mount to Saxton, and there took the train, and ran slowly down to Huntingdon. Found I could not leave for Philadelphia until 4.30. Walked to the upper end of the town, and saw the arrangement for the water-power. Stopped at Morrison's, took a meal, and then left for Mifflin, where I waited for the express train to the city. Getting there about one in the morning, called Randolph up to let me in.

"*Nov. 9th.* After reading up the election news for the last three days, went to the office, and worked at the desk, to fill up the omissions of the absent time.

"*Nov. 11th.* The meeting was small. Death has made large vacancies in the benches in front of me: this is among many other warnings that my time here has pretty nearly run. Cough and an affection of the head may be the cause of my end; but it is of little moment what ends my life if the result is as it should be.

"*Nov. 12th.* Called at Alexander McHenry's to inquire the freight of cotton to Liverpool on his steamer, to sail in a few days. He named three shillings and eightpence as the price. Called upon Cook, the auctioneer, to ascertain the probability of his selling the one thousand bales he advertises for Wednesday.

"*Nov. 13th.* Got up at four to look at the shooting-stars, but they did not come. It was a disappointment to many. Mr. Taylor, of Liverpool, called at nine, and we went together to examine the samples of more than one thousand

bales of cotton to be sold by auction to-morrow, and after 1866.
it we agreed to act jointly in the purchase, if to be had at
100 07
a satisfactory price.

"*Nov. 14th.* Taylor and Brockie called, and went together to the auction cotton sale. The sale went off very well, and more than one thousand bales were sold, at an average of about thirty-five for strictly middlings at thirty days. The sale had much more spirit than I expected, and hope it will help the cotton trade of the city.

"*Nov. 15th.* Left for Millville, and enjoyed reading 'Living Age' until arriving. Went to Kemble's office, then down to the site of the dam, and saw the operations among the muck, and was glad to find it nearly taken out. Dined with son George, and talked over the whole business going on at Millville, into the spirit of which he seems to enter. He took me up to the station, and I left for Cape Island.

"*Nov. 20th.* Edward and Mary being with us make a large family, especially as Walter and Stuart came from Haverford. Left in the eight train for Florence, and on the way had a talk with B. Lee about the working and the earnings of the Cape May Railroad. At Burlington met Richard Jones, who drove us over to Florence. We found also A. P. Morris, the trustee and plaintiff, who was directing the sheriff. The sale was gone into, and I bought the whole [of the movable effects] at two thousand one hundred dollars, and then came back in the one train to the city. Charles and his wife and daughter Hannah returned to the city from their summer residence.

"*Nov. 22d.* Called on for subscription to Friends' Freedmen Association; I gave them mine for fifty dollars. I have subscribed to the Academy of Natural Sciences five hundred dollars conditionally.

"*Nov. 23d.* Spent most of the day in the counting-room, and agreed with Captain Greene to take charge of the 'Vine-land,' on her return to Millville, at seventy-five dollars per

1866. month. Looked at the two wills I had written. Mutilated
 the first, and determined almost to do the same with the
 other, but did not entirely. Wife gone to G. M. Coates's,
 to the sewing-society, and daughter Mary-Edward to her
 mother's for a few days. All the other children gone to a
 concert. Mary Moss with them.

"*Nov. 27th.* Much excitement in the gold market. Attributed by many to the Fenian troubles in England, reported by telegraph. The price started at forty-one and a quarter, and rose to forty-three and three-quarters, and afterward declined. As W. & G. are sellers of sterling exchange, we were particularly interested in the movement.

"*Nov. 28th.* Met the board of the Ogden Iron Company at the office of J. G. Fell, and passed resolutions to accept the land and issue stock. Mr. H. Vincent called to say that he could not dine with me. In the evening most of my family went to hear him deliver an address upon Oliver Cromwell. He spoke rapidly for about two hours, and with great earnestness. It was a piece of declamation of an amusing kind."

"*Dec. 1st.* Spent a short time at Dr. Wood's, who has returned from a visit to Greenwich. Sister Caroline is apparently in a happy frame of mind, but her whole appearance indicates that her disease is making advances which it is impossible to resist.

"*Dec. 4th.* S. R. Hand called, and talked with me about a balance due on a mortgage he has not fully paid, and claims that we owe him for cedar which Landis cut on the lot he bought at my public sale. I showed him that Landis was liable. Wrote to P. Ludlam for his opinion about the passage of a supplement to the charter of the Millville Company. Read the message of the President, and the reports of the Secretaries, particularly that of the Treasury, in which he expresses the opinion that a resumption of specie payments can be made, July 1st, 1868.

"*Dec. 7th.* Indulged myself by lying in bed later than usual. Went to deliver deed to G. W. Thomas, and found that he and Sharp had gone gunning. Drove up to John Pike's twice, found him the second time, and made sale to him of the clump of cedar near the duck-pond for one hundred dollars per acre, and agreed to pay him ten dollars per acre for lands that will be overflowed by the erection of the dam. Found upon inquiry of Kemble that the capital of the M. and G. Railroad Company was three hundred and sixty-eight thousand two hundred dollars. 1866.
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"*Dec. 10th.* B. V. Marsh called upon me to see if he could change the agreement for the firm of Wood, Marsh & Hayward. I told him I would adhere to the terms first proposed. Signed an article forming the partnership of Wood, Morrell & Co. in their office, to conduct business at Johnstown. Talked with E. Y. Townsend of his being a director of the Philadelphia Bank.

"*Dec. 12th.* Called upon C. Campbell Cooper, and agreed with him for the purchase of lands to be overflowed by raising the dam over Maurice River, two hundred and seventy-seven acres, for four thousand dollars. J. T. Nixon called, and talked with me about a mortgage against A. Sharp's estate, and also about the suit of Dr. Sharpe against myself. Dr. Wood came in to thank me for a bust of our late President Lincoln, to-day received, which was made by Rogers of Rome, and shipped by Packenham & Co. from Leghorn direct to New York. This bust was bought for fifty pounds, and, including exchange, makes the whole cost five hundred dollars.

"*Dec. 15th.* J. McCully called with his son, and talked of putting up tubing works at Florence. He agreed to undertake it, and promised to send me the terms in a few days. T. H. Whitney at my office about his lot at Cape Island adjoining mine, and said the lowest price would be twelve hundred dollars. Had a talk with P. C. Garrett and E. R. Wood about the rent of the cotton-mill and bleachery for

1866. next year. They do not like the price which I named, of
fifty thousand dollars.

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"*Dec. 17th.* Found Landis waiting for me, and talked with him about the Sharp mortgage. Afterwards saw Nixon, and gave him instructions as to bidding on the property when sold. General Robeson came into the office with Nixon. Edward and wife spent the day with us, and Mr. Phillips Brooks the evening. He looks well, and is full of life in talking of his travels, from which he has just returned.

"*Dec. 18th.* Eli Thompson, R. Winlack, and Murray called. We met at W. L. Abbott's office, and signed an agreement for the sale of the engines, breakers, etc., at the De Long mines. Called upon Ed. Roberts about the deeds to be delivered to the Ogden Land Company. Went to the office of the Southern Steamship Company, and talked about making a through freight from here to Union Springs, Alabama. L. T. Watson and brother Charles called upon me after tea. The former told of a great purchase of iron ore lands which he has just made in Pulaski County for thirty thousand dollars, consisting of about eight thousand acres. He wishes to dispose of it for cost, retaining a fourth.

"*Dec. 20th, Millville.* Rose late; after breakfast George drove me to Malcolm McNeal's place, and we went round it. After talking with him, he agreed to take two thousand dollars, being about one hundred dollars per acre. Afterwards drove up to the 'Union,' and talked with Joseph Comer about his position for next year, which was left indefinite. Bleachery broke a wheel, which stops it for a few days.

"*Dec. 24th.* L. T. Watson called upon brother Charles and myself, and we accepted his proposition for ore lands in Virginia, on modified terms. Met board of North American Insurance Company, and had a good oyster lunch. Their business for the last six months has been a losing one, which I think is the case with most of the insurance

companies of the country. Remitted for various orders for machinery, given by my son George when in England. Find by advices from there that we shall lose by the purchase and sale of cotton made in conjunction with Richard-son, Spence & Co. 1866. A1. 67

"Dec. 25th, Christmas. Stores nearly all shut. Spent the morning in the counting-room, mostly alone, adjusting my annual account. After dinner, walked with son Richard over Chestnut Street bridge. It is a most substantial structure, and when finished will be a creditable work. Chestnut Street was so filled with people that it was difficult to move up and down it. No appearance of poverty, and none of grandeur. The walkers seemed to be comfortable people, who were relieving themselves from the confinement of their shops and counting-rooms.

"Dec. 31st. Most of the day in the office. Was called upon there by B. V. Marsh, L. W. Hayward, Josiah Bacon, Henry Henderson, R. Wood, and S. P. Godwin, to sign a special partnership, under the firm of Wood, Marsh & Hayward, being a continuation of the same firm for three years more. The first partnership believed to have paid well. Philadelphia Bank lent me one hundred thousand dollars to assist in making this limited partnership.

"Delivered deed for one-fourth of my Broad Top land to E. Roberts, Jr., to hand to Ario Pardee, who conveys thirty-five thousand dollars of stock in the Ogden Iron Company. My nephew R. W. Randolph took tea with us.

"The end of the year calls upon me to review the manner in which it has been spent."

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"*Jan. 2d.* Finally formed the firm of Wood, Marsh, Hayward & Co., for the term of three years.

"*Jan. 3d.* Talked with D. J. Morrell about the purchase of ore lands in Virginia. Met Mr. Hart in the office of W. M. & Co. to talk about black band ore, which he thinks they have discovered in immense quantities on the land of the St. Clair Company.

"*Jan. 4th.* Talked with D. J. Morrell and C. S. W. about the purchase of the Virginia ore lands from Watson, and decided that we should divide the purchase, two-eighths each to C. S. W. and myself, and one-eighth to Morrell, leaving one-eighth to dispose of. Left in the 3.30 train for Millville. Evening spent with George.

"*Jan. 8th.* David Scull wishes an eighth of our purchase of ore land in Virginia. Received certificate of three hundred and fifty shares of the Ogden Land Company in pay for one-fourth part of my Broad Top lands. Voted at the Philadelphia Bank. Four new directors were elected.

"*Jan. 9th.* Called upon W. L. Abbott with note from Winlack about black band iron ore. E. S. Sprague, of the Arkwright Insurance Company of Boston, is going to Millville. Read the report of D. J. Morrell to the Cambria Company with much interest. It is a well-written and thought-out document.

"*Jan. 10th, Millville.* Encountered much ice in crossing the river. At Glassboro', held a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad Company, and, after some discussion, made a dividend of eight per cent.

"*Jan. 12th.* Considerable demand has arisen for iron

pipe. Hugh went to New York to look after applications. 1867.
Met Allentown Iron Company, and, after going over the
accounts, declared a dividend of twenty-five per cent.,—nine-
teen cash, six stock. Paid L. T. Watson the first instal-
ment on the purchase of the Virginia ore lands. J. T. 67

"*Jan. 14th.* Attended board of North American Insurance Company, and made a dividend of six per cent., although large losses had been made during the year. Called at office of Ogden Land Company, and told the secretary that I would pay eight thousand dollars on the 31st. Governor Bigler to see me. His object, to obtain what influence I have with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to make a road to Clearfield.

"*Jan. 15th.* Voted at North American Insurance Company, and at the Cambria Iron Company, in both of which I was elected a director, more out of respect to age than for any service I am to them. Wrote to A. G. Cattell about the abrogation of the tax on iron pipe.

"*Jan. 16th.* Declined invitation to dine with the North American Insurance Board, as I am always uncomfortable afterward. John and Andrew McNeal returned from Florence. Concluded that the latter should go there next week and take charge.

"*Jan. 19th, Millville.* Talked with Wilsons about their business. Drove to station, and found wife and Julia had come down. George took us to his house in a sleigh, then drove me to Robert Brandriff's, where I had a talk with him about the meadow opposite to my wharf. Left wife and daughter, and came home.

"*Jan. 22d.* C. Campbell Cooper called to say that the calculation of the survey of the land I had given them was too little, but agreed with him that it should remain as made, stating that it was the water-line.

"*Jan. 23d.* Went to Camden, and had an interview with Mr. Browning in reference to the raising the dam at May's Landing. Much floating ice in the river. Called upon

1867. Seyfert and McManus. They deny the right of Campbell
to sell us the iron we claim of them.

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"*Jan. 28th.* Edward and wife and Sarah Bacon, of Greenwich, dined with us. R. D. Greene brought an engineer to see me, who levelled the site of his new mill-pond. He is on his way to Trenton to get a bill through the legislature, in relation to raising the dam at May's Landing.

"*Jan. 30th.* Wrote to J. T. Nixon and the Warren Company about the action on the tariff in the Senate, relative to duty upon gas-pipe. Stephen Colwell, General Wright, and Greene called upon me, and talked over the matter of their action at Trenton, and we parted without coming to any specific arrangement about the dam. There is trouble ahead with them."

"*Feb. 1st.* Found a pleasant bed-fellow in a hot brick last night. After breakfast saw Wilsons, and asked them to be at the sale, and then walked over the new dam. At two o'clock went out to the dam, and found a company awaiting the sale of the timber in the swamp. It was put up, and bought by George Wood at nine hundred dollars.

"*Feb. 2d.* Came last evening from Millville. Hannah Ann Morris, who had a fine boy born last night, died this morning, greatly regretted by all her friends. She leaves five sons.

"*Feb. 6th.* R. D. Greene at my office to talk of the overflow bill for the May's Landing factory. Called upon W. L. Abbott with letter from Luther relative to our coal lands, to look for black band. Walter and Stuart are at home for a holiday; left with them for Millville. Spent a pleasant evening with George at his house.

"*Feb. 8th.* Talked with the two Boyds, overseers of the carding- and spinning-rooms, offering them one per cent. of the net profits of the business of the cotton-mill. Settled with McAdams for his monthly estimates. Suggested to Wilsons that they should propose for building the new

station-house. George rode up to see McAdams about joining his swamp speculation. 1867.

"Feb. 12th. R. D. Greene came to office, and took the bill for the raising water at Millville. Left on the ten train with son Walter for Florence. Walked over, and then round the foundry and farm with Thomas Rainier, who wishes to cultivate on shares. A. 1 67

"Feb. 13th. My partners, without consultation, are papering and flooring our office.* Captain Hampton came to ask us to get a vessel for him. A letter from Randolph, from Baltimore; sensible and to the point. Addressed a note to R. D. Wood & Co., stating the amount of rent for 1867 for Florence and Millville, ten thousand dollars.

"Feb. 20th. Spent some time in the mill and in the bleachery. Told Morris we would give him one per cent. of the net profits of the bleachery in addition to his present wages. Told James Wilson that I would have fifteen thousand dollars insured on the mill, and he agreed to have ten thousand dollars on stock out of the mill.

"Feb. 28th. Russell Handy and his brother came into my office and told me they were going to Tuckahoe, and in the P.M. train for Millville. I left with them, and getting to Glassboro', found the coming up-train smashed up. The West Jersey train took us to the wreck, and an engine came from below, but in going down it ran off the track, and we walked about four miles.

"March 1st. Handy and his brother drove to Tuckahoe, and returned without seeing Dr. Wales, but examined the property, and are satisfied with it. Requested me to write a letter for them. Spent my day in walking over the dam, in the mill, and generally about the premises.

"March 9th. Rode with son George to the holes where our men are raising stone for the new dam. Talked with

* As a surprise, to increase his comfort.

1867. McAdams, and paid him for his estimate, and one thousand dollars over on account of the next. Looked into saw-mill, bleachery, and cotton-mill, which are all at work.

March 11th. — has left for New York, taking with him a large amount of goods, with authority to sell. I fear that he may act indiscreetly, as he has given some indications that warrant such a result. Went with wife to son Edward's. After tea, to Dr. Cheston Morris's, and sat a short time with him and his father and mother.

March 12th. At the board of the North American Insurance Company. A. S. Porter called upon me to ask that the M. and G. Railroad Company pay half the costs of the repair of the T. H. Whitney engine. Went with wife to tea at Dr. Wood's, to celebrate his seventieth birthday.

March 15th. Ice thick enough to bear on the ponds. Met Williams at the cottage,—‘Sea Brink,’—and gave him instruction as to the work at the house. Talked with Stewart about selling ice for me. Came to Millville.

March 16th. Spent most of the morning in the cotton-mill and bleachery. Out very little, in consequence of the snow-storm. Gave Norton directions about renting or hiring the dredge to John Combs. Looked at Norton's draft of the dam. Came up by the three train with son George.

March 19th. Occupied all day in the office, and in seeing the tenants of Bank Place, who are somewhat urgent for repairs. Made my will and signed it, but it is yet unwitnessed. I trust it will be satisfactory to those who come after me.

March 22d. Handed my terms of rent of cotton-mill and bleachery to Wood & Garrett, and got their reply. Looked at the resolutions offered by D. J. Morrell, on the subject of a return to specie payments to Congress. At a family party at Dr. Packard's, made up of our brothers and sisters, and Mr. Perkins and wife. The doctor and

wife seem well fitted for each other, and have four nice children. 1867.
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"*March 26th, Cape May.* Went to the cottage—'Sea Brink'—before breakfast, and afterwards walked round it with J. Q. Williams, and discussed and decided about repairs after the storm. The bath-houses are entirely destroyed, and the greater part of the platform and several feet of the western bank carried away. Came to Millville in company with Captain Trenchard, of the navy, a distant relative and modest man."

"*April 1st.* Ben. Starr and the president of the Warren Foundry called at our office, and, after getting Bell and Fulton there, we had a pipe-makers' convention, and agreed to work in harmony.

"*April 6th.* Entered goods by the 'Peruvian,' and paid for gold thirty-three and thirty-eight. Son Randolph reached home to-day, after a journey of about two months, going south as far as Houston, Texas, and west as far as St. Louis. Son George came up to spend the Sabbath with his wife, child, and friends.

"*April 9th.* Met the North American Insurance Company, and took quite a good dinner of oysters. Left with son Randolph and H. D. Vail for Florence. Looked round the foundry, grounds and mansion. Came back by the 5.20 train. Went with wife and children to a party at Mrs. Bowie's.

"*April 18th, Millville.* Walked through factory and bleachery and out upon the dam, where I saw Norton, and talked to him about the stone for the overflow. R. D. Greene drove me over to May's Landing through Bennett Mill tract, where I saw much pole-cutting. Walked with Greene over the dam, which I found raised to the intended height, nearly five feet above the old level. Walked over part of the land bought of the Rape estate.

"*April 22d.* Looked with much interest at a fire-extin-

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ÆT. 68. guisher costing forty-five dollars, to put out fire by carbonic acid gas. If effective as represented, there will be little need of insurance companies. An unusual depression of business continues. Cotton and the manufactures are falling daily, and all those engaged in the trade bid fair to lose for the year.

“*April 24th.* Went to Crane Iron Company, and after some negotiation bought a thousand tons of No. 2 x iron, at thirty-six dollars and fifty cents per ton. Called upon Allentown Iron, but they would not sell at the same price. Contract for the city pipe I think we shall obtain at about seventy dollars per ton. Daughter Julia told me she had concluded to be baptized.

“*April 25th.* Engaged in the office in buying pig-iron, which we did of the Carbon Iron Company at thirty-six and thirty-seven dollars per ton. Telegraph to Memphis and Mobile to buy cotton at twenty cents.”

“*May 6th.* Breakfasted at six, and left for May’s Landing with sons Richard and Edward. Reached there about ten. Went soon into organization of the Water Company, and, having completed it, dined, and reached home about eight o’clock.

“*May 7th.* Wife, and her sister Mary, went to their brother George’s. I called on Percival Roberts to talk with him about the claim the Ogden Railroad has made upon us to pay for the road. Letter from Walter, speaking of his wish to go to Harvard to continue his collegiate studies.

“*May 9th.* Left early for Millville. Was awakened by Bryant, the conductor, about one mile beyond Glassboro’, and told of having passed it. He stopped the train, and I got out and walked back to Whitney’s. Dined with him, and got to Millville about five o’clock. Wife came in the evening train.

“*May 10th, Millville.* Was called up about three o’clock

by J. Comer, who announced that the water was running over the dam at the 'Union.' I roused George, and most of the people connected with our works, and sent them to stop the flood. Left with wife in the train for Cape May. Find improvements there, several new cottages, and roads and bridges made leading to the beach.

"*May 13th.* Left in the train for Washington with D. Scull and son, C. S. Wood, D. J. Morrell, L. T. Watson, and others, to look at ore lands in Virginia.

"*May 14th.* Had a small fight on the platform of the railroad. Good breakfast at Alexandria. Passed Warrenton, Manassas, Bull Run, Culpepper Court-House, Rapidan, Rappahannock, Charlottesville, and got to Lynchburg at five. From the top of the court-house saw the Peaks of Otter.

"*May 15th.* Rose early, and visited the tobacco-factory, and the general tobacco market. Regretted the cars leaving before the public sale. Had quite a large party of Old Virginians, and talked with Colonel Slaughter, Mr. Hart, and several others on the late war and present state of things. Reached Dublin Station after five, and rode over to the Cecils'.

"*May 16th.* Went with a party of nearly a dozen to see the various ore openings. Satisfied that there is an immense quantity of ore. After dinner rode to May Creek, where there is a large outcrop of ore.

"*May 17th.* Left station about ten, and had fine run north to Lynchburg. In the cars to-day talked with the presidents about the improvement of their roads, Mr. Barbour of the Orange and Alexandria, and Colonel Owen of the Virginia and Tennessee.

"*May 18th.* Rose early, and took the train for Alexandria. At Gordonsville most of our party left us for Richmond. The ride through Culpepper and Orange was over the country desolated by the war. Talked with several persons about the resuscitation of the Manassas Gap Rail-

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1867. road, and how important that it should be done. Arrived
at Washington before six, and left in half an hour.

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"*May 19th.* Reached home, and found wife and son R. just retiring. We came directly through from Washington, not even stopping in Baltimore for a meal. Dr. Beale, of Houston, Texas, who comes to attend hospital convention, was in the train. At meeting both morning and evening.

"*May 20th.* Replied to letters received during absence. Find business much depressed; no sales of manufactures, and a prospect of suspension. Most unfortunate for ourselves and operators.

"*May 21st.* At Bank of Northern Liberties, and had securities exchanged. Attended a large sale of stocks at Thomas's. They brought high prices. Mr. Lombaert called at my office, and invited me to join an excursion-party to Fort Riley, which I did not accept. Have some difficulty in deciding whether to stop the cotton-mill.

"*May 25th.* Called upon some commission merchants to inquire the state of the print-cloth market, and upon some jobbers to learn how business went with them, and find all very dull. Print-cloths nine cents. Called upon J. G. Fell to fix upon a time to visit the Ogden mines. My son Edward informed me to-day that he had named his new-born son after me, and my prayer for him is that he may be a better man than his grandfather.

"*May 28th.* Left early for Easton and the Ogden Ore Company. Stopped at Bethlehem, and looked at the furnaces and rolling-mill, and then in the Morris and Essex Railroad. Getting out at station, walked over to the 'Lake House,' where we lodged.

"*May 29th.* Went to the foot of the lake on the lake steamboat, then to the landing. Took railroad, and stopped at the Dodge and Ford mines. Then up to the Ogden mines, and looked at them, especially some new openings, with Richards, the president. Walked to the Wallkill Valley, and then came by carriage to Dover. Quite a full

board of the Ogden Iron was represented at the meeting of the company. 1867.
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"*May 30th.* Breakfasted early at Jollie's, and took cars for Newark. Had a long walk to the Philadelphia station, and left for Florence, to which place I walked, and spent two hours in looking at foundry and grounds. Saw Rainier about an exchange of grounds with him.

"*May 31st.* Was called upon by J. S. Barbour, president of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Took him to Jay Cooke & Co. to talk over negotiations. A. Welsh and J. G. Stevens, committee of West Jersey Railroad, called about the consolidation of the West Jersey and the M. and G. Railroad and the Cape May Railroad. I agreed to inform them when I could see them. Went with wife and Julia after tea to the Horticultural Exhibition, a pretty show. Bought eleven bushels seed-potatoes for Florence."

"*June 4th.* While we were breakfasting, Dr. Wood's man John came and told us that our sister Caroline had just expired. Wife and son Richard went in. I was obliged to leave to fulfil an engagement at Millville.

"*June 7th.* Sister Caroline's funeral took place at eleven o'clock, and was attended by all our family. Her pastor, Rev. Dr. Seiss, performed the service. Thomas Evans preached and prayed.

"*June 22d.* Called upon Mr. Gatzmer in reference to getting a 'turn-out' to Florence, from the Camden and Amboy Railroad. Was called on by Cazino & Burke in reference to taking bonds of Manassas Gap Railroad. Drove out with wife and Miss Coates, to take tea at D. Scull's.

"*June 26th.* Wife, Julia, and servants left in the eight train for Cape May. I got out. Dined with son George, and went through the mill, which is fully at work on old machinery, and the drying-cans just ready.

"*June 28th.* Went with son Richard to Florence in the

1867. steamer 'Forrest.' Walked together over the whole property, and directed Rainier to mow all the grass and make hay of it, and cut the oats. Turning in my mind the building of a furnace at Florence, and hope to come to a right conclusion.

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"*June 29th.* Left in the eight train. Stopped at Millville, went down to the tumbling-dam, and looked at the preparation for pumping the water with engine, and at the stone-dressers for the wall. R. P. Smith dined with us. Left with son George for Cape May, and reached there to a late tea with wife and Julia.

"*June 30th.* Seeing Mr. Alexander Henry, our late satisfactory mayor, standing in the cottage opposite our house, I went over to talk with and apologize for not speaking to him in the cars yesterday. I find the storm of March has lowered the beach in front of our house several inches; tide now flowing to the bank."

"*July 3d.* Reybold called upon us, and accepted a proposition to buy the 'Vineland' and an old engine for thirty thousand dollars. Winlack called, and made a statement of the offer for the machinery at the coal lands. Son Richard and Mr. Phillips Brooks went to Cape May.

"*July 5th.* After transacting some business at office, left for Millville. Getting there, went to see the digging of the foundation for the dam. Found considerable progress had been made. Walked with son George round the meadow.

"*July 9th.* After some discussion with son George, decided the plan for work of the dam foundation. At the coming in of the train, Mr. Whitney and the other stockholders of the railroad company met and elected the new board, which afterwards declared a dividend of six cash and ten in stock.

"*July 10th.* Wife and all the family at home, except myself, went to Haverford to the commencement. Our son

Walter graduated. J. G. Stevens in the office on the subject of the consolidation of the West Jersey and Millville and Glassboro' Railroad. 1867
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"*July 16th.* Went to Camden to meet Dr. Sharpe and arbitrators at Browning's office. They were qualified, and agreed to meet next at Millville, October 9th, 1867. [In reference to a disputed boundary-line in a swamp on Cedar Branch, from which trees had been cut.] Feeling uneasy about the dam, I left in the four train for Millville, and after getting there looked at the foundation, and found its condition better than I expected.

"*July 17th.* Having first walked out to see the dam, left in the 6.55 train. At Woodbury, saw T. H. Whitney, and engaged him to meet J. G. Stevens on the 22d. Jesse Garrett called to ask for the place of H. D. Vail, who left to-day for England, thus giving up his interest in the firm.

"*July 18th.* Got blank from assessor for State tax, and sent him a return, amounting to fifty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Walter returned from Haverford to-day and went to Millville. Completed contract with W. L. Abbott, through his brother James, for the machinery on coal lands.

"*July 29th.* Left for Philadelphia; two miles south of Court-House we were stopped by a broken freight-train, and detained about three hours. In coming up, had a long talk with Gatzmer, President of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. Looked at the masons putting stone on the dam. Talked with Dempsey. Came to city. Mr. Whitney proposes that I shall name terms to West Jersey Railroad Company.

"*July 30th.* Employed most of the day in writing letters on business, and in writing a proposal for the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad Company to lease to the West Jersey Company the railroad of the former to the latter for seventy thousand dollars. Called on Dr. Wood after tea, and en-

1867. gaged him to go to Cape May for two weeks from the 15th
 .ET. 68. of the month."

"*Aug. 1st.* Engaged Chandler to come as manager to our mill for twenty-three hundred dollars per annum. Agreed to open books for a subscription to make a company for our Virginia lands.

"*Aug. 2d.* Rose at 3.30, and, getting for myself a cup of tea, left for Columbus, to go by the five train. Before getting to the wharf brother H. C. overtook me, and we soon reached Florence, and drove ourselves over to Columbus. Breakfasted with John Bishop, who drove us to some of the best farms, stopping at that of Watson Newbold and his own farm. Made inquiry about ore, and found there was a large quantity of it.

"*Aug. 4th, 'Sea Brink.'* Found Susan Longstreth and Miss De Charmes here. Went in to bathe before breakfast alone. Spent most of the day in reading a pamphlet and speech by D. H. Hill, of Georgia, on the acceptance of the reconstruction laws. He is very declamatory, and opposes the extension of suffrage in the South. The address, I fear, will influence Georgia.

"*Aug. 6th.* Met the board of the North American Insurance Company, and learned the failure of C. Cummings. W. Reybold and his brothers came and transferred us a bond of twenty-five thousand dollars, and paid five thousand dollars for the 'Vineland.' Sent a draft of proposal to lease the M. and G. Railroad to the West Jersey Company for approval and signature.

"*Aug. 11th, 'Sea Brink.'* Took bath alone before breakfast. Find my little grandson and namesake a nice fellow, but fear he is not quite properly fed. Stayed nearly all day in the house, but after tea strolled over to the large hotels, and saw more people than at any time during the season. Ex-President Buchanan at Congress Hall.

"*Aug. 13th.* Had the pleasure of settling with Arnold

Peters an old and disputed account this morning of the Phoenix Iron Company. Called upon the Crane Iron Company, and afterwards decided to take one thousand tons of their iron at thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents per ton.

"*Aug. 15th.* Maddox, the ship-carpenter, came into our office to contract for building me a schooner. Left for Millville in the four train. So much rain had fallen that the conductor was unwilling to cross Mantua Creek without stopping to examine it. It detained us an hour, but it was right.

"*Aug. 16th.* Went with son George to May's Landing, and found Greene at home. Had a talk with him about the transfer of his share of the estate to the Water-Power Company. Saw Richard Colwell, and talked over the plan and intention of raising the water to one hundred and ninety chains from the May's Landing dam. He objects altogether to our doing it. Returned to Millville after dinner in two and a half hours, found the dam at the 'Union' broken, and an immense flood pouring through. The tumbling-dam pit also full.

"*Aug. 22d.* Left 'Sea Brink' in early train. Got out at Millville, drove up to the new dam, and then up to the breach at the 'Union,' which is quite an important one, as there is much water running. The great rains increase our expenses largely. Came up by the last train. It was nearly ten before we arrived.

"*Aug. 24th.* Took the nine train for Millville with son Richard. Drove to Union dam, and found eighty men and about twenty teams beginning to stop the breach. It took three hours to stop the water, and the bank was completed near midnight.

"*Aug. 28th.* Had an earnest talk with R. D. Greene about the Water-Power Company at May's Landing. He agreed to sign the deed transferring the real estate to the Company. Richard Garsed in the office to sell machinery.

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1867. I had a long talk with him about Higgins's drawing-frame, made at Salford, England. Trade is more active, but prices low. Authorized J. McNeal to make an addition to the upper foundry.

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"*Aug. 29th.* Borrowed of the Western Bank ten thousand dollars, which makes it easy for the present. Dr. Wood came from Cape May this morning. Dined with son Edward. Discussed the May's Landing Water-Power Company. He thinks it best to compromise with Colwell, and made some suggestions about development."

"*Sept. 1st.* All my sons at home went to meeting with me, where we also found Edward. It is pleasant to have the family together again from school, and summer at 'Sea Brink.'

"*Sept. 2d.* Called on Mrs. Tyndale, my tenant on Cherry Street, who I some time since warned to leave the house, and told her I intended to send the carpenter to take the stairs down, if she did not leave very soon. She wanted to pay one month's rent, which I declined to take.

"*Sept. 9th.* Went out to see Fairmount dam. Occupied in counting-room during the morning. In the afternoon met the buyers of the Virginia ore lands in the office of Wood, Morrell & Co., to agree upon a course of action. It was decided to put all the real estate into the stock of the company for two hundred thousand dollars.

"*Sept. 10th.* Parted with son Walter, and gave him fifty dollars to pay expenses to Cambridge, where he enters as student for one year. Going to dinner, found Stuart had left for Haverford. Took the cars for Pottsville, James Sweeny going with me, for the purpose of looking at the machinery there. Arrived about eight, and saw Winlack.

"*Sept. 11th.* Breakfasted at six with Sweeny. He went to the valley train, and Winlack drove me to meet him at Middleport. From there we drove to the coal lands and examined the machinery, and in doing so found some

iron ore, which I brought away and showed to Mr. Atkins 1867.
of the Pioneer furnace, and then walked over to Haywood's Apr. 68.
mills.

"*Sept. 12th.* Left in the morning train. Sat near Mr. Waterman, and had a long and general conversation about his iron and other business. Reached the city at one, and, after spending two hours in office, rode with wife and Julia to E. H. Trotter's new place at Chestnut Hill, which we found very nice and complete.

"*Sept. 13th.* Busy in counting-room, in replying to letters received while absent, and then attended a meeting of the Cambria board, in which it was agreed to visit Johnstown. Wife left with me for Millville. In walking along the edge of the wharf, fell in, by relying upon a loose stick for support.

"*Sept. 16th.* Called on A. Browning, talked with him about the sale of the railroad to the West Jersey Company, and of the course to be pursued relative to the assessment at Millville. Looked at the streets and wharves in Camden, to see if a railroad could be brought to the river.

"*Sept. 19th.* Called at the office of commissioner for revising the new assessments, and made a statement that the valuation was too high. It is under consideration. Saw T. H. Whitney, talked about the Doughty charter for railroad from Cape May to Camden, and learned that the engineers were surveying the route along the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad, by direction of the West Jersey.

"*Sept. 20th.* Heard from T. H. Whitney, saying he had the Doughty charter, and gave some extracts. Received note from A. Browning, requesting me to meet J. McKnight at his office. Left with wife in the P.M. train for Millville, and found less progress there than I expected.

"*Sept. 24th.* An old neighbor and school-mate called at my office and introduced himself, but we did not know each other, it having been fifty years since we met. It was Job Rulon, who is one year younger than myself, and who was

1867. born in the next dwelling to my father's, in 1800. A fine
Et. 68. plump boy! a scrawny old man!

"*Sept. 26th.* The city looked this morning, from the effect of the heavy hail-storm of yesterday, as if it had suffered from an attack of musketry. More than half the glass in the windows on the north side of the houses was broken.

"*Sept. 29th, Cape May.* Saw Messrs. Miller and Whitney in the morning, and made the former a large offer to transfer the charter of the Central West Jersey to us, to which he agreed. In the afternoon had Magonegal and Miller together, and they agreed to go to Philadelphia on Tuesday to effect the object. Looked with Williams at the bank fronting the sea, and consulted about a wall."

"*Oct. 2d.* Yesterday obtained possession of the charter of the Central West Jersey Company. Received proposition to-day from J. G. Stevens to amalgamate the West Jersey and the Millville and Glassboro', and, after much thought on the subject, declined accepting it; although it is with some anxiety. Mr. Stevens has been peremptory and positive in his action.

"*Oct. 3d.* Mr. Stevens called on me and refused to modify his proposition of amalgamation of the two companies, and bade me good-bye. He afterwards wrote, and I replied. Saw Andrew K. Hay about connecting with their road. Telegraphed for Whitney. He came up, and we talked over the whole subject at my house.

"*Oct. 4th.* Received telegram from J. L. McKnight that he would be with me at eleven. Mr. Whitney and A. Markley also came. We went over the whole subject, and agreed to an arrangement to be submitted to our boards.

"*Oct. 7th.* At the request of Markley, went to the West Jersey Railroad Company's office with L. Mulford, and there agreed to consolidation of the West Jersey Railroad

and the Millville and Glassboro' Company, and to ask a joint meeting of the boards. 1867.

"Oct. 8th. Somewhat excited by the amount of cash we had to pay, went to broker to learn the terms upon which a loan could be made, and found the rate six to seven per cent. Did not take the loan. Left in the 3.30 train with daughter Mary for Millville, and after tea drove down with son George to Port Elizabeth, to see S. Wells about dispute with Dr. Sharpe. Returned at midnight.

"Oct. 9th. Called upon J. L. Wilson for statement of cedar-trees cut on Cedar Branch. Looked at the well-digging and the dam-building, and was called to see S. Wells, J. T. Nixon, and J. Trenchard, who came to meet arbitrators in the case of Sharpe vs. Wood. All parties met at Tice's tavern, and, after a talk, adjourned to meet at the same place on Monday afternoon the 28th.

"Oct. 10th. Came up in morning train. R. Winlack in the office; we talked over the old engine and machinery business, and then wrote to Van Winkle that I would return him the four thousand dollars that he had sent to me. The result of the election has shown that the mass of the people are not yet prepared for negro suffrage.

"Oct. 11th. Called on W. L. Abbott, and got a check from him to pay tax on our coal lands in Schuylkill County. He looks emaciated, and has a bronchial affection in addition to his nervous disorder. Trouble seems likely to grow out of the sale of the iron company to Van Winkle. I hope I may do right in the case.

"Oct. 12th. At twelve met the M. and G. Railroad board, which ratified the agreement between it and the West Jersey board. The boards met in common and executed the agreement. Parted with them as they adjourned to dine, and came to the city to see Murray, of the firm of Winlack & Co., about the sale to Van Winkle.

"Oct. 13th. At meeting this morning, S. Bettie preached an interesting sermon, differing from his usual form of ex-

1867. pression. Wife took tea with me at our son Edward's. We
ÆT. 68. found his baby had grown finely. Paid a visit together to
mother in the evening.

"Oct. 14th. R. Winlack & Co. called upon me and made agreement for removing machinery at Pottsville. Called on Newbold and Aertsen and stipulated for thirty thousand dollars at six to seven per cent., and on the president of Philadelphia Bank and asked him to take care of our credit in my absence. Left with the Cambria board at twelve for Johnstown, and got to Altoona at nine; having a pleasant run and fine car.

"Oct. 15th. Breakfasted at Altoona, and left at 8.30, passing the summit, and seeing the changing foliage in its best state. It is surpassingly beautiful. Arrived at Johnstown before dinner, and looked over the new store-house, which is extremely large, and cost over one hundred thousand dollars.

"Oct. 16th. Walked down to the rolling-mill and furnace, and found the works greatly extended, except the smelting division, which much needs extension. Talked with Morley about the production of ore, which he thought could not be increased. Left, and ran down to Hollidaysburg, and then to Altoona.

"Oct. 17th. Ran down to Freedom Iron Works, and saw the process of making tire, for which the place is famous, and the progress made in preparation for making steel by the Bessemer process. Came to Harrisburg, and lodged at the Lochiel House.

"Oct. 18th. Visited the Lochiel Railroad Mill, the nail works of Baily & Brothers, and the Bessemer steel works. Saw the conversion of the iron into steel, by the injection of cold air. Dined in the car, and reached the city; finishing a five-days' visit without a misadventure.

"Oct. 22d. Went to Willow Street to see the steam-engine shipped to Millville, and agreed with captain to take in boiler at Reed Street. Paid water rent, and had some

unpleasant talk with Register. I got angry too quickly, and spoke precipitately, which I regret, but perhaps not so much as I should. 1867.
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"Oct. 23d. Took the morning train for Bridgeton; after getting there, went to Nixon's office, and had a long talk with him and S. Wells, and Trenchard, the surveyor, about the suit between Dr. Sharpe and myself, and asked their advice about compromising. Left Bridgeton with son George and daughter Mary, who came for me from Millville. Found masons working on dam.

"Oct. 25th. Soon after breakfast went out to the Harrison boiler foundry, inspected the mode of making the boilers, and gave an order for one of sixty-two and a half horse-power. In the evening R. W. Bacon, wife, sister, and niece, and others, to tea.

"Oct. 26th. Went to the West Jersey Hotel with the directors of the West Jersey Central Railroad Company, for the purpose of closing that institution, so far as its old management was concerned, leaving T. H. Whitney as president, and S. A. Magonegal, secretary and treasurer, and took possession of the blank bonds they had issued.

"Oct. 28th. Met Radford Iron Company, and signed deeds conveying the estate to the company. Appointed son Richard president. Called upon Walter Freeman about freight on pig-iron from Crane to Millville. Left for Millville, and found Judge John Clement, A. Browning, and others connected with the trial of Sharpe vs. Wood, the referees met at Tice's tavern.

"Oct. 29th. Went to Millville after breakfast, arranged for taking arbitrators and surveyors out to Cumberland furnace, and then had F. F. Sharp's testimony taken in the case of Sharpe vs. Wood. Left son George to go upon the grounds with the attorney, arbitrators, and surveyors.

"Oct. 30th. Drove to Cumberland furnace with George. Followed the party, and found them tracing a line that runs to Manamuskin, and, after seeing them at Bennett Mill,

1867. returned to Millville. In the evening drove out with son George and E. and J. L. Wilson and gave to the arbitrators our testimony in the case, and returned after eleven o'clock.

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"Oct. 31st. Sent teams to Cumberland furnace, and brought in the arbitrators, who examined various witnesses. After dinner, had a speech from J. T. Nixon on my part, and after tea, heard the closing argument by A. Browning, when the court adjourned to meet in Camden.

"Nov. 1st. Left in the eight train for Philadelphia, and found most of our court-party. Had a satisfactory talk with Dr. Leaming and Judge Clement. Mary, with her baby and nurse, came up. Found wife about leaving for Wyndown.

"Nov. 3d. Several strange ministers. In the morning and evening meetings a number of prayers and sermons were given. Our sons Edward and George and their wives and babies dined with us; also James Tyson, of Baltimore, and our sister Mary Randolph. The two young ones look in good condition, and the whole arrangement is pleasant.

"Nov. 11th. Saw Stephen Colwell about the Egg Harbor dam. Fred. A. Packard, who has long been dying, expired this morning. Had a talk in Wood, Morrell & Co.'s office about the subscription by the firm to the railroad from St. Paul's to Superior City.

"Nov. 14th. Have made a proposition to the Commercial Bank to buy Bank Place for one hundred and forty thousand dollars with a long credit. Bought of J. L. McKnight eight brick houses and lots in Florence, payable June 1st, for eight thousand dollars. The troubles of the Lehigh Navigation are a subject of anxiety and negotiation to-day. Regret to learn the death of Matthias Crane, an active getter-up of the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad.

"Nov. 15th. Left this morning for Millville. Dr. Wood came from Greenwich, accompanied by my wife and daughter Julia, who had been spending some days with

him. Took the doctor over the dam and through the bleachery, and about generally, which fatigued him very much. 1867
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E1. 68.

"*Nov. 20th.* A good deal of headache, which makes it painful to shake or to move my head. Called on Crane Iron Company, to get them to name a price for No. 2 iron, which they declined, and afterwards bought of the Roberts Co. one thousand tons No. 2 foundry at thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. Afternoon, attended meeting of Cambria Iron Company board, the chief object of which was to consider proposals to the U. P. Railroad Company for thirty thousand tons rails, but came to no conclusion. Wife returned from Greenwich; we went to Edward's.

"*Nov. 21st.* Called upon by John Farrar, who has an invention for casting pipe. Gave him a letter to Millville, for the purpose of ascertaining its value. Went to Camden and Amboy Company's office, to see their floats for transportation. Friends have an evening meeting for the city, which I attended; much preaching.

"*Nov. 25th.* On getting to the office, found nearly thirty men waiting to get situations as machinists and boiler-makers, in answer to an advertisement of George's. Left with wife for Millville. Spent the evening with son George, talking about the business of the place generally.

"*Nov. 27th.* Left in the eight train with wife. Had some talk with L. Mulford on the subject of tax. Found upon getting to the city that son Walter had returned from Cambridge. He and his mother went to Haverford to see Stuart.

"*Nov. 30th.* Bade wife, daughter Julia, and son Walter good-bye, who are going with J. F. Wood and her daughter to New York and Boston."

"*Dec. 2d.* Left for New York, having stopped at the office and seen the letters. On arriving, got into car, and went to the Metropolitan Gas Company and saw Mr. Zollicoffer.

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ÆT. 68. Went to see Loder & Lockwood. Had a long talk about the prices of goods and the standing of jobbers. Left card for wife at the Albemarle Hotel, and then came to the St. Nicholas to see E. Y. Townsend. Came home by the 4.30 train.

"*Dec. 5th.* Went to Camden to return a copy of Brown-
ing's opinion in tax cases, and to see Mr. Townsend, cashier
of the Camden Bank, to learn whether he would loan at five
per cent. Son Edward returned from Pottsville; reports
that he purchased the coal lands of Wood & Abbott at ten
dollars per acre.

"*Dec. 15th.* After meeting, went to see brother Charles,
whom I found in bed and weak. Thence to Edward's,
where I had a play with the baby. Dr. Wood took tea,
and went to meeting with us, including my wife.

"*Dec. 16th.* Called upon Stephen Colwell about the bill
he has issued against me in chancery; he agreed that we
should be allowed to stop the gates and let the water in for
ten days. Had talk with Winlack about the Schuylkill
coal lands. He offered three thousand dollars for the wood
on the tract.

"*Dec. 17th.* R. D. Greene here from May's Landing, and
we held a meeting of the Water-Power Company. S. Col-
well loaned me E. B. Grant's book on the subject of raising
beets and making sugar, which I have read with much
interest. The book shows large profit in both an agricul-
tural and manufacturing point of view.

"*Dec. 18th.* Went to Camden, and left with Mr. Voorhees
a copy of a bill in chancery filed by S. Colwell against
May's Landing Water-Power Company. Mr. V. will appeal
on the 24th at Trenton, and have the case delayed until we
have answer prepared. [This difficulty grew out of a belief
on the part of Mr. Colwell that the damming of the Egg
Harbor River by the May's Landing Water-Power Com-
pany would, to some extent, overflow his lands, and lessen
a water-power which he claimed to have there.]

"*Dec. 22d.* At meeting. Samuel Bettle preached a striking and interesting sermon on the text, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me.' He also prayed. Walked with son Richard to see brother Charles. Found him better, but very weak and thin. Went to see son Edward's family. 1867.
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"*Dec. 24th.* Called upon Joseph Cabot to ask the price of pig-iron and inquire the condition of the Allentown Iron Company. The old man is feeble, and hardly competent to fill the post of president. George and wife came from Millville. Took an oyster supper at the North American Insurance Company's office. The fare was very good, but I would rather not have been there.

"*Dec. 25th.* Spent four hours in the office, and then walked up to see brother Charles. We had at dinner our sons Edward and George with their wives and babies, and several other relatives in the evening, having a pleasant Christmas.

"*Dec. 29th.* Soon after breakfast, wife went to her mother's, the rest of the family to meeting or church. Walked after meeting to son Edward's, then going to mother's, met our son Richard, who told me that mother had died about an hour before. Went to the house and looked at her thin and worn visage. The soul had fled—I trust to a happier world than the one in which she has lived so long.

"*Dec. 30th.* On opening the *North American* this morning, I saw announced the death of W. L. Abbott, my first partner in Philadelphia, the partnership beginning in August, 1823. My own end may come at any moment. The death of my mother-in-law and of my first partner in this city at the same time is no ordinary warning. May I be ready!"

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"*Jan. 1st.* Went to the funeral of my mother-in-law at twelve o'clock. A large part of the family were present, and a few short exhortations were made. Deposited the remains in the grave of her husband in the Western Ground, corner of Race and Sixteenth Streets.

"*Jan. 12th.* Large meeting in the morning. S. Bettle preached, and referred to the death of a member. Walked with wife—who went to meeting with her sister Mary—to see my brother Charles, who was reclining on a lounge; very weak, and, I fear, no better. He was cheerful.

"*Jan. 13th.* P. L. Voorhees called with the answer to Colwell's bill in chancery, which I sent to R. D. Greene to be sworn to. Attended meeting of the North American Insurance Company, and received dividend. In the afternoon at the Cambria Iron Company, to hear the report of D. J. Morrell read. It was well written. Edward and wife dined with us. Doctor came in and spent the evening.

"*Jan. 25th.* Cornog was brought to my office. After considerable talk, agreed to engage him as manager for Radford.

"*Jan. 28th.* Meeting of the North American Insurance Company, and advocated a subscription to the Mercantile Library, which was decided in favor for five hundred dollars. The money market has become surfeited, with rates ruling from four to six per cent., and I have been employed in loans from six per cent. to five. A little vigor has been given to cotton and manufactured goods, but not much advance in price.

"*Jan. 29th.* Made a purchase of twenty-eight thousand United States loan for D. Cleage; obtained loan on them of

Philadelphia Bank at five per cent. Went to a gentlemen's party at John Welsh's, and saw a very large company notwithstanding the heavy snow falling. Mr. Welsh is one of the most popular men of our city. I have heard a suggestion that he should be Mayor for next year. 1868.
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"*Jan. 30th.* Went to Camden and had an interview with Voorhees about the Colwell injunction. Son Walter returned from Harvard this morning, and son Stuart yesterday from Haverford, both bringing very good reports."

"*Feb. 2d.* Samuel Bettle prayed and preached from the text of Simeon's ejaculation upon seeing the infant Saviour. Oliver Owen, the young man from Iowa in our son Stuart's class, also preached. Sons Walter and Stuart called with me to see their uncle Charles, who seems almost well. Edward came there also, and we walked home with him to see his baby.

"*Feb. 3d.* Randolph left this morning for the north, as far as Burlington, Vermont, to look after pipe contracts. Went over to Camden, talked with Judge Yorke, and received dividend West Jersey Railroad Company. Son Edward left for Boston as delegate for Board of Trade. Offered, but did not succeed in getting, pig-iron at thirty dollars. Son Richard drove daughter to Germantown; they had an excellent sleigh-ride.

"*Feb. 5th.* Five sons and three daughters went after tea to hear Agassiz lecture. Spent a few minutes this afternoon in making some memoranda of my childhood, with intention of carrying it forward if not prevented by the conclusion that it is vanity.

"*Feb. 6th.* R. Winlack called to see me, and handed me a list of articles taken by Van Winkle, but kept it for the purpose of making a copy before returning it to me. Left with wife and sons Walter and Stuart for Millville. Before getting there it became very cold. Found a warm house and pleasant welcome. The little grandchild looking nicely.

1868. *“Feb. 7th.* A long talk with Chandler, the manager, who seemed sensitive about some suggestions I made, but soon cooled and talked rationally about the management of the mill, and hopeful as to results. Went through the mill, and found most of the spinning idle. Looked through bleachery and walked over to dam.

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“Feb. 11th. Son Edward returned this morning from Boston, well pleased with his trip and the associates who accompanied him. His little boy has three teeth. Occupied in looking after the price of pig-iron, and find large quantities have been sold at a slight advance. Oliver Owen, of Iowa, who has been a preacher since his thirteenth year, took tea with us, and went with four of my children to hear Dr. Rogers lecture on electricity.

“Feb. 12th. Called on Samuel Welsh about the salaries of the president and vice-president of Philadelphia Bank, proposing to make them seven thousand five hundred and eight thousand dollars. Iron looking upward in price; cotton and manufactured goods also rapidly going up. Went to brother Charles's to meet the directors of the Radford Iron Company.

“Feb. 18th. The advance in cotton continues, and will probably reach thirty-five, going from fifteen cents since the first of January. Iron holds to the same rate as for several days. Left in the ten train for Florence. Walked over on the frozen snow, and, after spending a short time in the office, went with Andrew to the mansion, and over it; then over the wharf and through the foundry and to the office, where I saw Lambert Rainier, and walked with him to see Macal-ester's lot.

“Feb. 19th. J. B. Garrett went to New York to meet Runkle. I received Colwell's bill from Nixon, and went to see Voorhees about it and his bill in chancery against the May's Landing Water-Power Company. Left for Millville, and was detained by the ice in crossing the river, not reaching it till seven o'clock. Spent the evening with son George.

"*Feb. 20th.* Settled with Kemble, treasurer of M. and G. Railroad Company, and received dividend. Walked to the wharf. Saw the 'Alvira' and 'Muskee' loading with pipe, the ice having allowed them to come up. Left note of S. R. Hand with T. E. Mulford, notary, for protest. Noah Sheldon died suddenly this morning. Sister Hannah fell down and broke her wrist. Horatio is hurt by his horse falling with him on the ice. 1868.
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"*Feb. 24th.* Congress, by a vote of one hundred and twenty-six to forty-seven, has decided to impeach the President, and appointed the committee to prepare the bill. Very great number of fires in every direction throughout the United States. Insurance companies hardly able to meet the calls upon them.

"*Feb. 27th.* Left in the ten train for Trenton. Went to the State-House, and into the House of Assembly. Talked with J. H. Nixon and Hood of Colwell's bill, now in the House, giving him a charter to dam Egg Harbor. Met John Ackley, whom I had employed to go up yesterday. He reported what he had done. Saw Chambers, of the Gas Company, and talked to him about the pipe."

"*March 3d.* Called upon F. B. Gowen about a compromise with Van Winkle, but without result. Went to Bispham, and handed him my correspondence with Van Winkle. Spent the evening at Dr. Packard's, with family, all except son George and wife, and Richard, who is not well. Miss Dunn, of Boston, there. Talked with her of her voyage up the Nile.

"*March 5th.* Bought of Washington Butcher two casks of Davis hams at nineteen and a half cents, being two and a half cents higher than last year. Called on Bispham, and went over the correspondence with Van Winkle. He gave an opinion that he could not recover anything on his claim.

"*March 10th.* Meeting of the Cambria Iron Company. The question of increasing the supply of iron blast furnaces

1868. was debated, also that of proceeding with preparation for steel rails. Met the North American Insurance Company.

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Had an oyster dinner. In the evening some friends of daughter Julia's. John M. Whitall sat half an hour with us.

"*March 18th.* Eli Miller and R. Winlack came to my office. The former offered ten thousand dollars for the De Long tract; but, having promised Winlack the preference, he called in the afternoon, and I sold it to Winlack & Co. for the same price, with interest from date, they having the privilege of retiring.

"*March 20th.* Son Richard gone to Millville. He seems to have adopted a plain coat. Arnold Peters in the office, and talked some time about machinery.

"*March 21st.* J. B. Garrett returned from New York, having had an interview with D. Runkle, which was not satisfactory. E. H. Trotter, wife, daughter, and niece took tea and spent the evening with us.

"*March 22d.* An earnest orthodox sermon was preached by Timothy Earle, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Went to see my grandson after meeting, and played with him on the carpet.

"*March 23d, Millville.* Arranged to meet Souder, Moore, Chandler, and son George at the water-wheel, to determine how the power should be increased. Decided to deepen the out-way for the large wheel. Talked with G. B. Langley about building a new flour-mill and renting the old one.

"*March 24th.* Meeting of the Allentown Iron Company, and dined on oysters, etc. Their losses are large, but the business repaying. Winlack came to see me, and behaved well upon being told I had sold the De Long to Eli Miller.

"*March 26th.* At meeting; a short sermon by Mrs. Winn. Was called upon by J. G. Stevens in reference to the junction of West Jersey and Millville and Glassboro' Railroad, and afterwards by Judge Yorke on the same business. Our family at son Edward's to tea, to meet our family connection.

"*March 28th.* Had a talk with Joseph Cabot about the quantity of coal and ore to make a ton of iron, and the cost of each per ton. Wife sent for son Stuart to come from school to go with her to hear Fanny Kemble read. Rather unprofitable for both. In the evening, Travis Cochrane and wife, our niece Lizzie Packard, and a few others, were with us with a small, pleasant party.

"*March 29th.* At meeting. An earnest sermon from S. Bettle. It being my sixty-ninth birthday, was called upon by brother Horatio, and sister H. W. Scull and her husband, to congratulate me upon having attained so many years. May the coming one be better spent!

"*March 31st.* Unexpectedly called upon for loans on demand, and made some effort to provide for them. Contracted with E. C. Geyelin for water-wheel and attachments. Judge Yorke called, and showed resolution for the West Jersey and Glassboro' to pass. In the evening went to Ed. Wilcox's, to meet finance committee of Union Benevolent Society, to obtain means for the association.

"*April 1st.* To West Jersey Railroad office, and met the board of the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad Company, and held a meeting transferring our road to the West Jersey. After doing so, our board was elected to theirs, adding seven members to their number. Did not stay to dine with them.

"*April 2d.* After arranging loans for forty thousand dollars, left in the ten train for Florence. Found A. McNeal had not completed one large thirty-six-inch pipe. Talked with T. Rainier, the farmer, and settled with Lambert Rainier to purchase 10.94 acres of ground adjoining me on the west, and to sell his father-in-law four acres of it for three hundred dollars per acre.

"*April 3d.* Had a meeting of the Cambria Iron Company on the subject of E. Y. Townsend's salary, which led to more than usual discussion, growing out of the interest

1868. that some of the parties had in the firm of Wood, Morrell
ÆT. 69. & Co. The proposition is to pay Townsend twelve thousand dollars.

"*April 6th.* To Camden, to see Mr. Voorhees. Gave him McClure's letter, stating the levels he had run at May's Landing. Saw General Sewell, who told me they had run the branch at Millville, and that it was over six thousand feet; that Stevens and himself were going down on Friday. On returning from Camden, J. Hood told me he had defeated Colwell's bill for charter of Egg Harbor. I think the bill was wrong. In returning from Camden, met Dr. Sharpe, who offered to sell me his tract of land for one hundred thousand dollars; tract of seventeen thousand acres. Lukins Cooper called upon me to contract for building mill for Langley at Millville, and agrees to be there to-morrow. He says mill will cost at least fifteen thousand dollars.

"*April 9th.* Judge Yorke called for the purpose of getting the books of the M. and G. Railroad Company from the treasurer. Lambert Rainier called. I closed the purchase of land adjoining Florence, to be paid for on the 2d of May. T. H. Whitney, to talk about M. and G. Railroad affairs. Gave map of pond at May's Landing to Mr. Abbott to get commissioners appointed. Afternoon, wrote deeds for mill.

"*April 11th.* G. W. Thomas and Porter to see me in reference to the sale of the property of the lessees of the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad Company. I could give them no satisfaction. Stiles, of Deposit, New York, called on me about a sale of hemlock lumber. P. C. Garrett told me that his brother John and himself had bought Simpson's cotton-mill for sixty-five thousand dollars.

"*April 14th.* Occupied nearly all the morning in arranging the price of pipe to be bid for to the city. Fixed it about seventy dollars, which was offered to the city. A call from Isaac Eckert, of Reading. After tea, went with son Richard to hear Fred. Douglas lecture, and sat about two hours, fully interested. He has great oratorical powers.

"*April 18th.* Mr. Whitman, engineer of the St. Louis Water Board, in the office, and we went together, my wife being with me, to Florence to arrange for occupying it. W. D. Lewis was with us going and returning. 1868
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"*April 20th.* The beginning of Friends' Yearly Meeting. Mr. Norton, of the Commonwealth Bank, called on me to say that the bank would buy Bank Place if I would take one hundred and forty thousand dollars, holding one hundred thousand dollars on mortgage. I told him I would let him know to-morrow. Daughters and son Randolph to a party at T. A. Biddle's.

"*April 22d, Cape May.* Rose at 4.30, and went to look at the cottage; satisfied. Came in the train at 5.45, stopping at Millville. Breakfasted with son George, and then walked through the mill. Had a talk with Chandler. He has increased the quantity, and will make seventy-five thousand yards this week, he thinks. Ordered some railing from Wilsons, and came up in the three train. J. G. Stevens has authorized me to buy for him one hundred shares of West Jersey Railroad Company at fifty-seven dollars per share.

"*April 23d.* Went to Camden, saw Judge Yorke, and handed him the check given me by Kemble, but did not take his receipt. Talk with B. Starr and Fulton in reference to bidding for pipes for Boston, and agreed not to oppose them. Phillips, of Salem, called upon us and asked us to bid for Salem pipe. A party of our Yearly Meeting relations to tea.

"*April 24th.* Langley and Cooper both in, and agreed to go to work at the new grist-mill. Talked with Joshua Eyre, a young man recommended by Garrett. Went to Camden and saw Voorhees about the argument in chancery, Colwell vs. Wood. B. V. Marsh took tea with us, and went to a meeting at Dr. Wood's about getting a fire-proof building for the books of the Philosophical Society.

"*April 29th.* Went to Camden to meet the West Jersey board. It was agreed to rent the Salem and Cape May

1868. Roads at six per cent. on the capital stock. Dined with the company.

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"*April 30th.* J. L. Gillespie, from Modest Town, Virginia, in office. Paid him five hundred dollars on account of draft from Langley. A gentleman from Salem, Massachusetts, to inquire about twenty-inch pipe. General Sewell came to my office and agreed to rent Branch Railroad at one thousand dollars per annum. Winlack in office, and made an offer for timber at Middleport. F. L. Mulford offered to sell West Jersey Railroad stock at fifty-five dollars per share. Julia had a party of her friends."

"*May 5th.* At twelve o'clock went to Thomas's auction to witness the sale of Joseph Swift's place, which was sold at eighty thousand dollars, and was bought by French, of French & Richards. The place is called Woodfield, and is one of the most ornamental near Philadelphia. I felt greatly tempted to buy it.

"*May 6th.* Find it quite inconvenient to manage the business of the office in the absence of John and Randolph, who have gone to Boston, not being familiar with the details of the business. Wrote to Prof. Agassiz about the culture of fish, and intend sending the letter by Walter to introduce him.

"*May 9th.* Spent an hour with the Cambria Iron Company board on the question of renting an office or buying property to build on. Made a large contract for pipe for Boston. Went with wife and Julia to Academy of Fine Arts. Some negroes were there.

"*May 12th, Millville.* Rose before six, and had Patrick to knock the curculio insect from the apricot-tree.

"*May 14th.* Stopped at Kerr's old china-store [Chestnut below Sixth] and offered him forty thousand dollars for the lot, including warehouse, etc. Signed agreement to rent Cape May Railroad to the West Jersey Railroad. Quite an excitement at Washington on the subject of the impeach-

ment of the President of the United States by the Senate. 1868.
C. S. Wood and wife to tea.

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"*May 18th.* Called upon G. T. Bispham, and authorized him to employ G. W. Biddle and C. Gibbons to defend me in the case of Van Winkle vs. Wood. Went to the station at Kensington, and met Jay Cooke. Took the train for New York, and after getting there called upon J. H. Butts about cement, and then went to the steamer 'St. John' for Albany.

"*May 19th.* Reached Albany at six A.M. Breakfasted at the Delavan House, and took cars for Whitehall. The party consisted of David Thomas, George Whitney, Jay Cooke, and myself. Had a pleasant run to Whitehall, and there took steamer 'Canada,' and ran down the lake—stopping at Port Henry—to Westport.

"*May 20th.* Lodged at Elizabeth, finding my nephew G. B. Wood and his wife and children, who received us cordially. After breakfast we all rode out to Nigger Hill and Burt mines, taking Neilson, and meeting Clark, who has charge of the large estate of Mr. Jay Cooke. Looked also at their forges making iron from the ore.

"*May 21st.* The Nigger Hill and Burt mines we found very large. The former hardly opened. The rain prevented our leaving the house till after dinner, when we drove to the Maria mines, finding large operations going on and new openings being made.

"*May 22d.* Slept on board the steamer, in the best berth I ever saw afloat. In the morning landed at Whitehall and took the six train for Albany. After arriving, called on Carpenter, of the Water-Works, and on the president of the Gas Company. Soon left for New York, and thence to Philadelphia, eleven P.M.

"*May 25th.* Saw D. J. Morrell, and agreed to take an additional sum in the Johnstown Water Company of five thousand dollars in bonds or stock. Saw Judge Yorke, and told him notice was given by G. W. Thomas to Whitney,

1868. and he informed me that they should file a bill against me
ÆT. 69. not to pay as trustee. Left in the 3.15 train for Millville,
and went through the various works.

"*May 27th.* Left home with son George, who lodged with us last night, for the North Pennsylvania Railroad cars at 7.45, and met Roberts, Pardee, and Wilson bound for the Ogden mines and Dover. Stopped at Bethlehem, and then left for Dover. Getting out at Easton, walked over the bridge over the Lehigh and Delaware, and then ran up to Dover. After dining at Jollie's, drove up to the Hibernia Mines Railroad, and looked at the ores on the landing. Returned and organized the Ogden Companies."

"*June 2d.* Met the Cambria board, and had a discussion on the subject of the Superior Mill at Pittsburg. Met North American Insurance Company, and had strawberries. The death of Matthew Newkirk and that of ex-President James Buchanan again warn me that my race on earth is nearly run!

"*June 3d.* Funeral of Matthew Newkirk. I went to the house, but not to the church. Left with wife, Julia, and servant for Cape May. Getting there before dark, walked up to look at the Excursion House.

"*June 7th.* Meeting fallen off in numbers by removals to the country. M. A. Lloyd the speaker of the morning, and Mrs. Winn of the evening. I have been much interested to-day by the description of the total eclipse of the sun, to take place over the North American continent in August, 1869, by Samuel J. Gummere. He writes with all the confidence of an inspired prophet.

"*June 10th.* Left with son Randolph for Georgetown, Delaware. Wife gone to Florence. After reaching Milford, got into the Georgetown car, and soon became acquainted with Conway, innkeeper, and Thomas Pepper, my agent in care of lands at that place. Stayed at the inn of the former, and had a long talk with the latter about other lands.

"*June 11th.* Called on Thomas Pepper, but the storm was so heavy that we could not comfortably go over the lands, but gave them entirely in the charge of Pepper, and authorized him to search for ore, and get leases for ore rights, or encourage owners to offer to sell. Authorized him to sell timber. Took the 10.40 train for Salisbury. 1868.
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"*June 12th.* Called upon Richardsons, having seen them last evening after arriving at Snow Hill, which we reached by hack from Salisbury. Went with Richardson to the Furnace Tract, talked about the ore in the lands, and examined the routes to get it. Came on to Salisbury, and went to see the dam of Humphrey's mills.

"*June 13th.* Left Salisbury on 4.05 train with my son Randolph, and reached home about ten o'clock, having had a pleasant run. The wheat- and grass-fields looked finely. After returning, talked with Wood, Morrell & Co. about the condition of Cambria, which they consider promising, their committee having visited Pittsburg.

"*June 15th.* Gave F. F. Sharp the opinion of A. Browning in the case of the lessees of the Millville and Glassboro' Railroad vs. West Jersey Railroad Company. Left in the ten train with wife and daughter Mary K. for Florence. Wheat-fields looked finely, and the general appearance good.

"*June 16th.* Spent a most uncomfortable night, with pain in limbs and dysenteric symptoms. Remained in bed most of the day. In the evening was better. Dr. Wood came, and prescribed morphia. Wife most attentive.

"*June 17th.* Much better. Rode down to the office, and, after doing some business, returned and dined with wife. She and Julia left for the 1.30 train to New York, on their way to Boston, expecting to arrive there early to-morrow morning, by way of Bristol, Rhode Island.

"*June 20th.* Being awake at two this morning, I got up and walked round the mill, and was pleased to see the watchman come down and look at the state of the water in

1868. the canal. George drove me out to the dam. The work
ÆT. 69. seems near completion. Discovered a flow of water in the
opening of the out-way for the new flour-mill. Left in the
three P.M. train, having a very warm ride, and found son
Edward and his wife had gone to spend some time at
Florence.

"*June 23d.* D. J. Morrell in our office on the same subject
as with the Cambria committee yesterday. Called on Gatz-
mer about the case of the lessees and the West Jersey Rail-
road Company. Saw Judge Asa Packer with him, and met
him afterwards with Mr. Markley. Told the latter I wanted
to see him and Stevens together. Wrote to wife at Centre
Harbor, New Hampshire. A movement in cotton goods
encourages us to run the mill.

"*June 25th.* Rose at six and walked through the woods
at Florence, and gave instructions to Collins to cut trees.
Left with son Edward and his wife, and came to the city.
G. W. Thomas called at my office. I had a serious talk
with him about the case of G. W. Thomas & Co. vs. West
Jersey Railroad Company. He seems determined to pursue
the suit. C. B. Dungan called, and talked about his con-
nection with the Cape May and Millville Railroad. Edward
and wife returned to Florence after dinner.

"*June 29th.* Breakfasted before six, and left with Edward
in the 5.46 train for the city. Fulton and Starr came into
office and arranged for the Croton bid for pipe. I left city
in 3.15 train. At station was met by son George and taken
to look at the dam.

"*June 30th.* Rose at five, and went to look at the dam.
Found a mistake in putting up the parapet walls, which I
took my son out to have corrected. Met the Gas Company,
and selected the old board, and had a report from the
treasurer. Came up with George, and went next day to
New York."

"*July 2d.* Breakfasted early, and went with son George

to give him specimens of ore to get analyzed. At ten went over to Camden and had a talk with Judge Yorke and Stevens. Met Allentown board, and elected Joseph Cabot president. Wrote to wife at Newport. Neilson called upon me, and I suggested to him what I wanted him to do in relation to a blast furnace. Talked to Edw. W. Clarke, president of the Lehigh Navigation Company, about tolls on the Delaware Division Canal. He did not seem to take in the ideas I wanted to convey.

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"*July 4th, Millville.* Rose before six; walked to the dam, and round the premises generally. The mill being stopped to take an account of stock. Came up by the 8.14 train. Spent a short time in the counting-room, and went home. Left in the two train for Florence, but, having left my carpet-bag, returned to Camden, where I found that the bag had been sent to the station at Florence. I found it there.

"*July 7th.* Large money negotiation, and readily made at five per cent. At two went with E. Y. Townsend to Oakland Station, and there met Dr. G. Thomas, who drove us over to his marble quarries and showed us the ore lands adjoining. The latter will, I think, yield largely.

"*July 8th.* Randolph returned this morning from trip to St. Louis and Peoria. Stuart also came from Haverford, ending the first session of the year very satisfactorily. Received a letter from wife from Ocean House, Newport, to which place she came from the White Mountains.

"*July 12th, 'Sea Brink.'* Came here by the kind invitation of Mr. Godfrey, lessee for the summer. Spent the day very much in the cottage, except a walk to see J. Q. Williams. Was much vexed by the walk made adjoining the premises, and think it must partly be taken away. Will write about it to J. G. Stevens. Walked over to Excursion House, and left in the 6.10 train.

"*July 14th.* Left Florence by the nine train, and find it very hot in the city. J. M. Kennedy called upon me in

1868. relation to the difficulty in the Cambria board, and is ready
Æt. 69. for a fight at the election. Came to Florence, and found at the station daughter Mary and Hannah Scull waiting for me.

"July 25th. Called upon Tatham & Brothers, and had a talk with them about a quantity of ore lands they have on East Penn. Railroad. Also talked with W. G. Neilson about his engaging with me in erecting and carrying on a blast furnace. Gave him letter to G. W. Richards, of Dover, New Jersey. Left in 4.30 train for Florence, and was met at station by daughter Mary.

"July 26th, Florence. Enjoyed a quiet day with daughter Mary, who seems to like her residence. It has given me much satisfaction to look at the pleasant woods and fields and houses, and think that if life is allowed me for a few years, this will be an agreeable spot to spend it in. Pulled up some weeds.

"July 30th, Millville. Rose before six o'clock, and walked to the canal bridge, and find thirty-six-inch pipe will answer for extension. Went into mill, along the wharf, and in bleachery, and scarcely ever found the mosquitoes so thick. I could hardly stand still. Left in the ten train. Detained by a wreck, but got up in time to be busy all day. Wife and children came home at ten P.M., having visited Niagara."

"Aug. 1st. Wife and children having returned last evening, after an absence of six weeks, made it necessary to rise early for market. I found good butter seventy cents. Much occupied in the office with the various business of R. D. Wood & Co. The business is too extended for Randolph to get through. Left with sons Walter and Stuart in the 4.30 train for Florence. Daughter Mary at station to take us to our house.

"Aug. 2d. Walked with Thomas around the estate, and talked to him about employing his uncle to help him next year. Spent the day chiefly in the house. Read Napo-

leon's opinion of Christ, etc. I wish he had tried more to resemble Him.

"Aug. 4th. Occupied chiefly in the counting-room. Walter comes into the office, but can take little part at once in the now large business of R. D. Wood & Co. Mr. —, of Salisbury, called, and talked about the ore opportunities of the place.

"Aug. 5th. Went to market early; find the prices of vegetables, particularly tomatoes, much lower. Spent some time with Jesse over my ledger, and got the six months to agree. Left in the four train for Millville, and went to look at dam and bleachery. Some difficulty between George and his men about their smoking while at work. They arranged the matter.

"Aug. 8th. Pulman, of the Andover Iron Company, called upon me to talk about ore and the care of and building of furnaces. Left with wife for Florence in the 4.30 train, son Walter also. He has concluded to go to work there in earnest.

"Aug. 9th. Spent nearly all the day in-doors. Children going to church. Read with interest the *Friends' Review*; particularly the addresses of the London Yearly Meeting to its members. The quiet of Florence undisturbed, save by the moving of the vessels on the river, is a pleasure of a most satisfactory kind. A whole family and a well-furnished house would, if all right, make it a small Paradise.

"Aug. 10th. Sold to J. Eyre the largest of the Wolfe estate houses, running through from street to street, one hundred by two hundred* feet, at three thousand five hundred dollars. Saw Collins, the carpenter; gave him some directions, and left with Walter for the city. Found many letters, and son Richard just returned from Virginia.

"Aug. 13th. Mr. Pulman called on me, suggesting the

* On measuring lot, found it one hundred and eighty feet from street to street.

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Æt. 69. building of a furnace at Chester, New Jersey, on lands owned by them and their associates. It seemed plausible, and worth consideration. Called upon Allentown and Crane Iron Companies, and found a disposition to raise the price of iron. Was called upon by Cambria Iron Company to borrow money at five per cent. Left for Millville in company with wife. On the way had a talk with J. G. Stevens about a contribution to the seminary at Vineland.

"*Aug. 14th.* Rose early, walked over the property. In the afternoon George rowed me up above the new dam, and we looked at the course of the river below the bridge. Returned with wife in evening train.

"*Aug. 15th.* Bought of the Carbon and Allentown Company one thousand seven hundred and fifty tons iron. Wrote to daughter Mary at Elizabethtown, New York. Left in the 4.30 train for Florence, son Edward with me. His wife and baby joined us at the station.

"*Aug. 16th.* To the foundry, and had a talk with Henry, the Sunday watchman. Spent the day chiefly with my children, at my accustomed reading, and in having some talk with my farmer, T. Rainier.

"*Aug. 18th.* George F. Randolph died yesterday, in his eighty-sixth year. Several persons from Memphis wanting to buy cotton for us. Called on the executor of C. H. Fisher and asked the price of some lots owned by the estate at Florence. Left for Millville. Walked out to the dam, and found them putting the top stone at both ends.

"*Aug. 19th.* Rose before six, went on the wharf and looked at the meadow-bank. After talking with J. McNeal, left with wife in the 8.14 train. J. G. Stevens and Mr. Markley called upon me in relation to a loan to Cake, to enlarge Congress Hall at Cape May. I assented to go as high as seventy-five thousand dollars. Runkle, of the Warren, called, and talked about furnace-building at Chester, New Jersey.

"*Aug. 21st, Millville.* Went to dam, and afterwards had a

talk with son George of pretty plain character. He is extravagant in his expenditures [in making improvements on the property]. Left in the 8.15 train. Occupied in the office for the remainder of the day, business of the foundry requiring all the time I have to give. Randolph doing the best he can; his mind being almost entirely given to it. 1868.
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"*Aug. 23d, Florence.* Son Walter walked to Burlington to meeting, and back to dinner. Wife and Julia to church. Walked round the grounds with wife. I find much work necessary to put the place in complete order, but there is sufficient inducement to do it. Found logs in wood uncarterd.

"*Aug. 30th.* Sons George, Randolph, Walter, and Stuart drove over to Columbus to meeting. The hot weather keeps us in the house, which I greatly enjoy. Our position on the river, and the shade, make the place particularly pleasant and desirable in warm weather."

"*Sept. 2d.* Left Florence by the 7.15 train. Met by appointment S. Welsh and T. A. Biddle at the office of the Allentown Iron Company, which is involved with Cabot's and Etting's business, and had a short examination of their books. The president being sick, his son Henry acted in his place. Lewis, the manager, from Allentown, was also there. Gave tenants notice to quit, and saw Boswell on the subject of staying at an advanced rate.

"*Sept. 5th.* A long talk with J. G. Stevens about purchasing and improving property at Cape May. Intimated that I would join in the speculation. Left in the 4.15 train for Florence, and, getting to Burlington, found children waiting to take me up. Bridges carried away.

"*Sept. 6th.* Rose early, and walked through the woods, finding much to improve. Julia and Walter went to church. I read in the mean time, and wandered about the grounds. The shade and quietness are most soothing after being excited by the affairs and mishaps of the week.

"*Sept. 10th.* Left in the 7.45 train North Penn. Railroad,

1868. and at Penn Lynn Station was joined by T. A. Biddle. We arrived before twelve at Allentown, and proceeded to look round the furnaces and work. After dinner, took the train for Easton; stopped at the American House, and saw Mr. Kent.

ÆT. 69.

"Sept. 11th. Took the early train for Dover. Got into carriage with Kent, Richard Gore, and his brother, and drove down to Chester, looking at ore lands. Returned to Dover, and took train for Easton; stopping at Mr. Kent's, at Phillipsburg.

"Sept. 12th. Rose about six, and found Mr. Biddle already up. We walked together round the furnaces of the Andover Company. Drove to the station and took the eight o'clock train. Arrived about eleven at the city.

"Sept. 17th. Left Florence in the 10.15 train. After going to office, attended meeting of the Allentown Iron Company, and went through an examination of the statement made to September 1st. A loss of nearly thirty thousand dollars by the sons of the president. In other respects looked well. Cotton market excited, but depressed. Left in 3.15 train for Millville. After getting there, walked down to the dam, and found the capping on.

"Sept. 18th. Busy all the morning, and had a serious conversation with G. B. Langley about the cost of the new mill. Talked with J. McNeal about his renting the old flour-mill, and told him I expected to charge the firm more rent. Mr. Carlyle, from D. S. Brown & Co., came down to look after the cleaning and dyeing goods injured at the fire at Gloucester. Went to Glassboro', and then to Greenwich.

"Sept. 19th. Rose early, and walked down the Ash Road. Saw Mrs. Stiles, the old lady of ninety-five years. Drove with wife and Dr. Wood to his Pine Mount cranberry-patch, of about four acres, then to Geo. W. Sheppard's, and afterward to the grave of our great-grandfather, Richard Wood, recently enclosed by Dr. Wood.

"Sept. 20th. Went with wife and Dr. Wood to meeting.

Samuel Morris and Clarkson Sheppard preached. I shook hands with most of the Friends. After dinner the doctor sent us over to Bridgeton, where we hired a small wagon and horse and drove over to our son George's, at Millville.

"*Sept. 22d.* Met the North American Insurance Company board, which had but little business. I opposed an application to subscribe by the company to a railroad to the Breakwater in Delaware. Left with wife for Florence.

"*Sept. 23d.* Walked to new houses to see the fence, and then came to city by the 7.30 train, son Edward being with me; and at Camden left to take the Millville train at 8.15. Markley and Bullitt called on me in behalf of a scheme to erect a hotel at Cape May. Wrote to Kent about the Chester ore property.

"*Sept. 27th, 'Sea Brink.'* Rather indulgent this morning. After breakfast, reading for some time. Took a walk along the beach, which I found very smooth all the way from Columbia House to Inlet."

"*Oct. 6th.* Judge Yorke told me that Edwin A. Stevens left twenty-five million dollars. Met the North American Insurance board. Lunched with them. Iron has taken a sudden rise. It looks as if there would be little to be had to complete our orders. Rather alarming. Cotton also rising, with a prospect of a short crop.

"*Oct. 9th.* Put fire in the boiler of Bank Place for the first time. Went to Camden to meet the company who bought Mark Devine's property,—Cape May,—and, from a failure to make his description as good as stated by him, abandoned the purchase. Raised a little blood in coughing.

"*Oct. 10th.* J. C. Kent and Pulman spent an hour with me in the office, negotiating for the purchase of ore lands and the building of furnaces at Chester, New Jersey. They left with a proposal to buy them out at two hundred thousand dollars for five hundred and eighty acres of ore lands, eighty acres only being mineral.

1868. *Oct. 13th.* After breakfast, went with sons Richard and Randolph, and voted. Had to stand half an hour on account of the crowd. The city much excited by the election, and the Democrats buoyant in regard to the city. Afternoon, to Florence. Examined some thirty-inch pipe rejected by the inspector, and found them good.

ÆT. 69.

Oct. 14th. Gave Thomas directions about grain, and went upon wharf to see large schooner loading. Came down by the ten train, and attended a meeting of the Ogden Iron Company. Things do not look well there. Election returns from four States look well for Grant, but the loss of the mayor and courts to the Union party is sad.

Oct. 15th. Election returns satisfactory outside the city, probably insuring the election of Grant and of the Republican party. Negotiations with W. C. Johnson for making chemicals—pyroligneous acid—at Millville apparently brought to a close. The money market has tightened so as to make demand loans uncomfortable. Cotton manufactures also much depressed, but iron buoyant.

Oct. 16th. Son Stuart came from Haverford and George from Millville. Walter made a trip to New York, but was back in time to attend an anniversary-supper of our wedding-day. B. V. Marsh and wife came, as it was also the anniversary of their wedding.

Oct. 17th. At twelve o'clock went to Camden to meet the West Jersey Railroad Company, as executive committee to finish contract with Bullitt & Fairthorn about hotel at Cape May.

Oct. 18th. S. Bettie preached and prayed very pertinently in the morning. Went to son Edward's with sons Richard and Walter, and had a little talk with the baby, who looks very well.

Oct. 20th. Met the North American Insurance Company, and dined there on oysters. D. Runkle and B. Starr in the office, and we agreed that they should manipulate the pipe matter with Bergen City. Left in the 3.15 train

for Millville, and on the way, at Glassboro', was introduced 1868
to Senator Frelinghuysen, who is stumping the State. After Oct. 69.
arriving, walked down to meadow.

"Oct. 23d. Earthquake at San Francisco. Went into the iron market and bought one thousand tons No. 2 Carbon pig-iron at thirty-seven dollars delivered in Philadelphia, or thirty-five dollars at furnace. Much demand still for iron pipe, and Mr. Davis, of Davis & Farnum, in the office. After tea, went to the annual meeting of the Union Benevolent Association, and was gratified by hearing the report, which was written and read by my son Edward. It seems to receive general commendation.

"Oct. 27th. Called upon various persons to make fiscal arrangements for the week. Succeeded satisfactorily. Left at eleven for Johnstown, in company with C. S. Wood, E. Y. Townsend, George Trotter, Samuel Welsh, and others. Dined at Lancaster, and got to Altoona about eight, having had a comfortable ride in the managers' car.

"Oct. 28th. Left Altoona at 8.30, and, crossing the mountain, we were at Johnstown in about two hours. Went over the works, examined floors and ore banks, looked into the furnaces and the mill, and at the new buildings for the steel-works. Dined with Morrell, and drove out to the ore openings.

"Oct. 30th. Rose early, and met Macalester, of Springfield furnace. Rode with him and the whole party. Ran down to Hollidaysburg, and then drove up through Morison's Cove, stopping at Martinsburg and Williamsburg. Found much good land and hematite ore. Dined at Springfield. Saw Mrs. and Miss Macalester; the latter beautiful. Came down to Altoona, and took the train for Pittsburg.

"Oct. 31st. Called on Clark & Co. about freight. Then to Smith, the founder, and talked pipe. Got a pass from the Panhandle road, and left for Columbus, passing Steubenville about dark.

1868. "*Nov. 1st.* Reached Indianapolis at sunrise. Breakfast
at Spencer House,—a poor affair. Walked over the city,
with its broad streets. Old but convenient State-house.

"*Nov. 2d.* Rose before three, and left at that hour on the Terre Haute and Alton road for St. Louis. Disappointed in the general appearance of the agriculture, which, with some exceptions, is poor. Stopped at Planters' House. Had a full talk with Jesse Garrett about his work. Satisfactory.

"*Nov. 4th.* Reached Chicago. Stopped at Briggs House. Called upon superintendent of Gas Works, who drove me out to see the new works of the company in the northern district. Called upon Burtis, the secretary, and then upon Cobb, the acting manager. Called on Water Company. Left at 5.30 P.M.

"*Nov. 5th.* All night passing through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Breakfasted at Alliance. Reached Pittsburg about twelve P.M. Cars very full and road rough. Looked at Johnstown as I passed, and supped at Altoona about five most sumptuously. The ride to-day was pleasant. Country not well improved, but a glance at the towns of Massillon and Salem gave an impression they were doing well.

"*Nov. 6th.* Reached home about two P.M., and found wife suffering from a boil. Upon going to business, found extreme excitement in money market, and had to pay eight per cent. for demand loan. Fortunately, had large receipts from St. Louis and Salem, that enabled us to meet engagements. Death of Algernon Roberts is another warning.

"*Nov. 7th.* Gaylord in office about the convention of pipe-makers. Went to Florence. A telegram from Boston took son R. to Millville to expedite shipment of twelve-inch pipe. This has been with us a day of telegrams, having had about a dozen from New England in relation to shipping pipes. Had a talk with T. Robins about the money condition of the city. He said all the banks held less than their amount of legal tenders.

"*Nov. 9th.* Starr, Fulton, and Runkle in our office. Arranged for Randolph and Corliss to go to Buffalo to bid for contract for iron pipe for that city. 1868.
J.EI. 69.

"*Nov. 11th.* Son George broke a hole into the fireproof from that of Wood & Garrett, through which we got our books, etc. Met the several pipe manufacturers from Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburg, Fulton & Co. of this city at the Continental Hotel. After debating our business, adjourned until to-morrow. Telegram from Randolph from Buffalo about the keys of fireproof, which he has sent us by express, having inadvertently taken them with him.

"*Nov. 22d.* S. Bettie preached and prayed. Evening meeting, was interested in a prayer by Elizabeth Hopkins. Went to son Edward's, and found Mrs. Kneass better. My little grandson is well, and a happy little fellow.

"*Nov. 24th.* Rose early, and went down to wharf and into mill; then to Millville to ask Commissioner of Appeal to make an abatement from my tax list. Left with son George for May's Landing, stopped at Bennett's mill dam, and looked at cranberry-ground. Reached May's Landing after one. Looked through the mill and at the dam; and, after examining machinery, returned to Millville.

"*Nov. 28th.* F. McManus, of Chihuahua, a few days ago in the office with specimens of silver ore. Received from Edmund D. Randolph a letter introducing a Swedish gentleman. Took him into Wood, Morrell & Co.'s office. He came to sell Swedish iron. Ed. Roberts called about Ogden Iron Company. Had some plain talk with son George about his position and business in Millville. After tea, went with son Richard and brother Charles to meet the owners of Radford Iron Company, to consult them about purchase of Colonel Jamison's ore lands."

"*Dec. 1st.* After looking at letters at office, came down in the 9.45 train by the N. P. Railroad, E. Roberts going with me. Stopped at Bethlehem, went to Phillipsburg, and met

1868. Pardee, Firmstone, and Ingham. After getting to Stanhope, and meeting Condit and Torry, looked at their estate, and talked over a proposed consolidation of their company and the Ogden road.

Et. 69.

"*Dec. 2d.* All the party drove over to Hopatcong Lake, and were taken to railroad of the Ogden Company, and went by rail to the mines, which we examined, and found them working better than formerly. Went down the railroad, and drove over to Jollie's, at Dover. After discussing the consolidation, went to Newark, and from there home, at one in the morning.

"*Dec. 4th.* M. Cope and S. Bettie called for a subscription for North Carolina Friends; signed one hundred dollars for them. Alfred Cope called for subscription to pay for zoological collection; promised him one hundred dollars.

"*Dec. 8th.* Large inquiry for pipe from Chicago. S. W. Jones, now in his eighty-ninth year, has been for a few days absent from North American Insurance Company, not being well. Ed. Roberts called, and I agreed to meet him, Pardee, and Firmstone at twelve, to decide about the Stanhope proposition; which I did. We decided not to accept. Was called upon by Mr. —, who said he had a power of attorney to sell the lands of Dr. Sharpe. I authorized him to sell mine for ten dollars per acre.

"*Dec. 9th.* Left with son Walter for New York, and on the way saw Weiss, the St. Louis pipe inspector. Arrived about twelve. Called on H. G. Nichols, Sabatton, and Zollicoffer, and then went to steamer 'Bristol' for Boston. Had fine night-run.

"*Dec. 10th.* Called on Foster & Cole, agents for North American Insurance Company—a long talk about the Boston Gas Company; and at twelve, on N. J. Bradlee, of the Cochituate Water Company, having first seen Mr. Snelling and bought one hundred tons of Scotch pig-iron at forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. Left in the 4.40 train for

Salem, and was taken by Johnson's clerk over their city and to the Witch-house. Returning, met Whitman, engineer, in the train, and talked about St. Louis pipes. 1868
Dec 11

"*Dec. 11th.* Called at the Water Company's office, and found the schooner had not arrived with pipe. Looked among a few dry-goods dealers, and found them indisposed to buy, having a dull trade. Called upon starch dealers, price eight and a half; on S. G. Snelling, and bought one hundred tons of Scotch iron at forty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. Failed in seeing Little & Sprague. Left in the three train for New York, supping at Springfield. Slept at Albemarle House.

"*Dec. 15th.* Met board of North American Insurance Company, and lunched. Dilwyn Parish came in and settled by notes. Captain Hampton with Manaway, to take down a load of iron by tug. B. V. Marsh, to say he and his wife will take tea with us. Came, and spent a pleasant evening.

"*Dec. 17th.* Spent most of the morning with May's Landing Water Power Board of Managers. Made a proposition to Greene to run the cotton-mill, paying a rent of ten thousand dollars, to begin on the 1st of May; at which time he is to accept or decline.

"*Dec. 22d.* Called upon to pay demand loans. Find much difficulty to get the money to do it. Called on four banks, and find none with any to spare. Sat up till after eleven o'clock, to see Randolph off for Chicago.

"*Dec. 25th.* Came to office. After doing some work on my annual statement, left because it was too cold. All my sons and their wives and two grandchildren took dinner, and spent the day, except Randolph, and Stuart who is at Haverford. Brother's children in the evening.

"*Dec. 28th.* Philadelphia Bank furnished means to get us through our financial engagements. Peter Adams reported his examination of ore lands in the neighborhood of Columbus, New Jersey. Met finance committee of Union Benevo-

1868. lent Association. Agreed upon a circular for its benefit.
ÆT. 69. Asked Edward to write it.

"*Dec. 30th.* Money matters a little uncomfortable, but managed to get through the day by borrowing. Arranged with Peter Adams to go to Salisbury and assist W. N. Dennis in looking after ore lands.

"*Dec. 31st.* This last day of the year has been one of great anxiety for those who had money to pay, and we have been put in a position that we did not like. Had a long talk with J. Blodget Britton about the bog ores near Columbus, and of building a furnace at Florence, which position he thought a good one. He represents the Iron-Masters' Association, and wishes me to join it. Contribution, one hundred dollars per annum. Spent the evening at a party at Mr. Hunn's, and had quite a long talk with him."

189. 234. 200. 171. 142.



Chamber of W. D. Wood 1121 Arch St.

1869.

A. 1. 69.

"*Jan. 1st.* Large building corner of Broad and Cherry Streets burned last night. Spent most of the morning in the office making up annual accounts, and in writing a statement for General Sewell for the West Jersey Railroad Company, about the title of the land held by the company through Vineland. Walked in the afternoon. Party at Dr. Wood's in the evening.

"*Jan. 2d.* Troubled for money to pay my debts and those of the firm's, but worked through. Lukins Cooper called about going to Florence to construct buildings. Met the pipe-founders and discussed the matter of an association. Son Randolph heard of from Milwaukee, through the Gas Company of that city.

"*Jan. 6th.* G. B. Langley handed me his account for building the flour-mill at Millville, amounting to twenty-two thousand dollars. I wish him to pay two thousand five hundred dollars rent for mill and power.

"Invited Mr. T. Robins to meet Dr. and Mrs. Hill, missionaries from Athens, Greece. The caucus of the legislative bodies of Harrisburg nominated John Scott, of Huntingdon, for the Senate of United States.

"*Jan. 8th.* Spent last evening at a family party at David Scull's. This morning called upon Ed. Ingersoll, and talked with him about the property his family hold at Florence, which they seem willing to sell. Settled with G. A. Wood, president Crane Iron Company, for iron bought of them. Arranged also with the Roberts Iron Company for the settlement of their bills. The friends of Mrs. Kneass are very anxious about her.

"*Jan. 9th.* Breakfasted early, and, after reading letters at

1869. office, went to the North Pennsylvania Railroad and met
Mr. Fulton. We arrived together at Easton about one.
ÆT. 69. Had an interview with D. Runkle, president of Warren Foundry, Mr. Riegel, Mr. McKean, etc. They agreed to allow the president to come into the proposed association of pipe-makers. We left Easton by the Belvidere Railroad at 2.40, and returned to Philadelphia; it was rather enjoyable.

"*Jan. 12th.* Voted at Philadelphia Bank for directors, and dined there; voted also at North American Insurance Company. They have made a dividend of six per cent. Attended meeting of Ogden Iron Company, and was authorized to obtain an alteration in their charter.

"Mr. Pardee and Edward Roberts called upon me to decide about the purchase of the property of the Stanhope furnace, which we—*i.e.* the Ogden Iron Company—declined.

"*Jan. 13th.* Walter went to Florence to order pipe to be sent down to New Orleans. Met the Cambria Company, and heard the report of the engineer read. Met North American Insurance Company to organize. There was a debate about the salary of Mr. Platt. Dined with the company, with a full table well supplied.

"*Jan. 14th.* The fine marble stores Ninth and Chestnut Streets destroyed by fire, leaving only the walls standing, this morning.

"Judge Yorke called upon me to help him to negotiate one hundred thousand dollars for the West Jersey Railroad Company, to aid J. C. Bullitt in building the Stockton Hotel, Cape Island. A pleasant little party at our house this evening.

"*Jan. 16th.* Went to Camden and met West Jersey Railroad board, and after business dined with them. I moved to raise the president's salary to three thousand five hundred dollars. In the evening, had a party for Rev. Dr. Hill and wife. It passed off pleasantly, and we were gratified to entertain our friends from Greece. Have signed the articles of the Pipe-Makers' Association.

"*Jan. 17th.* At meeting this morning; S. Bettles and others preached. Evening, was almost silent. Went to my son Edward's, and was asked to be one of the pall-bearers for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Anna A. Kneass, who is to be buried at twelve to-morrow at the Woodlands, in her husband's grave. 1869.
A. 1. 69

[The day proved very cold and stormy, hardly fit for any but young and strong men to walk through and stand in a grave-yard; but your father, always too neglectful of himself, not only did so, but remained for some time uncovered whilst prayer was offered.]

"*Jan. 20th.* Spent last evening with wife at Mrs. Bowie's. Left in the train at twelve with son for New York. Slept at the Astor. Went to Brooklyn Gas, and saw A. Benson, the president; then to the City Hall, and saw King, the president of Board of Water Commissioners, some of the board, and Lane, the engineer; then rode up to Williamsburg, and saw Thomas, the superintendent of Gas Company; then to New York, and up to Metropolitan Gas. Came home in the five line.

"*Jan. 22d.* A good deal worried by calls for money by hungry parties. Last evening at T. Robins's with my wife, to meet Dr. Hill and others, and had a pleasant time.

"S. Fulton called about the association of pipe-makers, and prices fixed upon for the month. In the afternoon, came with wife and son Richard to Millville, to learn the result of the attempt to stop the river. Going to the dam, I found the water stopped and the earth four feet above it.

"*Jan. 23d.* Was called up last night about the dam, but found it all right. Left in the eight train with wife and son. On the way down, had a talk with General Sewell and with Bullitt about the purchase of the beach at Cape May.

"*Jan. 27th.* Children went to Haverford to hear the junior class make their speeches. Stuart, who delivered the first in Latin, is said to have done well. He comes home for his vacation. Spent some time in bargaining

1869. with Mr. Seymour, of Troy, for pipe. Gave letter to
 Fulton in relation to supply of pipe for Chicago. Received
 from P. L. Voorhees the May's Landing deeds we feared
 were lost.

ÆT. 69.

"*Jan. 28th.* Met Allentown Iron Company, and made dividend of five per cent. Saw W. D. Lewis about the purchase of Charlotte Cushman's estate at Florence. A party of Julia's young friends this evening.

"*Jan. 29th.* Feeling much pain and inflammation in the ear and jaw, called upon Dr. Wister, who prescribed for it. Son George from Millville to report progress of dam. Made some considerable financial negotiations at six per cent.

"*Jan. 30th.* Being very uncomfortable, I remained in bed. After Dr. Wister's visit and prescription, was greatly relieved. Rose in the afternoon, when Elizabeth Allen, A. Y. Tatum, and Marmaduke Cope came, and had a family sitting for worship with us. Elizabeth Allen spoke and prayed with much kindness."

"*Feb. 1st.* Came down to office early, as I felt a little stronger. Fulton and Archer spent some time debating proposals. After concluding, filed them. Miss Duane to tea. Her niece and nephew to spend the evening. Upon putting a watch to my left ear, find I do not hear it, and I am much afraid the hearing has entirely gone.

"*Feb. 2d.* Went over to Camden and got dividend of West Jersey Railroad Company for last six months. Saw Judge Yorke about making the May's Landing and Vineland Railroad. He is ready for the enterprise.

"Evening, went with wife and children to Frederick Fraley's. I talked with J. C. Cresson on the subject of the new park, of which he is chief. The company generally young people, and dancing. We remained but an hour.

"*Feb. 5th.* Maggie Tyson, of Baltimore, to dine. Evening at brother Charles's, with Dr. Wood, D. Scull and wife,

and R. Sheppard. Juliana gave us a profuse tea. Her meals are not anti-dyspeptics. 1869.
A.T. 69

" *Feb. 7th.* Judge Yorke called on me, and I discounted for him the note of the West Jersey Company, endorsed by Bullitt, Yorke, and Stevens, and took twelve thousand-dollar bonds as collaterals. Wife and children went to hear readings by Murdoch. I spent the evening alone, brooding.

" *Feb. 9th.* At Philadelphia Bank, and had some notes discounted. Met board of North American Insurance Company, and took oysters with them. Called at the Ogden Iron Company; then to the Allentown Iron Company, and bought one hundred tons No. 2 ~~X~~ iron at thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

" *Feb. 11th.* Dr. Wister called, and prescribed for my ear. Left in the three train with wife and son Stuart for Millville, our son George also with us. On getting there, went to look at the dam and the large pond being made by it.

" *Feb. 12th.* Went out at seven this morning with son George to examine the dam and to give him directions as to wharfing. Left with my wife in the eight train. We talked with C. K. Landis and his wife on the way to the city. Had some negotiations with West Jersey Railroad Company to purchase their notes by Newbold and Aertsen. 'The sewing society' met at our house this evening.

" *Feb. 14.* Alice and Ellen Welsh to tea last evening. They are nice girls. Spent all of this day in the house. Doctor having thoroughly syringed my ear, pronounces it better. Have been much interested in an article in 'The Living Age' on the 'Philosopher.' A criticism on the 'Life of Bishop Berkeley.' It gives him a higher position than any narrative of his life and works I have before seen.

" *Feb. 17th.* Went yesterday in 3.15 train to Millville, and found the water running over the dam. This morning drove to it about seven with son George. The water going over

1869. the dam gave it the appearance of curving outward from
ÆT. 69. the centre to the ends. Had an earnest talk with George
on the subject. Came up in the eight train. Stopped at
West Jersey office, and saw Browning about the suit with
the lessees of Millville and Glassboro' Railroad. Came to
my office, wrote a few letters, and then went to West Phila-
delphia Station of the Connecting road 1.20 P.M., going
to Trenton. I there saw Ashbel Welsh and Senator Nixon,
and returned by 6.30 train."

The object of this hurried visit to Trenton was to consult
Mr. Welsh about this important dam, which now, at this
critical juncture of letting the river flow over it, was giving
him uneasiness.

For several weeks the depressed state of your father's
health, and the various anxieties he was unexpectedly en-
during, caused us all to watch his every word and movement
with the most loving interest. The pressure of cares that
ought to have been spared him he deeply felt.

We all wished to relieve him wherever we could, and it
is among my causes of thankfulness, in reviewing the past,
that on this day of excitement and hard work for a man so
far from well, I drove down to the office about noon,—as
I often did, to ask if I could serve him in any way,—and
had the satisfaction not only of driving him to West Phila-
delphia Station, but of seeing him eat a lunch and drink a
little wine I had fortunately taken him.

The next day's entry in the journal, that had for more
than thirty years been so regularly kept, is made in a very
tremulous hand, and is the last in it that is fully legible.
After detailing the financial business of the morning of
Feb. 28th, he says:

"In a good deal of pain, but decided to come to Millville
to look at the dam, which George thinks in a precarious
condition. Edward came down with me. It looked rather

forlorn. While there, I was taken violently ill, and obliged to go to the house and to bed."

1869
 Feb. 6

As he had seemed to our sons this morning to be very unwell, and Edward had heard him express the wish "that mother was going with him," he decided to go with his father. Again I was so happy as to call at the office in time to drive them to the boat, but heard nothing to make me think him more sick than he had for some time been.

Arriving at Millville, he went at once to the dam, over which the full flow of water was rushing, and he must have had some pleasure in seeing the great sight he had so long looked forward to; although he was then being seized with such intensely agonizing pain that it was with difficulty he got to the house, and, though all the alleviatives suggested were promptly used, he thought he could not long survive. Toward morning, however, the suffering abated, and he slept a little.

Feb. 19th. Being cold and drizzling, I decided at an early hour that I would drive to the wharf to meet him at nine, though uncertain if he would like my doing so, his reluctance to being waited on being always so great. But the instant I saw him come from the boat, and observed how haggard and ill he looked, I felt that the attention was most timely and welcome. As I threw open the door of the carriage, he stepped into it, saying, "*I am very sick*, and am going home to go to bed." We stopped, however, for some ten or fifteen minutes at his office, where he read and answered a few letters, and then left his old familiar haunts forever!

Arriving at home, our son Stuart went immediately for Dr. Wister, whom he fortunately met almost at our own door. That we so promptly obtained his advice is another cause for thankfulness.

Feb. 20th. My dear husband seemed much better. B. V. Marsh called, and read from two Bridgeton papers their

1869. accounts of his dam; he remarking, after B. V. M. had left,
ÆT. 69. "that it was just like Benjamin, to pay these kind attentions."

Feb. 21st. This morning he came down-stairs, but coughed a good deal; on examining the lungs, the doctor found a spot in which he observed the "crepitant râle," he said, and some inflammation. I find your father saying in his feebly written memoranda of this day that "he had expected to be better, but grew weaker, and spent the day lying on the sofa and reading *Friends' Review*." Doctor ordered a blister, that did its duty, but the disease did not yield, and on Tuesday, the 23d, Dr. Wister paid us five visits, ordering six dry and six wet cups. Before permitting these to be applied, he insisted on seeing Mr. Alexander Benson, to negotiate bonds of West Jersey Railroad, guaranteed by Camden and Amboy; keeping Moore, the cupper, waiting until he should have finished this interview. It seemed to make even the operator quiver to see the cups so closely around the blister; but when he remarked regretfully on how much pain he must be giving, your father replied, in a perfectly natural and pleasant tone, "Ah, well! I must take the fate of war!" After it was over, he said to me that "he thought he was going to be very sick, perhaps not to get well again; that for some time he had been conscious of a slow fever, and had felt as if something was impending."

Our son George was in the city, and saw his father and made a report from Millville. Edward and Mary took tea with us; my husband expressed a strong wish to see Edward after tea, and I let him understand that he should do so. Dr. W., however, so decidedly forbade it, that Edward concluded to leave the house. Soon after he had done so, his father said, "Call Edward now." I replied that the doctor was so desirous that he should be kept quiet that I thought he had better abandon the idea of seeing him. He said, "No; call him *at once*, and tell him I will talk to him, and that, ill as I am, if he does not at once

come up to me, I will go down to him." I was then obliged to say that Edward had gone home. With surprise and some indignation my husband queried, "Gone *where?* not gone from this house?" "Yes; by the doctor's request." With his life-long habit of quietly submitting to the inevitable, he remarked, "Well, then, I suppose I must give it up, for I am sure I *cannot go after him*;" adding, almost pleasantly, "He should *not have listened* to the doctor." And then, half playfully, "I do not see what is the use of having children if they are going to treat you so."

Our son Randolph, about whom much anxiety had been felt, returned to-night.

Feb. 25th. Another and a larger blister to-day, that, like the former, drew well; but neither of them healed well. About eight this evening a severe attack of hiccough induced us to send for Dr. Wister, who gave many alleviatives without effect, cheerily talking all the while of many things, in which his patient took his full part, causing the remark to me from the doctor, "What a talker he is!" As our son Richard was sitting with us, my husband several times suggested to the doctor that he should go home. He declined, saying "he preferred staying to see the attack over." I am so used to kind attentions from physicians that his remaining so many hours did not strike me ominously. Toward midnight he said that he would go himself to the apothecary. He soon came back with a bottle of musk, a powerful remedy, and one of the last, he told me, for the hiccough. It would stop it, he said, he did not doubt, but he was afraid it would disturb the stomach, on which so much depended. We waited on until two in the morning, when our patient fell asleep, and the doctor left, telling me how to act if the hiccough came again. My husband soon awoke, and it did come again. I prepared the medicine as directed, under a feeling of great responsibility; took it to my husband, repeating to him just what the doctor had said. He declined it, and told me to make

1869. a cup of very nice and hot tea. After which the cough
ÆT. 69. again ceased, so that he slept a few hours. When he awoke
and I saw him by the light of day, I saw how the distress
of the night had told upon him. His eyes and cheeks
looked sunken, and his limbs as if they had shrunk away.
I think he felt himself more changed than he then ex-
pressed, for he told me that he would like to have his
little grandson, our son Edward's son, come to see him,
"that he might look on his bright face *once more*." The
little darling soon came, and as his grandfather lay gazing
at the sweet boy, he looked at me, and said, "The two
extremes of life, my dear." The following morning, when
our dear little Richard repeated his visit, his grandfather
again regarded him with the most loving interest, and
solemnly said, "May God bless him and keep him, and be
as good and as kind to him as he has been to his grand-
father!"

About the 28th, when the disease of the lung seemed
much subdued, he began to chafe me, when drawing on
his stockings, to take care of the right knee. There was
then a mere pimple, but it was the beginning of a well-
known complaint, the *rupia*. It increased rapidly, and
became a large and angry sore, followed by others on
several parts of the body, induced by the state of the
blood into which the disease that had left the lungs had
passed.

The frequent dressing of these was not only very
fatiguing, but also painful; yet, with the spirit of patient
endurance and power of self-control, even more than
usually exemplified by my beloved husband during this
severe illness, no moaning, much less murmuring, was
ever heard. It was always to number his blessings, and
often to say, "How good God *is to me*!"

On *one occasion* he did permit some very slight sound
indicative of pain to escape him, which he immediately
checked, saying, "It must be unpleasant to me to have

him do so;" and, although I begged him never to restrain such expression of feeling so natural, and sometimes so relieving, through the long weeks of suffering that followed I think it was *never repeated*. 1869.
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March 1st. With a hopeful impression on my mind that my husband was doing well, I left him for the first time during his illness; our daughter sitting up with him, much to his comfort. When I came to him in the morning, he said that "Julia had been so sweet and gentle, it was like having an angel hovering around him to have her."

His own gentleness, as we all realized, made your father's chamber a most privileged place, and his willingness to be waited on, and to depend upon, almost to cling to us, whom he had always so strongly supported, was most touching; and in reference to this fact, and of how entirely he was trusting us, he said to me, March 2d, that he wanted me *distinctly to understand* that he was not going to take any thought for himself about his medicines, etc.; that was left by him entirely to me, for he wanted nothing better than to be in my hands. "In Jesus Christ's hands, dear, and in thine, that is all I want."

During the entire course of this long illness a servant entered his room but once, and that whilst he slept. We were jealous that any but ourselves should wait upon him. With the exception of the very important aid of our daughter, who, remaining in an adjoining room, was always ready when needed, the privilege of nursing both by night and by day had to this time been exclusively mine. Dr. Wister having kindly again and again remonstrated very strongly against the imprudence of my being thus overtaken, we now organized our forces: Julia and I through the day, our elder sons in rotation, and as they were needed, during the night; I lying in the adjoining chamber with the large communicating doors open, and resuming my post at my husband's bedside at four in the

1869. morning, in time to have him prepared for his first break-
fast, which he looked for punctually at five. His second
ÆT. 69. he took a little before nine, to be ready for the doctor's
visit, usually made at that hour.

After this arrangement, when I, for the first time for two weeks, went regularly to bed, I slept so soundly that on the doctor's asking your father the next morning if *he had slept well*, he replied, with a humorous look toward me, "No; but I heard my wife asleep, and that was quite as good."

March 3d. Quinine as a tonic was freely taken, as also the most substantial food, beef, mutton, etc., but the hoped-for strength did not come. On this day he began to speak of the state of his mouth, which we supposed the result of calomel, but on opening the windows to admit more light, March 5th, the truth was revealed, and another evidence given of how much he suffered with scarcely a comment. Dr. Wister sent at once for a solution of blue-stone, and, waiting until it came, painted the mouth with it, going well over "the half-arches," to endeavor to arrest the disease.

In the evening we had an animated conversation with the doctor about Grant's cabinet; your father approving of the reported appointment of A. T. Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, and "thinking that twenty men as fit as A. B. for the post to which he was chosen might be found between our house and Market Street wharf."

March 6th. The painting of the mouth had caused such intense suffering, that my husband to-day shrank very much from its repetition. The doctor, however, thinking it must be repeated, he firmly closed his eyelids, through which a few tears would force themselves, and quietly then—as on every other occasion—endured it.

March 7th, Sunday. Julia having passed most of the night with her father, he inquired of her this morning if she was going to church, and if it did not seem selfish for him to wish to keep us both so constantly with him; implying

that he thought she had better rest than go out. This was more on her account than his own, as, when he found that she had gone, he said, "He was very glad that I had spared her; *it was right*." 1869.
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This afternoon he told me to read to him the chapter describing those on whom the tower of Siloam fell. When I had finished it, he *dwelt upon* the expression, "except ye repent," and of how difficult it was to know when we had sincerely and sufficiently repented.

This evening our son R. saw his father for the first time since his return.

Up to this date, and for some time later, although very anxious, we did not really anticipate anything but a slow convalescence for our precious invalid, who himself talked of getting out, "Though he must not expect to do so during the month of March," remarking, "That he could not yet say, as our friend H. Cope had done when nearing the close of his useful life, 'That he wanted nothing' but Eternity;" and that he supposed he was going to be patched up for an old man for a few years, and then probably would be suddenly removed, as so many old men are;" adding, that as to his business, he thought his day for that was very much over, and that he already looked upon it as scarcely his. This idea with regard to his business was not a new one; before this illness he had been feeling as if the time of withdrawing from it, except as an adviser, had nearly come, and had been looking forward to doing so when, in the course of a few years, the majority of our son Walter—now pleasantly and usefully aiding in his office—should be attained.

A letter I wrote to our son George on March 9th very much shows what were then our feelings:

"Your father has just taken for his second breakfast the soft part of three oysters, with toast and tea. Richard stayed with him last night, Walter the night before, and we expect Edward to do so to-night. His lung has healed rapidly; no

1869. medicine now except slight anodyne at bed-time. An intense sore mouth causes much suffering; the constant care of it, however, he says, 'gives him something to do, and that anything useful to do is better than idleness.' A very sore knee, arm, and left shoulder also give much pain and trouble; but I look upon these as merely incidentals, that we will no doubt subdue. He wishes me to repeat his messages of love sent to you all yesterday, and says, 'Tell George I feel the most entire confidence in his industry and energy and general wish to manage things for the best, but I want to caution him on the head of expenditures, in which it is his disposition to be too lavish.'"

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During the whole period of your father's illness, all our little intervals from active duties were given to reading, which was very varied. "Littell's Living Age," the daily papers, beginning always by his direction with the latest news, then the Atlantic telegraph, stocks, and money market; then a glance at the affairs of Cuba and the editorials, and we were done with the daily papers, and took up other things. Julia read Bunyan to her father; I, the Life of Rev. William Marsh, almost to the close of the second volume. His interest in this work was so great that he said "he wished that every one might read it." Parts of Trench's "Realities of Irish Life" we read; but the New Testament *much* and *always*. Once he asked for the Epistle to the Galatians, then for other portions. We had commenced reading St. Matthew carefully through, and had got to the twentieth chapter, using a curious old edition of Greek and English of 1729—a much freer translation, and more simply and quaintly expressed, than our common one. I remember that your father was particularly pleased with the rendering of our Lord's Prayer, "And let us not *be left under temptation*, but deliver us from the power of the Evil One." We also read very attentively a most satisfactory book recently published by S. F. Smiley, "Who is *HE*?"

March 14th. Drove out this morning, wishing to look for something I thought would add to my husband's comfort. It was the first time I had left him, except for the few hours at night; and when in about an hour I returned, I found him already at his dinner, which Julia had nicely prepared earlier than usual from his feeling very much exhausted. Dr. Wood came in to make his visit, and we went together to the chamber, where, to our great surprise and sorrow, we found him sitting up in bed, the dinner-table before him, and panting so from the effort that he could hardly speak to us. A very marked change had taken place, and after this time much sustained conversation was avoided.

The weakness through the afternoon increased, and so did my anxiety; the doctor kindly sympathizing with my fears, though assuring me most positively there was no immediate change to apprehend. My dearest R., however, felt then, and I think from that time with but little variation continued to feel, that his days were numbered.

That evening, before I left him to lie down in the back chamber,—our son Edward going to pass the night with him,—he said to me, with the greatest calmness, “that he thought it possible he should leave us during the night, that he knew I would be near, and that as he was going he wished me to kiss him and bid him good-bye.” He said there were some alterations he would like to make,—I inferred in his will,—but he was too weak *now*, too weak indeed even to talk to me about it, and he hoped it would do, and that I would be satisfied, etc.

This was the first time that he had expressed any positive conviction that he would not recover. The night, however, was passed much as usual, and the next day he did not seem worse than he had done before this attack, which we hoped might have been only a sinking spell that would not again occur. Our eyes were blinded that we did not see, or that, seeing, we did not realize, how one hold on life after another was giving way.

1869. *March 20th.* Sitting near my dear husband this morning, I heard him very gently, and just audibly, murmur, "O God, Thy will be done! But if consistent with Thy will, restore me for a few years, that I may lead a purified life. But Thy will, not mine."

Stuart came home to-day on a visit to his father, much to his satisfaction.

March 21st. George sat up last night. In the morning his father told me "how very kind and attentive George had been." Our son Stuart read to him to-day.

March 22d. Walter sat up with his father last night. This morning he complained that his eyes were weak, and thought we had better darken the room. I brought him a soft handkerchief of our dear Carrie's, which it gave him pleasure to use and keep with him, saying, "How happy we would have been might we have had her with us now!" He told our son Richard to-day that he did not expect to get well again, and gave some advice about business, the putting up a furnace, etc., saying, "You will be left in very comfortable circumstances, and I hope you will not yield to worldliness, or any love of show, or to personal indulgence."

March 23d. Our son Randolph sat up with his father. When I went to him at four A.M., he said "R. had been so excellent, and had aired him so nicely," meaning he had frequently raised the bed-clothing, which cooling process he liked to have frequently done, often calling it "ventilating him." He also said to me, "I am not going to get well. God knows that it is not best for me to do so: I should probably go back to worldliness." He then told me I might take his watch, that lay on the table beside us, and keep it while I lived. Being a very valuable watch, selected during our last visit to Geneva, that I had heard him say he intended for our little grandson,—I reminded him of this. He replied, "Yes, dear; but he may not live to grow up. If he does, give it to him; and if not, give it to some other grandson bearing my name."

When the doctor came in this morning with his accustomed very cheerful and encouraging voice and manner, your father looked at him with an incredulous smile, saying, in a pleasant tone, "I do wonder if anybody meeting Dr. Wister in the street was to ask him, 'What is the matter with Mr. Wood?' *what he would say!*" Dr. Wister paused a few moments, and replied, "I would tell them that he had had an acute attack of pneumonia, from which he had recovered very nicely indeed, but that he was not now regaining his strength as I wished to see him do." 1869.
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Not liking to have the hope of getting better entirely abandoned by my husband, we prevailed on him this afternoon to have a sofa brought to his bed and to get upon it. He did so without any difficulty, remained there from one to two hours, and enjoyed the change, so that the next day, Wednesday, March 24th, he repeated it, putting on a new wrapper provided for his convalescence. Whilst thus reclining for the last time on the sofa, your uncle, Dr. Wood, sat with us, chatting pleasantly; your father telling him how glad we would be to have him pass as much as he could of the coming summer with us at 'Sea Brink;' saying,—in a way complimentary to me,—“I think if my wife has us two old men to take care of she'll have about enough to do.” They playfully argued the point a little, but your father insisted they could both be taken care of.

Afterward, to me he said, “I think thee manages to get more out of life than most persons do, and I hope there are many years of usefulness and of happiness before thee yet. Thy life has been *a very useful one* from its *very earliest*, and will have its reward.”

It seemed as if my dear husband, not accustomed to lavish on any of us strong expressions of affection or of commendation, was now seeking every opportunity of saying kind and gratifying words to me, and as they fell upon a heart hungry and thirsty for them, I feel as if “our Father” had kindly permitted them to sweeten my cup of

1869. bitter sorrow; and, remembering it is *only for myself and*
ÆT. 69. *our children* that I record these very sacred and tender recollections, I permit myself to note *a few* of these last loving words, often spoken without much conversation. Sometimes only an emphatic "Good wife," or, "Here comes my comforter, my unwearied helper, my helper *every way*," or, "I feel as if I had never before rightly appreciated thee, my dear," or, "Is thee never tired? Thee can accomplish so much!" Once as I sat quietly beside him, without anything immediate to call it forth, he said, "I do not think, my dear, that thee has ever been brought to face any position in life thee has not been found competent to fill;" adding, humorously, "Except, indeed, riding on horseback"—*i.e.* on donkeys—"in Egypt and the East." To this I answered, and he understood it as a reminder that when he rode so much he had not encouraged me to ride with him, "Ah, yes! and that was because when I was young and light I did not learn to do so." To which my husband replied, in a tone that accepted the fact, "Yes, yes, *it was all my own fault*, I have no doubt."

He then congratulated me on having so many recollections of our recent journey, the review of which ought to add to the pleasure of my future life; said he hoped I would drive frequently, and would find much solace in the company of our dear little grandchildren. He told me to write to some friends we had made abroad and acknowledge some tracts sent us, though their subject—the second advent—was one that he never looked much into, and thought it required great circumspection in settling as to time or place.

Indications of failing strength were from day to day painfully apparent to us, and some of these were no doubt present to his own mind when he said, very calmly, to me one morning, "Well, my dear, all this seems very much like sliding out of life." Again, on his alluding to the weight of the bed-covering and some other little things,

and of the time spoken of when even a grasshopper was a burden, he added, "Yes, and that time has very nearly come to me." 1869.
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He spoke frequently of our children; of his interest in our daughters-in-law, and his attachment to them; what would most conduce to Julia's happiness; what he would like Richard to do; what of Stuart's path in life, etc.

Once as I sat looking at him intently he opened his eyes, those dear, calm eyes that I had so often through the years that we have passed together asked him to let me gaze into, that I might receive from them the quiet and peace I so often needed! As our eyes met, we allowed them for some time to rest on each other; when he said, "I love to look at thee so;" adding, "I do love thee so much;" and again, "I think our match was made in heaven."

I said how much we had loved each other, and that mine, and my *respect, too*, for him had been the deep, absorbing passions of my life, to which all other love, of children, friends, or fortune, had been very secondary; and yet so hard is it for one human heart to get into the depths of any other human heart, that I had sometimes thought perhaps we had not the closest possible of heart sympathies with each other. My husband said, "Well, my dear, if I get well again I think we will have *more of that*. We are growing nearer to each other now, and"—looking earnestly at me—"if I do go to heaven I will plead *mightily for thee there*, thee has been so good to me." Assenting to the possibility that there we might perfect anything that had been lacking in our intercourse on earth, and there take that review of the way our Lord had led us, that we had looked forward to doing here in the quiet evening of our lives. Each assuring the other of forgiveness for anything in our past intercourse that might not have been pleasing. I saying what happiness there was in the thought that I had been his only wife, and that the text—from

1869. Isaiah—of “Thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of
 ÆT. 69. Hosts is his name,” so often came into my mind. He replied, “He trusted that I would find that text fulfilled to me,” and also said that “he hoped the Good Spirit would be with me in all my religious life.”

Your dear father took very humble, sometimes almost desponding, views of himself and his deficiencies; “the little he had ever done.” Perhaps the most of impatience shown by him during his illness was on one or two occasions when I combated the opinion of his worthlessness, and he replied, stopping me with, “There, there, my dear!”—and with a decided movement of the hand;—“don’t let me have any such talk as that. I have done *nothing, nothing* but from selfishness and a view to carry out my own plans and advance my own views and interests. Nothing for the glory of God and the spread of the gospel kingdom. If I should get well I should hope to live very differently.”

His mind, though wonderfully clear to the last, sympathized, no doubt, with the weakness now rapidly creeping over his physical powers, and in his anxieties for his future he lost sight of what through life had been his strong conviction, that in the exercise of his unusual faculty for judging of men and calling into play such talents and developing such abilities as they might possess, and in maintaining business relations with them, he was doing a wide-spread good in the way he was best fitted for, being conscious that to visit among the poor and the afflicted, to be a teacher of children, or a nurse for the sick, required tact and qualifications that were not his.*

March 25th. Our son Richard sat last night with his father, who was restless and feverish. I went to him very

* Your uncle, Dr. Wood, in his MS. memoir of your father, remarks of this time,—“Richard said to me, ‘Thy life has been a less selfish one than mine.’ I replied by expressing my belief that he had done much more good to others than I. But both concluded that we were unprofitable servants, and had equal need of the mercies of the Saviour.”

early. After washing him thoroughly, which he always enjoyed, and making him some cold lemonade, he strongly expressed his sense of increased comfort, and asked that some hymns might be repeated to him. Some of our favorites from long familiarity,—“Rock of Ages,” “Just as I am,” “Jesus, and shall it ever be?” Heber’s hymn for the Epiphany, an especial favorite of my husband’s from his youth, “Be with me, Lord, where’er I go,”—always among the first hymns learned by our children, were now most used by us; adopting into the number of these for our frequent reading, “I would not live away,” “Go to dark Gethsemane,” “Abide with me,” etc.

Dr. Wister brought to-day a small bottle of veratrum, to be given at the intervening three hours between the iodine mixture, in which a similar quantity of veratrum had been every six hours administered.

March 26th. At four this morning I found my husband sad and anxious. He said he had had a pretty good night, “*but sin, sin!*” “So much hypocrisy, doubt, unbelief, worse than the thief on the cross, because he knew better than he.” “Thee must pray for me on thy knees;” repeating, very emphatically, “*Go down on thy knees* and pray for me, that I may be forgiven for all these; and I want to ask Julia to pray for me, too, and do not let her be interrupted in doing so.”

On our son Richard coming in, his father said to him “he wished him in his best moments to pray for him, that his repentance might be *deep enough*, and that his sins might be forgiven for his Saviour’s sake;” and later in the day, when told that Samuel Bettle had inquired for him, he said, “Give my love to him, and ask him to pray for me.” It being remarked what a mercy it was that his head, through much of his life a subject of discomfort, was now so clear and free from pain, he could pray for himself, he replied, “*I can do nothing else!*” It was evident that this was indeed the spirit he desired to cultivate.

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1869. On more than one occasion when I was repeating the
 Lord's Prayer, Doxology, or something similar, I heard him
 speaking in an undertone, when, pausing to listen, he said,
 softly, "I am only following thee, my dear." And when
 reading the beautiful lines from Montgomery's hymn,

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
 The Holy Spirit pleads,
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes!"

he emphatically exclaimed, "Thank Thee, O God, for that!"

March 27th. Very weak indeed to-day. Said he thought he was almost done with eating meat. Pulse, even with all the restraining influences, is from one hundred to one hundred and ten per minute. Our son Edward's dear little son Richard came, as he frequently does. Some small cakes being given him after leaving the room, he ran back to his grandfather and insisted on sharing them with him.*

* This dear child, so great a darling with us all, from his loveliness and precocity, from his name, and also from having been born on May 23d, the anniversary of our dear Carrie's birth, was taken from us October, 1869, after suffering severely from membranous croup. In his short baby-life of less than two and a half years he had shown marked characteristics,—a very unusual fondness for music, a vivid imagination, a disposition to be kind and generous to all, an absence of childish timidity, a fearlessness in doing right, a trust in his heavenly Father's goodness and willingness to supply the needs of those who ask of him.

To none of us who loved him so dearly, and who had hoped that in the long future he would have done credit to the revered name he bore, will a few anecdotes of him be other than acceptable here. They might be varied in character and large in number. I prefer merely to select a few that show the artless trust of a tender infant in "our Father's" constant care and nearness to us.

Accustomed to make frequent visits to his grandfather whilst he lay in the front chamber, he continued them to me as I sat in the back; rarely failing to run into the room adjoining and gaze at the vacant bed. One morning when he and our son George's little daughter met in my room, he led her in to the bedside, saying to her, after a moment of silence, "Look, Lily, no more any grandpa here—grandpa is in heaven."

At one time his father, whom he passionately loved, had gone on some

Our son Richard gave me his aid this morning in making some personal changes, and afterward his father expressed to him how gratified he felt with the earnest, serious life he was leading, and desired him to tell his uncles, Charles and Horatio, he would be pleased to see them.

This week corresponding to the last of our Saviour's life on earth, I had been reading regularly to my husband the events of each day, beginning with the supper in Bethany. He had been deeply interested, feeling that it gave more vivid reality to these wondrous facts thus to follow them day by day in the order of their occurrence; expressing the greatest satisfaction with the work, and that the author—Rev. C. D. Cooper—should have so well arranged it, giving the entire New Testament history, with no comments of his own. For this day,—Saturday,—representing that myste-

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business to Alabama. During his absence, when at night he knelt by his mother's side, he invariably added to his usual petitions, "and please take care of papa gone to Alabama." On his father's return, his delight was boundless. He clasped his knees, hugging and kissing them rapturously, and that night closed his little prayer by saying, "and need no more take care of papa, papa has come home." His return of thanks.

On another occasion, when at country boarding, seeing a small farm-boy going barefoot to his work, he ran to his mother, begging she would give his own shoes and stockings to the boy. His mother told him they would be much too small. "Then mamma give hers," he begged, and on being told they would be too large, seemed quite distressed. But when the evening hour came, and he went with his little wants to his heavenly Father, he asked, "Please send poor boy some shoes and stockings."

The next day being Sunday this boy appeared with his feet covered. Seeing him, dear little Richard ran to his mother delightedly, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, see what a good man God is! He has given shoes and stockings to poor little boy!"

His mother having provided a handsome new work-basket, he requested permission to take it out on the open veranda adjoining the nursery. Wishing to learn his object, his mother watched his movements, saw him turn toward the sky, saying, "Look, grandpa, look, grandma Kneass, here is mamma's new work-basket." When he brought it again to his mother, and she questioned him, he said that "he wanted to show it to his grandpa and grandma, and he thought as they were up in heaven they could see it much better down through the sky if he took it out to them."

1869. rious one when the body of our Lord lay in Joseph's tomb, the Bible says almost nothing. We read many of Gurney's hymns; and then from the New Testament, the third chapter of the First Epistle of John to the seventeenth verse inclusive. When my husband said, "Stop there now; I want to talk to thee." And then spoke of his will, making very considerable additions to his benevolent bequests, thinking we would have no difficulty in arranging them among ourselves, which he preferred to their being "so incorporated into his will that they must be proven, and come to the knowledge of the public, and, it might be, find their way into the newspapers." Regretted he had not given more of his time and means to the cause of suffering humanity, and hoped we would do so, rather than to spend on our own gratification the money we would receive from him.

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His brothers Charles and Horatio called during the day, to both of whom he said, "He wished to ask for their prayers, for their forgiveness for anything in which at any time he might have hurt their feelings, and to bid them farewell." When his brother, Dr. Wood, came in the evening, my dear husband made a like request of him; to which his brother replied, "*He was praying very much for him to get well*, and not without the hope of his doing so." And then spoke of the plan of salvation as being so simple—"Repent, believe, and come to Jesus;" said that strong evidences of acceptance were often withheld from the most loving and trusting; mentioning some who had passed from earth without them; and in conclusion instanced their own mother, whom *they certainly knew* to have been among the best women who ever lived, but who said to him, when a short time before her departure he asked her of her prospects, "that no bright assurances were given her; she only felt as if there was nothing in her way."

After your uncle had gone, your father expressed himself as having been much interested in the conversation, *so glad to have had it*, and did not remember to have heard this of

his mother before. I referred to my own mother, recently deceased, who, as she neared the eternal world, and was conscientiously reviewing a life of seventy-seven years of very unusual self-denial and Christian trust, more than once said of herself, "Nothing to bring, but a great deal to ask!" which just represented the state your father felt to be his own. 1869.
A.D. 69.

Stuart came from Haverford this evening. "The right thing," his father said, who was very weak indeed, and much exhausted by the effort of getting out of his bed and into it again. As he lay down tremblingly on his pillow, a thought from the Seventy-third Psalm seemed to bring comfort with it, Though thy flesh and thy heart faint and fail, yet He will be the strength of thy heart, and thy portion forever.

March 28th, Easter Sunday. Repeated in the early morning the Easter hymn, "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day," and then we spoke of the custom we had learned in the East, where the morning salutation, when friend meets friend, of "He is risen," is replied to by, "He hath risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." And of how much more real an event becomes to us when we keep a day as its anniversary, even if uncertain whether it is precisely the *right* one or not. We have felt this whilst we have been reading "The Last Days of our Saviour," and my husband has expressed his pleasure that such a book should have been arranged, and also his surprise to find that so many of the most important of the recorded teachings of our Saviour had been in so brief space of time. Read in it this morning from page 91 to 100, the chapter for this day.

After breakfast, by his request, read the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew,—the account of the young man who, having come to Jesus, went away sorrowing because he had large possessions, and other passages. When I ceased to read, my husband said, "I want to talk to thee about 'the second coming,' and what it is exactly that persons believe of it; for if Jesus should really come and reign on earth, how

1869. glorious!" I said that different writers took such differing
 views on that subject, and my own were so unformed, I
 hardly could talk of them, but that it did not appear to me
 that it would be as strange that our Saviour should come
 again to reign as that He should have already come to suffer;
 that there was a short expository tract of Ryle's on that
 subject I would look for and read to him.

Julia, coming in from church, told her father of the sermon, and he, referring to his own extreme illness, said to her that "God had sent it to bring him nearer to Him."

Our son George dining with us, I went down to the meal, and whilst talking with our children, one of them told me that the doctor had said that their father's own convictions that he would not recover were among the discouraging features of the case, as in these instances of exhaustion of nervous energy so much depended on the will. I felt somewhat elated, and saying, "Why did you not tell me this before?" I ran up-stairs and said, "Dear, thee knows how strong a will thee has of thy own." He granted it. I said, "*I want thee to exert it.* They tell me this is one of the kind of cases where so much depends on the will. *Do try now*, for I begin to feel as if thee will be better to-morrow." He looked at me very pityingly and compassionately, so flushed with this hope; and said to the effect that it depended on much more than *his will*! Was it possible I did not realize how rapidly he weakened? Referred to last evening, saying he had thought during the night what a blessing it was to have a good, sensible wife, who could meet emergencies. "Good wife, I would not have liked to live longer than thee." I told him how happy it was for me to have one like him, ever ready to direct things that seemed simple enough when once suggested, but that few were so ready as himself to devise.

I then read a simple little ballad called "Our Father's Care." Although evidently interested in it, my husband dozed whilst I was reading, as I had not before observed

him do. At three P.M. he was seized with violent retching, 1869.
most distressing to witness, and, as this occurred twice Apr. 7th
shortly after taking a stronger dose of veratrum procured
from Procter's, it was concluded it must be discontinued.
The stomach refusing this destroyed our last hope. Our son
Richard, who sat with his father that night, says that when
the sickness came on his father said, "I suppose this is the
last of it." Meaning of his life. When Richard asked him
if he did not think he had yet much to live for, he replied
that "he could not expect to live long under any circum-
stances." And when Richard said, "Our heavenly Father
has a place for good men in this world, that old men's lives
are happy when surrounded by love, and that the Apostle
John when nearly one hundred years old had written the
Apocalypse," your father said, "Yes; there was only one
Apostle John," and then expressed the hope that his sins
were forgiven and he should enter heaven, and his entire
belief in the atonement of the Saviour as the way to sal-
vation.

March 29th. This day my dear husband completes the
threescore years and ten he had wished to do. When I
asked him what we should read this morning, he replied,
"Anything about Jesus. I would be glad to go to-day if
it is His will. I think suffering has done its work." He
then asked me to pray, and from a heart full of love and
agony words freely flowed that I now no more remember
than if they had not been uttered, but they suited and
soothed our beloved one, who at the conclusion fervently
said, "Amen! Amen! Amen!" An hour afterward, when
waiting on him, and very near him, he whispered, *em-*
phatically, "Oh, my dear! what a *loving, thorough* prayer
that was! How I thank thee for it!"

Afterward he told me to write to Rev. Mr. Armitage,
whom he had omitted to thank for some periodicals sent *us*
relating his visit to us on the Nile and our Eastern journey,
and to tell him he had hoped the intercourse he remem-

1869. ET. 70. bered with pleasure would have been renewed, but that God had taken him. We finished to-day reading "The Last Days of our Saviour." It was a day of great weakness. He had previously, in talking with some of our sons, told them his wish that there should be a substantial sea-wall built to protect "their mother's property" at Cape May. And this evening, with our sons all around him, he spoke to them of their future business relations, cautioning them not to go in debt. Each one to do that for which he was most adapted. Suggesting what might be done with advantage at Florence, etc., and concluded by saying, "If I am alive to-morrow, I wish to think of nothing but eternity."

March 30th. Our son George remained last night with his father. This morning for the first time we omitted the newspaper. Only wanted the Bible, and the fifth chapter in "The Last Days of our Saviour," describing the agony in Gethsemane, betrayal and arrest of Jesus, and denial of Peter. Said he would hear again the crucifixion in the evening. But when evening came the time for reading was over. He asked for it no more. When I read the words, "Oh, my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it," he exclaimed, "*Our little cups!*" Some hours after, referring back to this book, and at the same time speaking of our daughter Mary, whose want of health prevented her being with us, he desired that I would give "*abundant love to Mary* from him, and this little book," and give the book to everybody. Our sister, H. W. Scull, coming in, had some soothing conversation, and bade him farewell. In the afternoon our daughter Julia asked her father if he was in pain. He answered, "Chiefly mental distress," when she read this hymn:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

1869.
—
L11 71.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" Behold, I freely give
The living waters : thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
" I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy moon shall rise
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Richard quoted to his father from Isaiah, " I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." He said, " Glorious !" and to me, " I say *nothing but eternity now*." In the evening he faintly asked for " a hymn, a hymn !" We repeated, " There is a fountain filled with blood," and the Lord's Prayer. I retired, leaving our son Randolph with his father, and, returning before midnight, said to him that I knew he would be glad to hear that I had slept. He said, " Yes ; more glad than to have slept myself."

On his coughing, I found that during my short absence the ability to relieve himself had very much lessened. He looked at me and quietly said, " This will be the termination. I shall soon not be able to do it at all. But I am hoping." Like an inspiration there sprang into my heart and from my lips the reply, " Hope soon shall change to blest fruition, and faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

1869. After some quiet interval I heard your father gently say,
ÆT. 70. "No matter if the valley be dark, if there is light beyond." And again, very faintly, after another interval, "I believe: oh, help my unbelief!" Very little was said by any during this sad night, that slowly wore away, we all around or near him.

March 31st. As I bent over him in the early morning, he asked very faintly for "a little morning prayer." And when a few petitions were made to "our Father in heaven," he gave his Amen thereto. We thought him now so nearly gone from us we did not offer any breakfast, and were surprised to hear him ask for it, saying, "he thought a cup of tea would refresh him." I inquired, did he think that he could sit up? He replied that he "thought the boys could support him." We hastened to arrange his bed-table, with tea and soft cream toast. Our sons Richard and George raised their father with many pillows, supporting him in them whilst he ate a little, and with very trembling hands, but still resolute will, held the cup and drank from it, it being twice partly filled. Some time after, wishing to be moved in bed, he said to our sons, while smiling at them pleasantly, "I do not know exactly what you can do for me. Let me think." And then, "Turn me any way so that you support my back."

Your dear father's power of speech now failed rapidly. Once or twice, at intervals, he said, "Read me something;" and then, "I am becoming confused; I had better not talk."

Toward noon, having signified his willingness to take some drink, essence of beef was handed him. Seeming disappointed, I inquired, "Thee does not like that, dear?" when he replied, in a very natural tone, "It makes me uncomfortable." And from that time we only gave him cooling drinks. Small portions of water-ice were acceptable to him.

I sat on the bed beside my dear husband, our children, with our sister Hannah, near. His eyes rested from time to time on our six sons as they stood around, when our son

Richard, wishing to know if they were recognized, mentioned several of their names, as if questioning his father; when faintly and distinctly he used a familiar phrase of his in return, asking, "What's the idea?" Very broken was the little more we were to hear from those beloved lips. Twice he said, "Kiss me, kiss me!" Once or twice it was "Julia," and several times "Mary." Watching and listening closely, I heard him very slowly say, "Wonderful—good-ness." When I questioned, "Of our dear Saviour?" "Yes." "In giving peace?" "Yes." The assent was distinctly given, and they were the last of reference to his feelings or prospects; our last of earthly intercourse with each other.

During the remainder of the day and early night he lay with closed eyes and labored breathing, until at seven minutes after one on the morning of April 1st, invisibly to us, he "passed through the gates of the Great Mystery."

WHEN the last offices of affection had been rendered, by loving hands alone, to the dear remains, they were sadly borne by our six sons to the spot in the parlor their father had habitually occupied; and so placed that, without any jostling, the throngs who came could reverently gaze their last on their friend and benefactor.

Several hundred men, our employés from Millville, came in as great numbers as extra cars could be procured for. They marched in a body from the wharf under the lead of our nephew R. W. Randolph and J. McNeal, passed around the coffin and into the garden, where they remained until the close of the funeral.

Divided into groups, they were addressed by several clergymen and others; the Holy Scriptures read, and prayer offered,—whilst at the same time there was acceptable service in the house from our friend Samuel Bettle.

After quietly partaking of a substantial collation, they marched back in the same order to take the return train for Millville, each receiving a small book on leaving the house as a remembrance of the occasion.

ON our last trip to Europe, as we were visiting the cathedral of Gloucester, October 16th, 1871, our attention was arrested by a mural tablet in the north aisle, "Sacred to the memory of James Wood, Esq., who died August 5th, 1761, aged 67. He was descended from the Woods of Brockrup and Cheltenham in this co. Also of Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Richard Weeksey, A.M., Vicar of Thurston Wilts, who died 1762, aged 68. Also of their son Richard Wood, Esq., banker of this city, who departed this life March 6th, 1792, in the 70th year of his age. Also of Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and co-heiress of John Agg, Esq., of Elmstone and Hardwicke, who died 1803, aged 75 years. Each of these in every relation of life afforded a most striking pattern of Goodness and Benevolence."

Beneath, on the same slab of marble, the coat of arms of the Woods of Brockrup—fleur-de-lys—are sculptured with some quarterings.

The vergers told us "these were the parents of the rich old Jimmy Wood, Banker and Alderman of Gloucester, who used to come every morning to service here, but was buried in the old church called 'St. Mary's of the Crypt,' built in the time of Edward II." We went there, and found a tablet in the wall stating him to have been born 1756 and to have died 1836. These names and facts recalled an incident mentioned in a note on page 69, vol. i. of this Biography, where our family was called upon in 1839 to identify itself with that of the recently deceased James Wood, whose immense estates were awaiting an heir. I remember the impression then was, that although the families were probably the same, it would not be easy to prove it, and no one was disposed to make the attempt; though your father thought, if he were free from business or social ties, it would be worth crossing the ocean to investigate. Regretting that our time was so limited, but wishing to look farther back than this first-named James Wood,—who must have been born 1694,—we drove to the old parish church of Brockrup, which is near a small village now called Brookthorpe, on the Stroud road, some five miles from Gloucester.

In the wall of the church is an iron tablet, which on some occasion of church repairs was taken from the stone floor and placed there. We read it with interest, and carefully copied, "Here lyes the body of Richard Wood, gentleman, who after a pilgrimage of 52 years sur-

rendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. Mense Ivnij, Anno Dni 1593. Virtus post funera inuit."

The churchyard adjoins the grounds of Brockrup Court, an unpretending residence for many generations occupied by this family. The parish records that ought to give its history are, the sexton told us, hopelessly lost, great research having in vain been made for them in case of the settlement of the estate of the late James Wood, which our humble informant supposed "could never now be got right at all." He also told us that there is a monument in "the old church," Cheltenham, to a Richard Wood, who it states is buried in the church of Brockrup, supposed to be this person. There is also a stone in a church at Cheltenham to Richard Wood, son of Rowland Wood, who died 1682, aged 15 years. On this stone is the coat of arms, a rough sketch of which, as also some genealogical notices of the family, obtained through Mr. Hotten, Heraldic Office, from Harleian MS., I subjoin to this, as worth preserving for any who may take an interest in these things, or whom they may concern.

The manor of Brockrup, or Brockthorpe, was given to the Abbey of Gloucester by Adeline, widow of Roger de Ivori, 1103. At the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., it was given to a new see created by him. The family of Wood were lessees for many generations, and inhabited the ancient court-house, now converted into a farm.—*Bigland*, page 225.

Richard Wood, Esq., was lord of the manor of Brockrup in the year 1608, which he held by lease from the bishop. It continued for several generations in the family, and was purchased by John Cox, Esq.—*Atkyn's History of Gloucester*, page 159.

Extract from Harleian MS. 1041, folio 153, British Museum.

WOOD of *Gobril** lived about 1470. His son, ROBERT WOOD of Brockrup, married MARY, da. of RICHARD BROWNE of co. of Hereford. They had two sons—

RICHARD WOOD and WILLIAM WOOD.

RICHARD WOOD of Brockrup and Gloucester, eldest son of ROBERT WOOD, had three wives, ANNE, MARY, and GRISELLE. He died 1593, aged 52 years.

His son, RICHARD WOOD, married ANNE, da. of WALTER VAGHN of co. Hereford. They had sons SILVANUS, RICHARD, ANTONY, ROBERT, and JOHN†, and daughters CASSANDRA, MARGARET, ELIZABETH, and ANN. At Herald's visitation, 1623, SILVANUS was returned as aged 18.

SILVANUS WOOD, born 1605. Wife not known. They had a son ROWLAND.

ROWLAND WOOD of Brockrup married ELIZABETH HODGES of Shipton. They had sons RICHARD, who died 1682, aged 15 years, THOMAS, DANIEL, and ROWLAND. Daughter BRIDGET.‡

WILLIAM WOOD, second son of ROBERT WOOD of Brockrup, married MILLICENT, da. of JOHN FOWLER of Pottern Wilts. They had a son called RICHARD of Harscombe; also a daughter MILLICENT.

RICHARD WOOD of Harscombe married MARY, da. of THOMAS ROBERTS of Harscombe. They had a son RICHARD, born 1620, and a daughter MARGARET, born 1617. At the visitation of the Herald, 1623, these children were returned as aged 3 and 6 years.

* *Gobril*, a name not understood, very indistinct and difficult to decipher; probably not correctly rendered.

† On a stone in the middle aisle of Cane Church, Gloucester, is this inscription: "Here resteth the body of John a Wood, Physician, who departed this life the 4th day of February, Anno Domini 1704, in the 90th year of his age."

‡ One of these three sons must have been father of JAMES, who was born 1694,—a tablet to whose memory and that of his son RICHARD is in Gloucester Cathedral.



Brockton - Residence of Rich Wood.
Oct. 1893.



Wood of Brockrup, Co. Gloucester.

FROM HERALD'S VISITATION IN 1534 AND 1564.

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